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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 188

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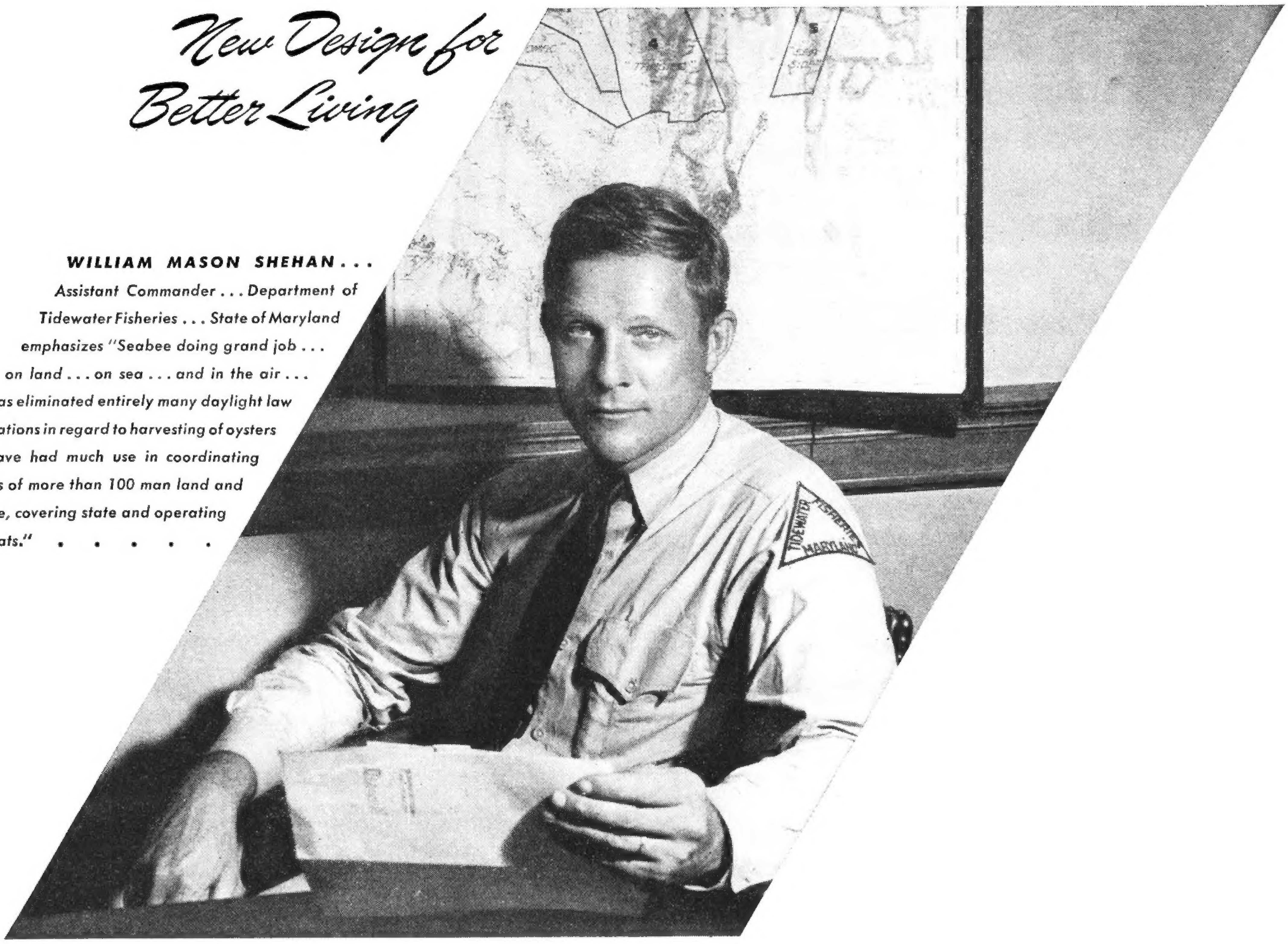

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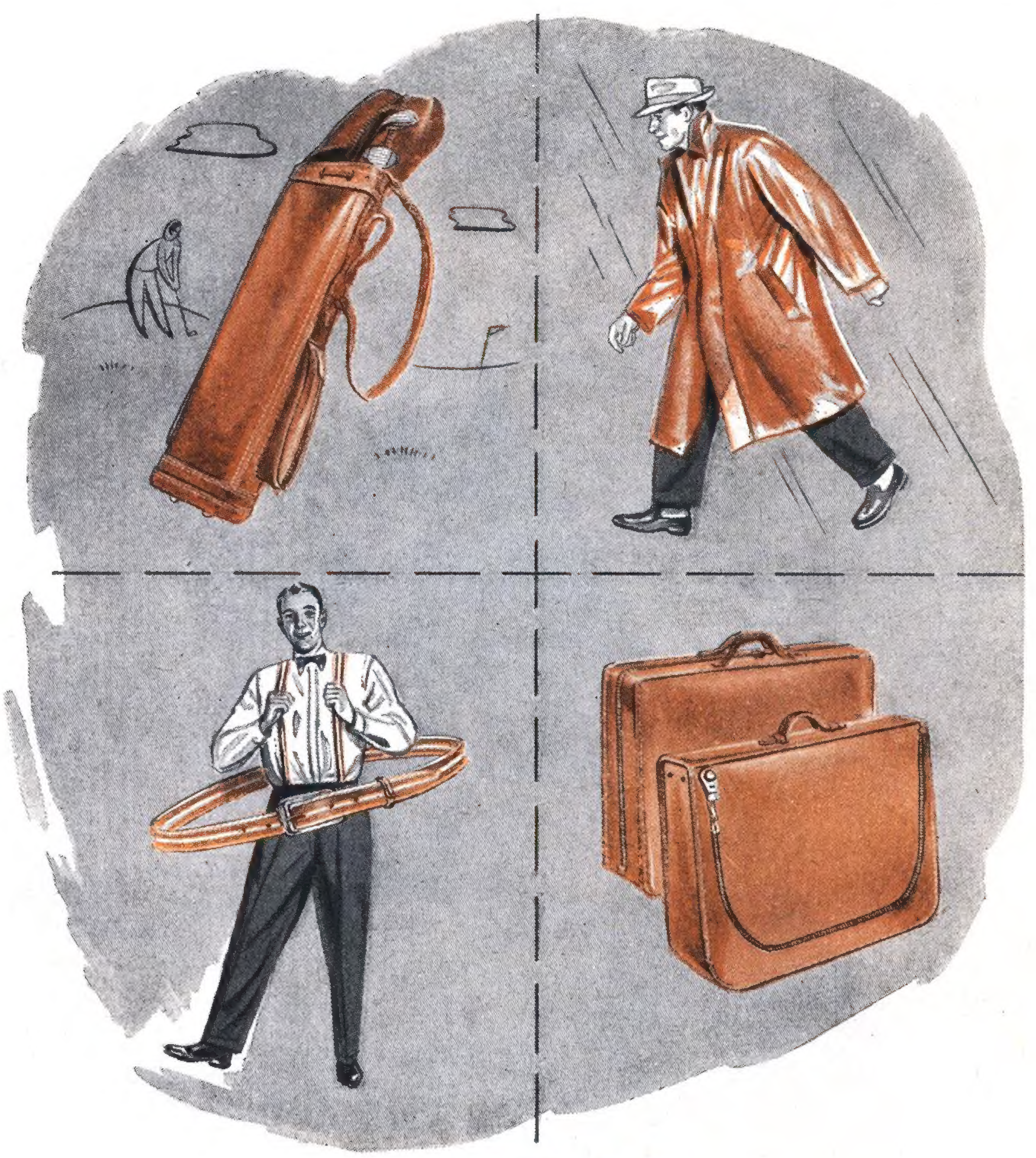

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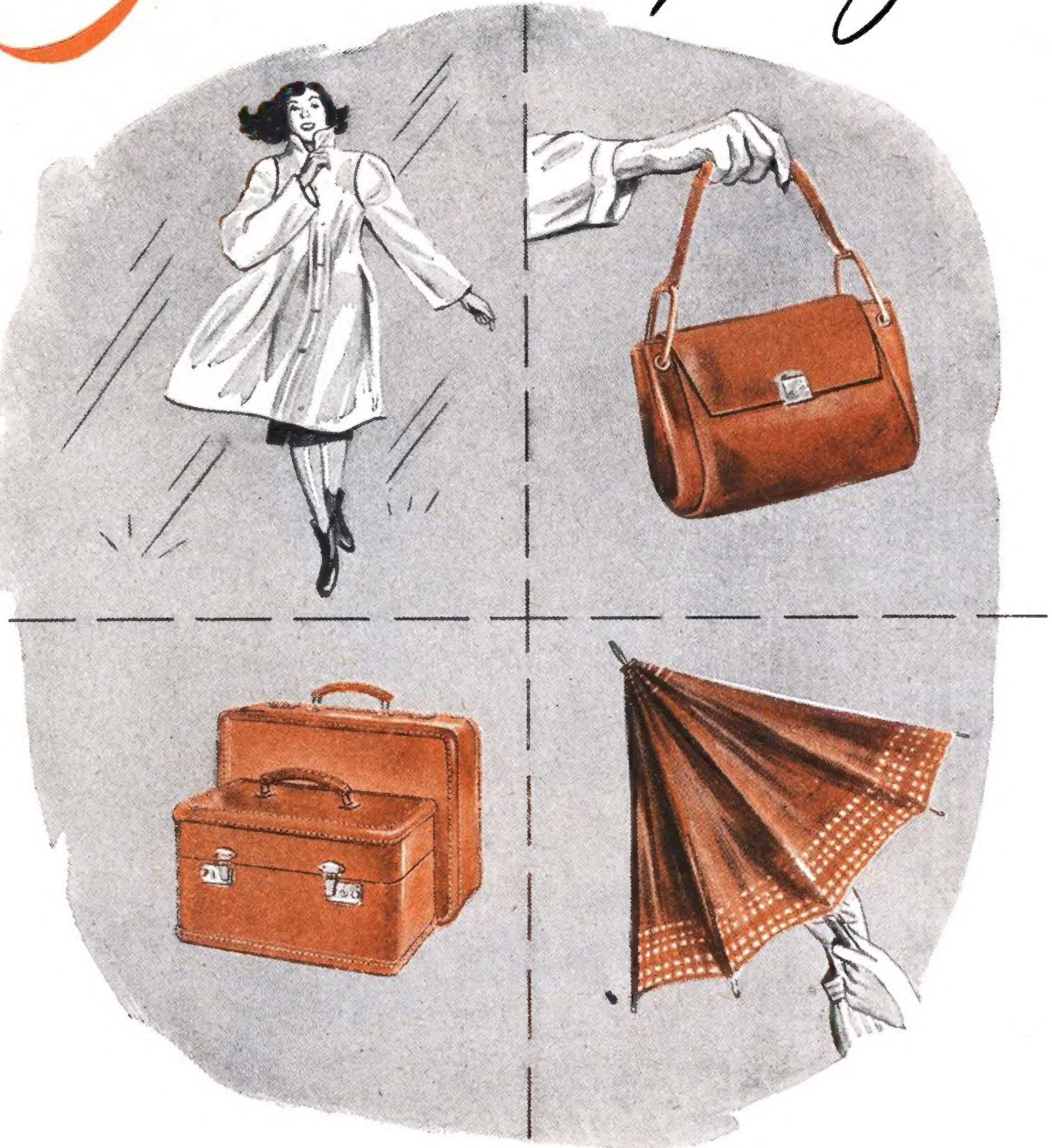

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Mr. Deems Taylor once remarked about one of his literary efforts that unbiased critics such as his mother thought it was pretty fine.

We feel a little bit like that over the words in this corner. The young lady who types them out is far too expert to trouble with the meaning of the sentences as she transcribes them. Hers is a cold and admirable proficiency which leaves nothing to be desired—except maybe a flicker of understanding, say, once every six months as she taps away this halting prose. No flicker, though. Nor can we picture our friends down at the printing shop gathered into little knots during their lunch hour, discussing what is said here.

In truth and modesty we must confess that we weren't too sure who read it, if any, until recently. Once in a while we would receive a disgruntled or encouraging retort. But on the whole we have created these informal bits far behind the bustle of putting the issue together, and have always found it mildly startling to wind up on the same page with the dynamic summary of group accomplishment to be observed at the right of this column. There are great writing names there: too bad some of the glow cannot cross the dividing rule between us.

But now we have found our audience. Large and generous and human it is, too. Came about when we wrote a note in the June Esquire mentioning that a certain Corporal Frank Harris, stationed in an out-of-the-way corner of the world (there *are* some left, you know, ask any G.I. still in one) would like to see a new Esquire once in a while.

The response was tremendous. And so to Milwaukee, St. Petersburg, Coffeyville, Cripple Creek, and the other in-the-way places where Esquire readers stopped to think and do something about Corporal Harris and the other corporals now cheering over their used copies, we send our thanks and compliments.

A good Esquire reader, it would seem, takes everything in stride—even this column.

—D.A.S.

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for September, 1947

Vol. XXVIII. No. 3 Whole No. 166

articles

PAGE
IN DEFENSE OF HOLLYWOOD . . . . Andrew A. Rooney 50
THE MAN WITH THE RUBBER LEGS 54
PIANIST FOR A PERCUSSIVE AGE . . . . Herbert Kubly 71
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN . . . . John Keating 77
SEPTEMBER IN CANADA . . . . Richard Joseph 78
KILL-DIVIL TO PLANTER'S PUNCH . . . . Scott Hart 88
CAMPUS PORTRAIT: UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON . . . . Frederick Freed 90
PETER HELCK: REALISTIC ARTIST . . . . Robert Ulrich Godsoe 93
ADVENTURES IN BAD EATING . . . . J. C. Furnas 96
WHERE WERE OUR ROCKETS? . . . . John C. Ross 106

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY 10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 36
Comment: THIS MAN'S WORLD: OUT WHERE THE SWINDLE BEGINS . . . . . Paul Gallico 41
Books: PITY THE POOR PUBLISHER . . . . A. J. Liebling 56
Movies: OF RICE AND MEN . . . . Jack Moffitt 59
Fashions: GROOMED FOR ACHIEVEMENT . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 97
Reviews: BOOK BRIEFS 123

fiction

THE CONVERT . . . . Irwin Shaw 42
TWO IN THE BUSH . . . . Robert Wallsten 48
THE WITNESS AT THE CROSSROADS . . . . Douglas Angus 68
BUSINESS BEFORE BULLETS . . . . Robert Finnegan 74
THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. PEEBLES . . . . Fred Lane 82
THE CASE OF THE DOUBLE CLASP . . . . William Valrick 87
GERALDE AND THE GOOD GREEN EARTH . . . . Robert Fontaine 94
THE WEDDING . . . . Joseph E. Shaner 108

personality

THE ASTOUNDING SYRIAN . . . . Sidney Carroll 60

poetry

YOU AMONG FLOWERS . . . . Walter Benton 64

Esquire gallery

UNDERSTANDING . . . . Painting by Fritz Willis 45
PROCRASTINATION . . . . Painting by Joe De Mers 46
THE MAN WITH THE RUBBER LEGS . . . . Painting by Joe De Mers 55
DERANGEMENT . . . . Painting by J. Frederick Smith 63
PRECIOUS . . . . Painting by Willard Downes 79
CALAMITY . . . . Painting by Ben-Hur Baz 80

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION . . . . Painting by B. Shermund
THE LADY OF THE LEGS . . . . Color photograph by William Stone 53
WORKING PRESS: JOHN CROSBY . . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 56
SEPTEMBER'S CHILDREN . . . . Caricatures by Alan Jedla 57
SACKCLOTH AND MASHERS . . . . Color photograph by G. E. Richardson 58
YOU AMONG FLOWERS . . . . Floral Interpretations by J. Frederick Smith 64
OLYMPIC PREVIEW: MERMAIDS LONDON BOUND . . . . Color photographs by C. L. Sawin 66
BACKSTAGE IN SPORTS: HERB PENNOCK . . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 67
FATHER OF THE BEAVER BOYS . . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 68
PAT OF THE FOREST . . . . Color photograph by Arnold Glantz 87
MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, NO. 15 . . . . Designed by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 88
ESQUIRE'S BLEND AND BEND, RECIPE NO. 6 . . . . Sketches by Herb Ackerman 89
A MONTY WOOLLEY CLASSIC . . . . Caricatoon by Alan Jedla 90
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON: A PROFILE . . . . Painting by Fred Eng 91
ART PORTFOLIO . . . . Paintings by Peter Helck 92

sports

SAFER SPORTS THROUGH SCIENCE . . . . Georg Mann 67
OAKMONT BEATS ALL BUT JONES . . . . Herb Graffis 72
TOUGHEST MAN ON EARTH . . . . Charles B. Roth 84
DO YOU KNOW YOUR SPORTS DEFINITIONS? . . . . Parke Cummings 118

wearables

INTRODUCTION TO SMOKE GREY . . . . Drawing by Karl Milroy 98
HEADING FOR FALL . . . . Drawing by Mal Murley 99
AN ACADEMIC CLOTHES CURRICULUM . . . . Drawings by Al Pimsler 100
BACHELORS' ART . . . . Drawing by Peters-Reiser 102
FASHIONABLE LEGAL TALENT . . . . Drawing by Leslie Saalburg 103
ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT . . . . Drawing by Al Pimsler 104
CAMPUS WEARWITHAL 105

briefs

THE FALL OF FLATBUSH SMITH . . . . Martin Gardner 44
HOP-UPS IN THE HOT-IRONS . . . . J. Alvin Kugelmass 47
BEAUTY IS HER DUTY . . . . Walter Sorell 53
THE VOICE OF THE OYSTER . . . . Tommy O'Shane 62
BITTER MEDICINE . . . . Louis Este 81
HONORABLE CHOO CHOO . . . . William Jacobson 113
TATTOO—ART OR TABOO? . . . . Albert Parry 124
CULINARY MALE . . . . Bill Rhode 162
BLOOD ON THE SNOW . . . . Harold A. Morrison 169
HOLLYWOOD MYSTERY . . . . Paul de Fur 173

credits

Illustrations on Pages 62, 82 . . . . courtesy Associated American Artists

T.M.REG.

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Editorial: Old Man Axelbrod Goes Back to School

A short story by Sinclair Lewis tells of an old farmer in Minnesota who was finishing off a lifetime of labor by dozing under the cottonwoods with his cat on his shoulder. Old Man Axelbrod had grown as broad and solid as one of his own silos, but just the same one calm evening he made an important decision. "By Yiminy," he said to the cat, "I think I go to college."

And go he did. He sweat it out to pass the entrance exams, and entered Yale by a hair (one from his enormous chest, surely, for he was as bald as a Sauk Centre egg).

And there Old Man Axelbrod was hurt and puzzled. New Haven's sport cars, parties, and brash young men interested in everything but books were hardly the stuff of his dreams. He had expected a bit from classic Greece, where grave scholars sat about chatting pleasantly of the world and people, and what they do and think. Even in classrooms he felt out of place, a sixty-six-year-old chunk of granite surrounded by prattling grandchildren. And although he could still lift a barrel of pork with his great arms, the football team did not want him. Even the students who worked their way through were too grubbily set on their jobs to look up for the light of learning.

Old Man Axelbrod stuck it out, unhappily, until one night a strangely unpopular freshman asked him if he'd like to hear Ysaÿe. Axelbrod went along wondering what an Ysaÿe was and how it would sound. When he heard, he was exalted. After the concert they walked miles in the moonlight. He listened to the music of French poetry read by his companion. They had a dawn snack in New Haven's strange and wonderful ghetto.

That was all he needed. At five that afternoon, on the day coach of a westbound train, an old man sat smiling. A lasting content was in his eyes, and in his hands a small French book. Old Man Axelbrod was taking back to his cottonwoods and his cat the glorious thing he had set out to find when he went to college.

The title of the story is *Young Man Axelbrod.*

We couldn't help thinking of Young Man Axelbrod as this Going-Back-to-School issue went to press. If you've been near a college campus recently, you'll see what we mean. For instance, not long ago we were invited to speak at a Midwestern university, and the academic group who welcomed us at the station was hardly the kind we remembered from *our* college days. The professor heading the department was a major just back from combat. The "boys" with him were comparing notes on Alaska, Italy, Africa. Even the parties were different, on that visit. One of our "dates" was a co-ed whose husband was shot down over Japan. She employed a "sitter" for her little son when she went to class.

Not that there wasn't plenty of the old-style hell-raising going on. An entire fraternity, for example, was put in jail for a group misdemeanor, where they were serenaded by the beauteous sisters of their favorite sorority, and served sumptuous meals by the stewards of a sympathetic brother society. But there seemed to us to be a new touch even in college brawls. An honor student in English, for instance, staged a sit-down strike on the threshold of the lady of his choice, hoping to soften her heart by this passive assault. When she called the local constabulary, the middle-aged cops were hard put to subdue their quarry, who remembered Iwo Jima too clearly to be rusty on his judo.

There are other changes, more basic. We were supposed to address a group of students on the art of writing. It was a little breathtaking to learn that they had already sold thousands of dollars worth of articles and stories to U.S. magazines during the past year. Not a bunch to talk to carelessly, by any means.

We've traveled to other colleges too—in the Midwest, the West, the old New England Ivy crowd—and everywhere it's different. Perhaps the main difference is the one noted on the signs outside the inevitable quarters for married veterans: "Drive carefully, children at play." A professor we know told us that these fathers are his favorite students. Perhaps their minds aren't as malleable as the younger ones, he said. Perhaps they have to study harder to get by. But they want to know, they are looking for meanings. They're better students than the prewar kind. The teachers are better, too, we've decided, after talking to a few. They respect their pupils more now, even if the boys sometimes confuse a gerundive with a Garand. One professor we knew, an organist of mild and ascetic tastes, a lover of Bach and hater of Tschaikowsky, used to stamp his foot at the obtuseness of a class full of football players who couldn't master the intricacies of contrapuntal structure. But today, his hair quite a bit greyer and his tastes still the same, he counts on better understanding from men who knew him at Parris Island, where the Marines mold their fighting men.

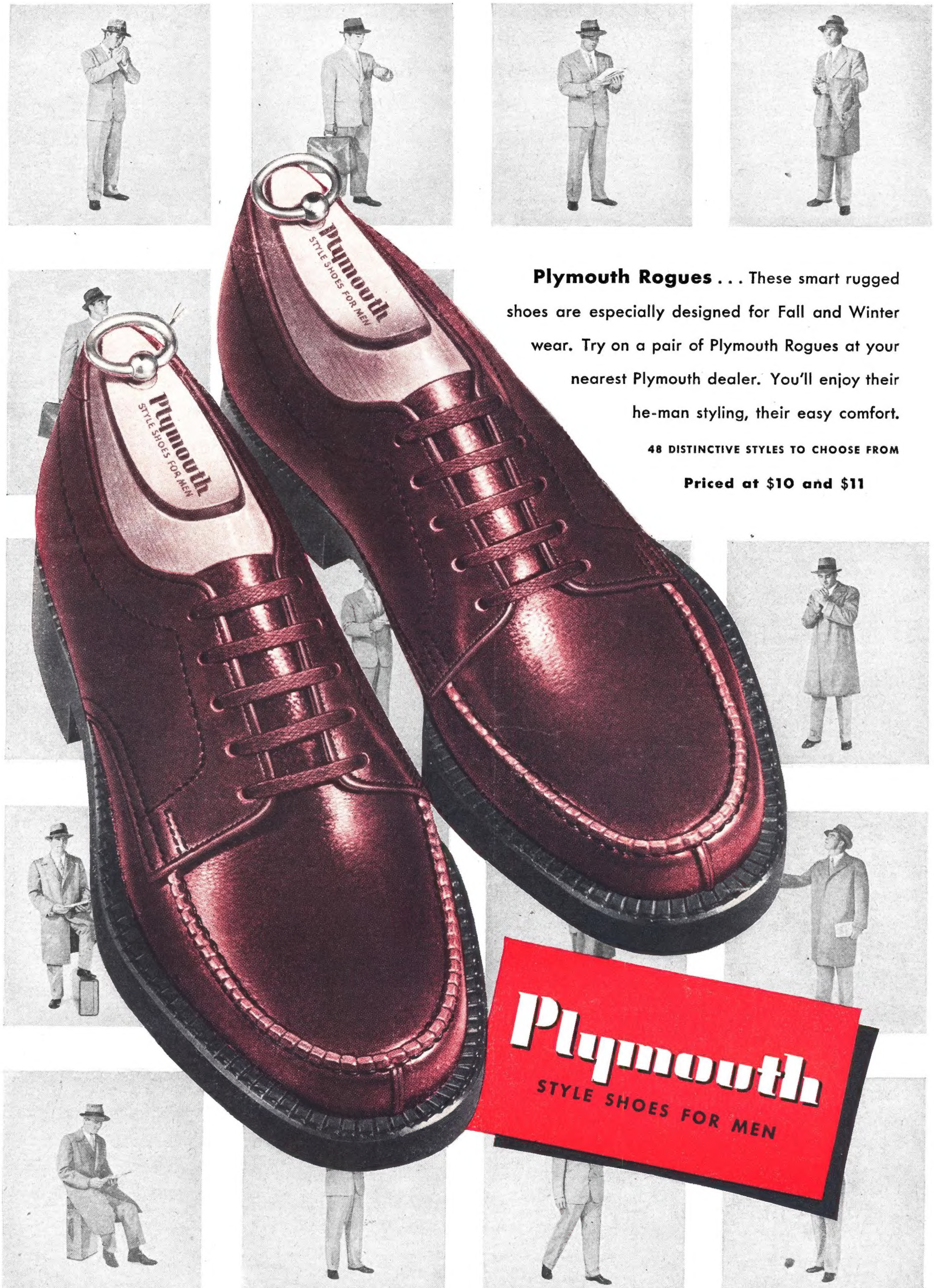
Sinclair Lewis wrote his story years ago. And, in truth, during the war, with college classes round the year, and little meaning to the classics much of the time, we wondered if there was any use in our continuing to call this fall issue "Back-to-School." But this year we're glad we kept it up. For the Old Man Axelbrods are coming back, not sixty-six perhaps, but still not any too young-looking to the kids who slide onto the campus straight from high school. They're back from Tarawa, from the Bulge, from the Rapido, from Okinawa and Murmansk and Tokyo.

Welcome back, young man Axelbrod and all you others.

A short time before this issue was put to bed we learned that Maxwell Perkins, the great editor of Scribner's, had died. It is something of a temptation to overpraise the man who inspired and even instructed authors whose works brought them fame. A rejection from Maxwell Perkins, they said, was treasured many times more than an advance on a book. Perhaps the best way to pay our respects to such a gentleman is to print here the caption we had prepared to run under his portrait in the October issue:

Behind the Stars—Maxwell Perkins

Maxwell Perkins never goes to publishers' cocktail parties, but manages in spite of it to remain the best book editor of his time. Friend and confidant to such literary great as Hemingway, Wolfe, Lardner and Fitzgerald, he now finds himself increasingly surrounded by lady authors with whom he is polite but uncomfortable, a condition unrelieved in his after-hours life, which includes five grown daughters. After thirty-seven years at Charles Scribner's, now as vice-president, he still wears his uncreased grey hat in the office and is embarrassed by some of the four-letter words his protégés employ in their books. He considers himself an excellent judge of character, which time has proved him to be. Some of America's finest authors have left his office with advances before they set a word to paper.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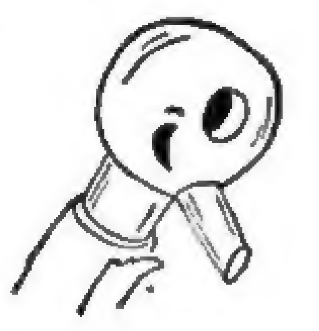
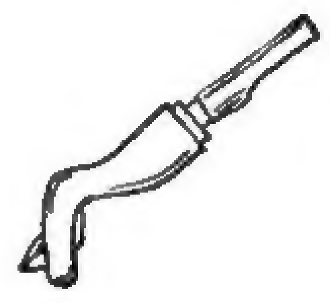


NYLON PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE. Nylon hose, girdles and now phonograph needles! This new type of needle is shaped like a leg, bent at the knee. The so-called nylon knee produces what the makers call a "floating knee action" to reduce needle scratch, surface noises and prolong record life. There's also a hand-polished sapphire jewel tip which performs with the minimum of needle chatter. The lightweight aluminum shaft fits securely into the pick-up, without danger of twisting or loosening.



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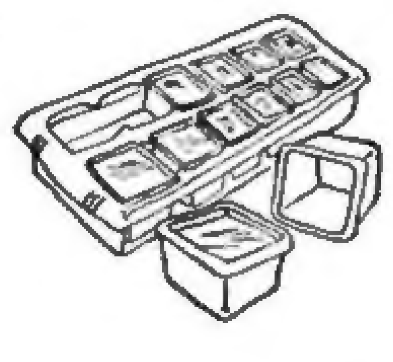
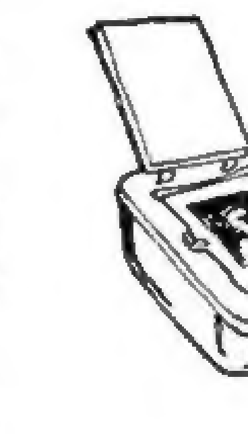


COME OUT OF THAT DARKROOM! Amateur photographers know that a contact printer is usually a darkroom instrument. Now there's a way of making contact prints right out in the open . . . in any room in the house. The flash printer, as it is called, was demonstrated under our very nose, in our very own office. Here's how it works. When printer is plugged into an electric outlet, a red light goes on. After placing correct size steel mask, the negative and contact printing paper in the printer, a small button is pressed, and a white light flashes on and off automatically. The process is complete in a few minutes. The big feature is the built-in timing device which does away with risk of over-or under-exposed prints. Steel masks are available for making 2¼ x 2¼", 120, 116 and post card sizes.



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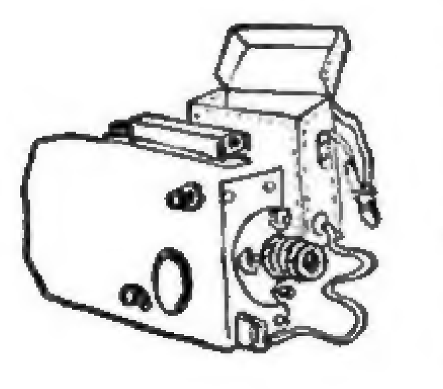

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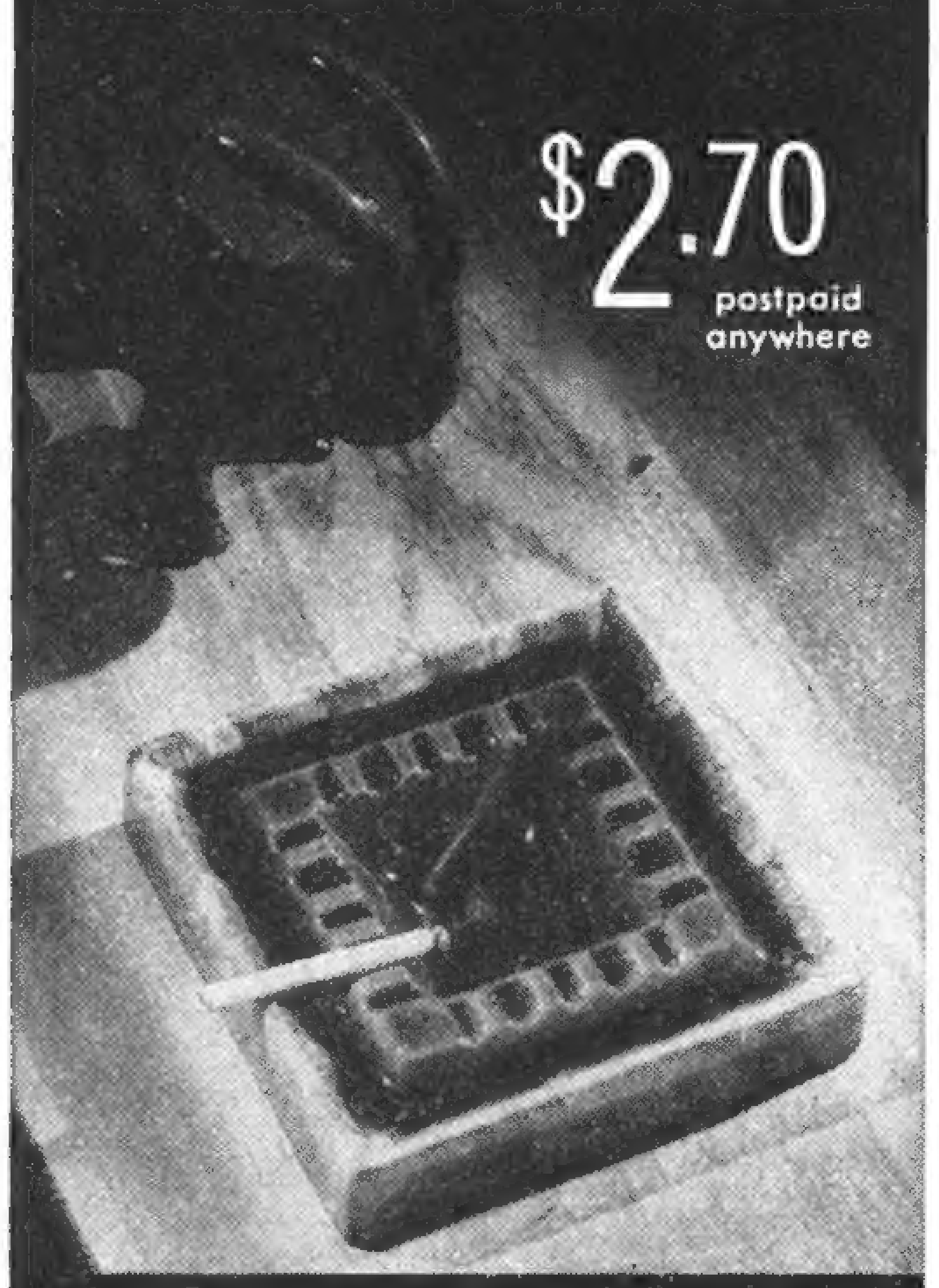

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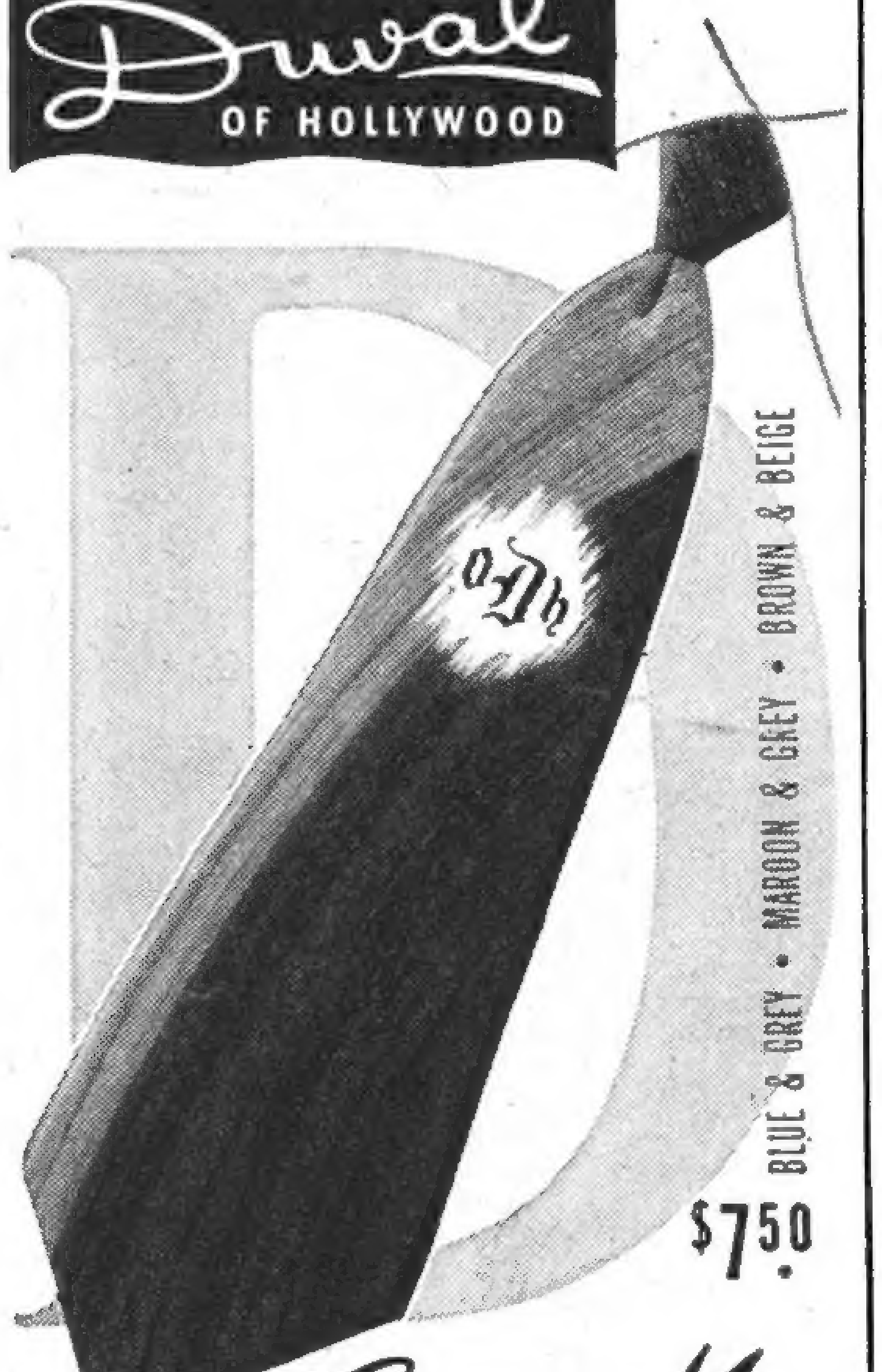

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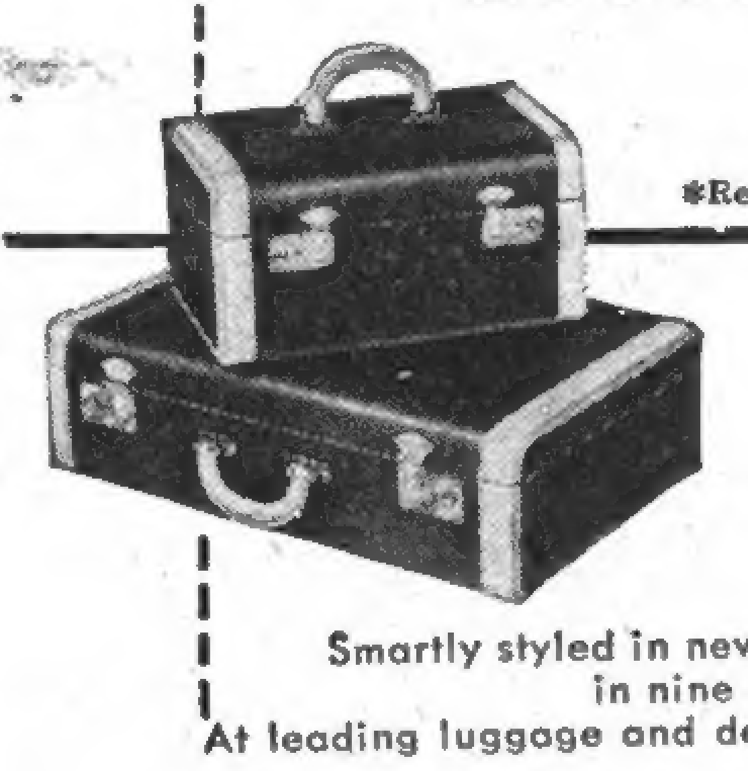

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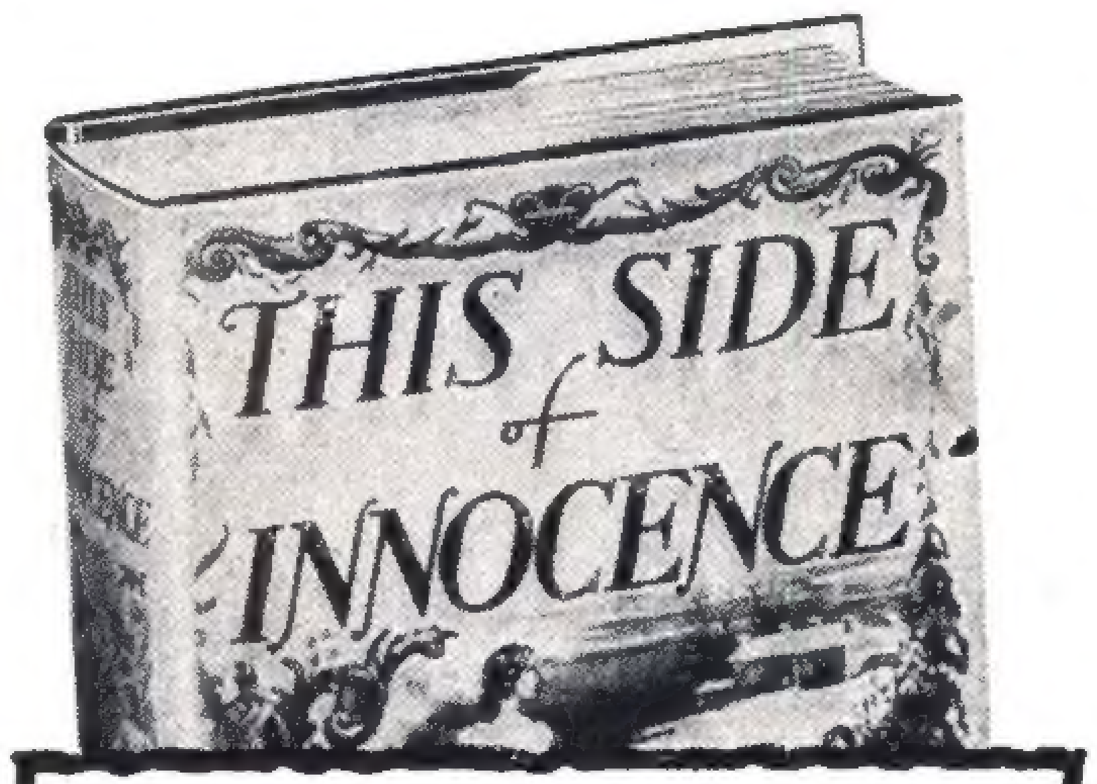
Which of these 6 Big Best-Sellers DO YOU WANT FREE?

AS A NEW MEMBER OF THE BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA

HERE are six of the biggest best-sellers in America—every single one a sensationally popular novel that readers are clamoring to read! Just pick the one you want FREE—as a membership gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! Also pick the one you would like as your first Selection, at the Club's low bargain price. And that's not all! You ALSO get *another* FREE book—Dickens' *Great Expectations*, which has just been made into a smash-hit movie. Just look at the titles of these best-sellers! Pick out the one you want and read below how you can get it FREE!



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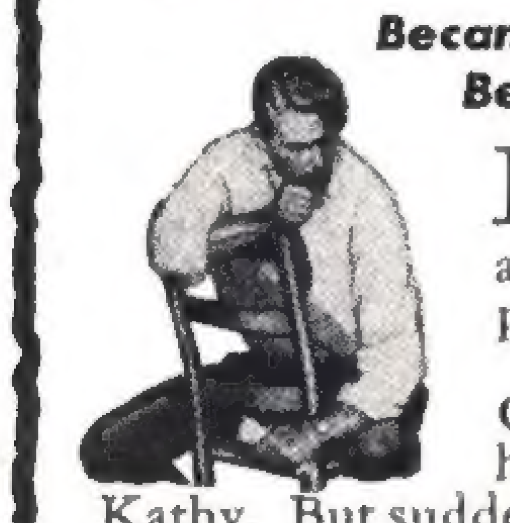
Became the Nation's No. 1 Best-Seller Overnight!



DARES to tell the shocking truth about a problem "nice" people don't talk of! You yourself are Phil Green—"head over heels" in love with Kathy. But suddenly your bright world is darkened. Kathy is willing to give you everything—except the one thing you want most! THE NATION'S NO. 1 BEST-SELLER—AT $2.75 IN THE PUBLISHER'S EDITION!

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Sensational Story of a "Poor Little Rich Girl"

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Which Is Worse—A Loveless Marriage or a Lawless Love?

RICH, respectable Alfred married ravishing Amalie, a drunkard's daughter, who admitted she did not love him. His half-brother, Jerome, a devil-may-care wastrel, tried to prevent the marriage. He and Amalie hated each other on sight—but their hate turned into a reckless passion. Did Amalie choose marriage without love—or *love without marriage?*

The FOXES of HARROW

Flaming Passion in Wicked Old New Orleans!

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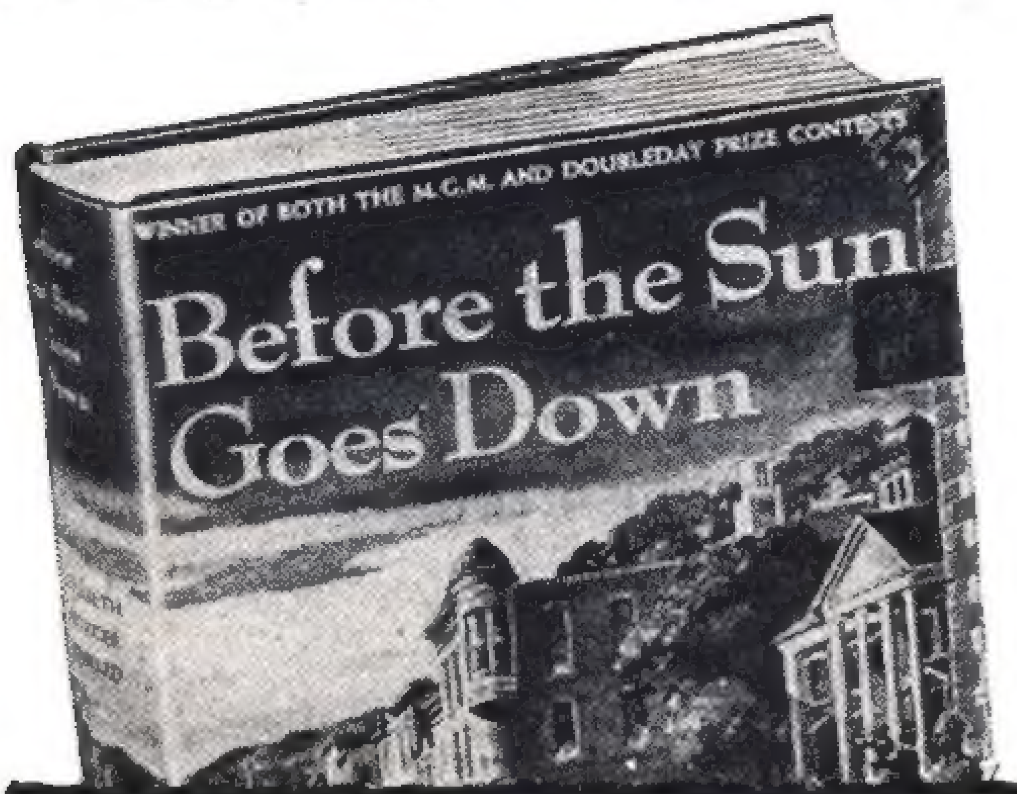
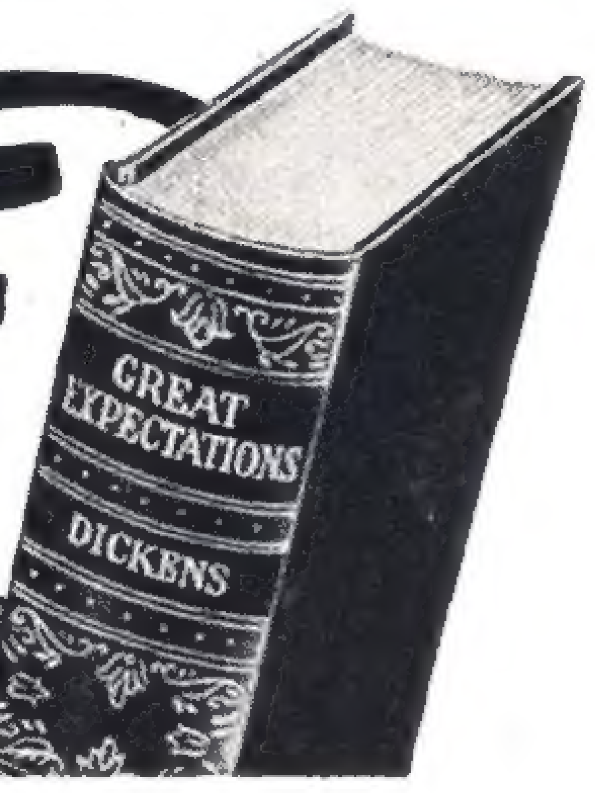
Blood and thunder, ardent romance—in the "wickedest city in the world."



AND YOU ALSO GET FREE



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Even a War Could Not Crush Their Love!

JULIAN CHISHOLM sought escape from his passion for his brother's bride by plunging into the medical studies. Later, as a surgeon in the Confederate army, he fell madly in love with Jane—only to discover later that she was a Union spy!

"A beautiful love story . . . action-packed reading . . . never-ending suspense."—*Chicago Tribune.*

DICKENS' IMMORTAL ROMANCE—NOW A SMASH MOVIE-HIT

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

NOT only do you receive—FREE—your choice of any one of the big best-sellers shown above; you ALSO get—as your *second* FREE book—the stirring novel by Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations.* Millions have laughed and cried at this heart-warming story. Now it has been made into a movie that the critics are raving about!

The N. Y. *Herald Tribune* says: "Irresistible screen entertainment . . . a rare motion picture!" "Superb, brilliant, delightful, enchanting!"—N. Y. *News.* You can have *Great Expectations* FREE, as one of your TWO FREE books on this sensational offer!

Scene from "Great Expectations"—a J. Arthur Rank presentation, with John Mills and Valerie Hobson.

Membership is FREE—in the Book League of America

We want to give you, FREE, your choice of any one of the 6 big best-sellers shown above, PLUS *Great Expectations*, because they show—better than anything we could say—the kind of books you can get every month *at an amazing bargain price!*

Membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" is FREE. And every month (or less often, if you wish) you may receive the current Selection—a popular best-seller by an author like Ben Ames Williams, Steinbeck, Maugham, or Hemingway—a book selling at $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But *you* can get it for ONLY $1.49, plus a few cents shipping charges!

You Also Get FREE Bonus Books

IN ADDITION, with every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, an immortal masterpiece by Shakespeare, Poe, Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Zola, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are handsomely and *uniformly* bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

You Need NOT Take Every Selection

You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six of *your own choice* during the year. Each month the Club's "Review" describes a number of *other* popular best-sellers; if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, choose it instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

SEND NO MONEY—Just Mail Coupon Now

Send coupon—without money—now for your TWO FREE books—*Great Expectations* AND the best-seller you have indicated in the coupon. You will also receive, as your first Selection, the *other* best-seller you have indicated in coupon.

When you realize you can get popular best-sellers month after month at a tremendous saving—PLUS FREE Bonus Books—you will understand why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! Mail coupon—without money—now. **Book League of America, Dept. ES-9, Garden City, N. Y.**

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Please send me—FREE—*Great Expectations* AND the best-seller named below:

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(Write in title of one of the best-sellers shown above)

Also enroll me free as a member of The Book League of America, and send me as my first Selection the following book:

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For every two monthly Selections I accept, I will receive, free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new selection; only six of *my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review" describing a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents shipping charges) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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The Sound and the Fury

global thanks

In your March copy you published a letter of mine appealing for books and magazines, and I would like to thank you for your kindness which has brought me many new friends, and many hours of pleasurable reading.

From 36 States, from Canada, Portugal, Philippines, France and England have come letters and books and other gifts to pay tribute to the universality of Esquire and the kindness of its readers. I have endeavored to reply to all but if I have neglected any, please let them take this as an appreciation of their generosity. Due to straitened circumstances I could not reply to them by air mail, but I know they will understand and be indulgent.

To all my friends and to Esquire, my thanks.

James J. Lally

Pigeon House Hosp.
Pigeon House Road
Dublin, Eire

Alcohol
Water

Harris' headspin

Possibly your readers might be interested in the following, which can be solved by simple algebra:

A five gallon radiator contains 20% alcohol and 80% water. How much of this *mixture* must be drained and replaced by pure alcohol to change the ratio to 30% alcohol and 70% water?

E. W. Harris

Sante Fe, N. M.

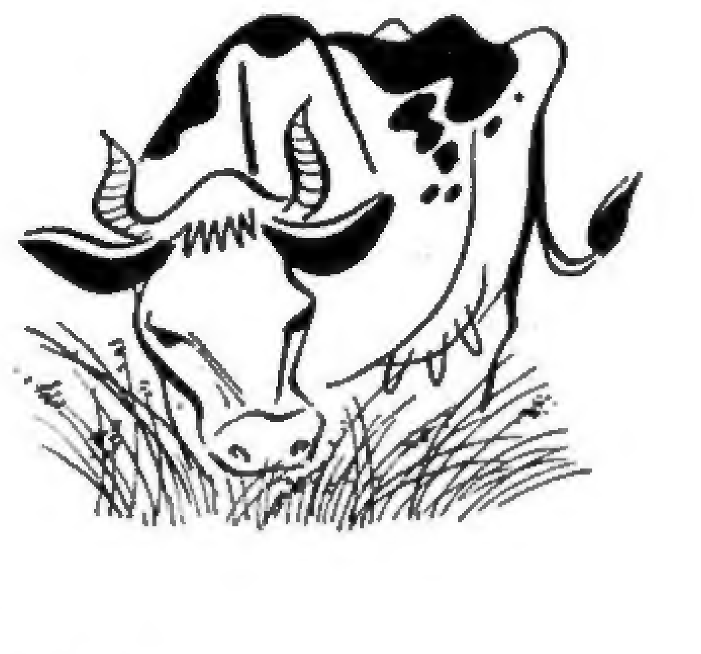
act of grace

Is there someone else overseas besides Corporal Harris who would welcome a copy of Esky?

I would be very happy to pass on my copies if you would be so kind as to furnish me the name and address of anyone interested. Thank you!

Helen Sindmack

Clifton, N. J.



Kahl's cow

Charles W. Rhoades' solution to the egg problem, published in the June issue, is so far from accurate that it irks this reader no end.

However, I should like to offer him the opportunity to redeem himself on the solution of this problem:

A cow is grazing in a circular pasture, 100 feet in radius, bounded by a fence. She is tethered to a fence post by a 50 foot rope. How much grazing area can she cover?

Fred L. Kahl

Erie, Pa.

nature knows best

In regard to Charles W. Rhoades' solution of Charles L. Graham's egg question, it seems he (and not Simon S. Jackel) is a bit off the beam. No matter how many mothers there are, or how you multiply them, it still takes 9 months for each mother to have a child. I'm sure there is a constant time element for chickens also. Therefore Simon S. Jackel is correct in his solution, and someone ought to explain the facts of life to Mr. Rhoades.

Joseph L. Kurtzman

Plainfield, N. J.

all things to all men

Why did the illustrator give Lola Montez "blue-black" hair when on page 86, June, 1947, you described her "childishly curling *bronze* hair?"

Amelia A. Yankus

Ansonia, Conn.

P. S.—Don't give me a typical *Life* Magazine answer "Maybe she dyed it."

into the infinite

As regards Levo's Ladders, I suppose you have had all sorts of answers to his problem.

The answer can be found only by the judicious use of integral and differential calculus.

It was once solved by the head of our Math department after several PhD's had given up in disgust. A less exact method can be used that will give fair results. Reasonably accurate graphing will give an answer.

J. W. K. Lane

Cocoanut Grove, Fla.

demur from Kansas

I have never read DeVoto's book, *Mountain Time*, so I do not pretend to defend it against A. J. Liebling's review of last June. But I have lived out of town all my life, and heard rhapsodic praises of New York all my life, too. Mainly by the jokers who lived somewhere in Connecticut or out on Long Island. I think it is time someone defended the "barren wastes of Iowa and Arkansas." Out here we take the pioneering spirit seriously . . . the men and women who came into an uncomfortable, often dangerous country, were not afraid to stick when the going got tough, and left a heritage of courage and decency. That is why so many writers who go to the "big city" from Keokuk and Topeka and Tulsa write with nostalgia, and if they don't go back it is not because they might not like to, but because they have progressed beyond going back, for as Thomas Wolfe said, we can't go home to the dreams of our youth.

And strange as it might seem, there are people who prefer the barren wastes. So perhaps Liebling could confine his wit to the things he knows about.

He talked me into buying a book I would never have glanced at otherwise.

Irene Richard

Junction City, Kan.

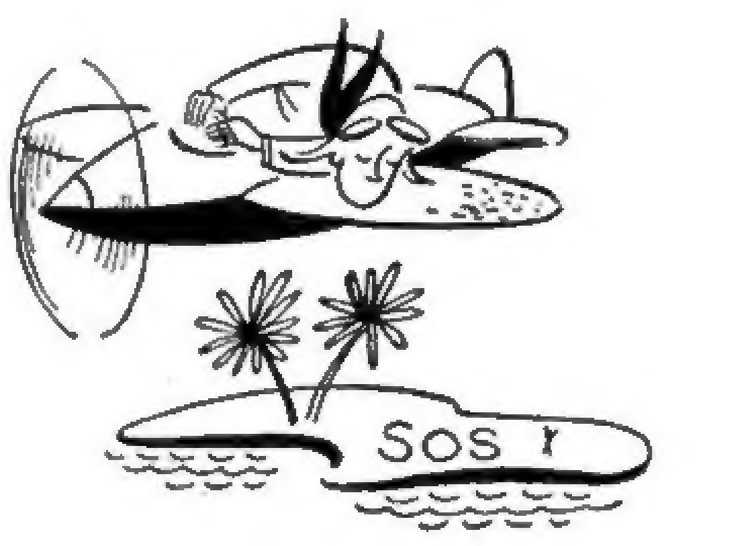
more about England now

I must congratulate you and your staff on the high standard that is maintained in each issue of Esquire. The film and stage criticisms differ tremendously from those of our English critics; and together with some of the cartoons show how different American humor and opinions are from our own.

I do not agree with the whole of the article by Douglas Clarke, *In England Now: The Wheel Turns.* The average Britisher is no more a true socialist, at heart, than the man in the moon! When the end of the war came the British rejected prewar Toryism with its apathetic, outmoded views, elected the Labour Government, hoping that this would ease their troubles. In due course I think a gradual swing back to the right will take place, although it will not go back to pure Conservatism. Many of the "Old School Tie" prejudices and social distinctions have gone forever, I hope!

Albert F. Rice

Northampton, England



how to flag a plane

While in a supine position at this veterans' hospital, and for the lack of anything more exciting to do, will add my nickels worth to The Sound and the Fury.

The Barrier Reef in May Esquire held my flattering interest to the end. Nevertheless it seems the character on the reef was unnecessarily perturbed by the fact that his printed SOS must be placed so it could be read from planes approaching from the West.

Surely the letters SOS would appear the same if approached from the East—in other words, upside down would not alter their appearance from right side up.

Richard L. Roy

Newton D. Baker Hospital
Martinsburg, W. Va.

Editor's Note:

You are quite right in saying that SOS reads the same upside down as right side up. However, the point the author made was that his Crusoe would have a better chance of rescue if the letters were placed parallel to the plane's passage. In other words, if the planes had come in from the north, the design would have been different.

history is but fable

In your April edition which recently made its appearance on newsstands here in Headquarters EUCOM was a full-page photo of Veronica Lake carrying a short caption which stated that ". . . during her formative years, she neither modeled, entered a beauty contest . . ."

Someone seems to have slipped up here or her agent slipped one in there. At the time of Veronica's (then Connie Kean) formative years I also lived in and about Miami which was her home. Having a more than "nice-to-look-at" sister I attended most of the beauty contests held about Miami during those years. I recall one contest in which Connie placed about 10th—while my sister, now Hollywood actress Irmgard Dawson, came out on top.

Robert F. J. Dietel

Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany

high cost of Dames

Hal N. Colton in his interesting article on writers and plagiarism stated that a song writer once received $400 a word for a title which was later tacked onto a movie. I believe I've heard of a better price for wordage. About ten years ago some writer sold the title of his detective story, *Dames*, to Warner Brothers for $2000. If memory serves, James Cagney appeared in the musical, *Dames*, a short while later.

Wilson Tucker

Bloomington, Ill.

Gallico farewell

I used to be quite an admirer of yours, old man. Look my name up. You'll find me on the sub list occasionally.

I just had to tell you that after reading Gallico's article in the June issue I would have to take you only with a stomach pump. I don't mind criticism of Russia, but for a jerk to ridicule them as though he were discussing some character at a Hollywood party—I say nuts to that and nuts to a guy who used to write a darn good sports column.

Mac Benoff

Hollywood, Calif.

and hail!

Your April edition's *The Not Well-Tempered Gallico* did a fine job both in showing the veteran's apathy toward national affairs and exposing the corruption of certain elements in the American sports industry. More power to writers like Paul Gallico!

We are avid readers of your fine magazine and every copy is in great demand over here. I have seen Esky pin-ups and stories play an important part in boosting the morale of my fellow patients. Keep up the good work!

Pvt. W. A. Mote

28th Gen. Hosp.
Osaka, Japan

l'art d'écrire

Is it possible to get in touch with a girl or boy who want to perfect his French and so may I perfect my English?

Excuse me for my mistakes and receive a cordial thanks and a good morning from the little Belgium.

G. Leroy

Liege, Belgique

Continued on page 166

100
90
80
70
60
50

How to make it a cool 90 in the shade

THE WAY TO DO IT is to mix yourself a Four Roses Mint Julep.

For, on a sultry summer's day, there's nothing quite so cooling and refreshing as the frosty, mint-fragrant perfection of this noble drink.

Four Roses, famed as the *perfect* Julep whiskey, gives a Mint Julep a distinctive, flavorful magnificence such as you've never known!

How to make the world's finest Mint Julep

Take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or simply stir it). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice.

Then pour in that matchless whiskey, Four Roses, until glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till frost forms thick.

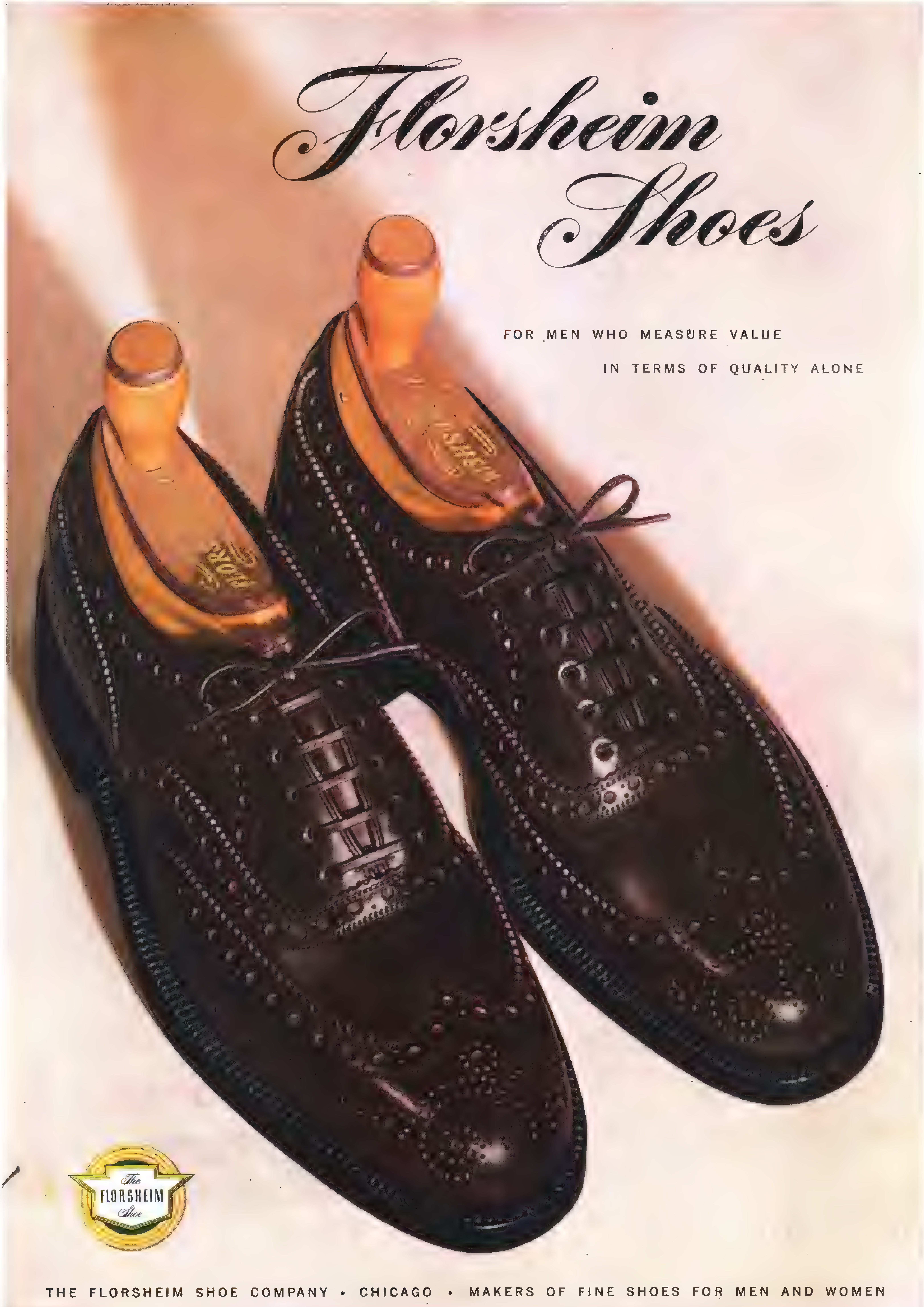
• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.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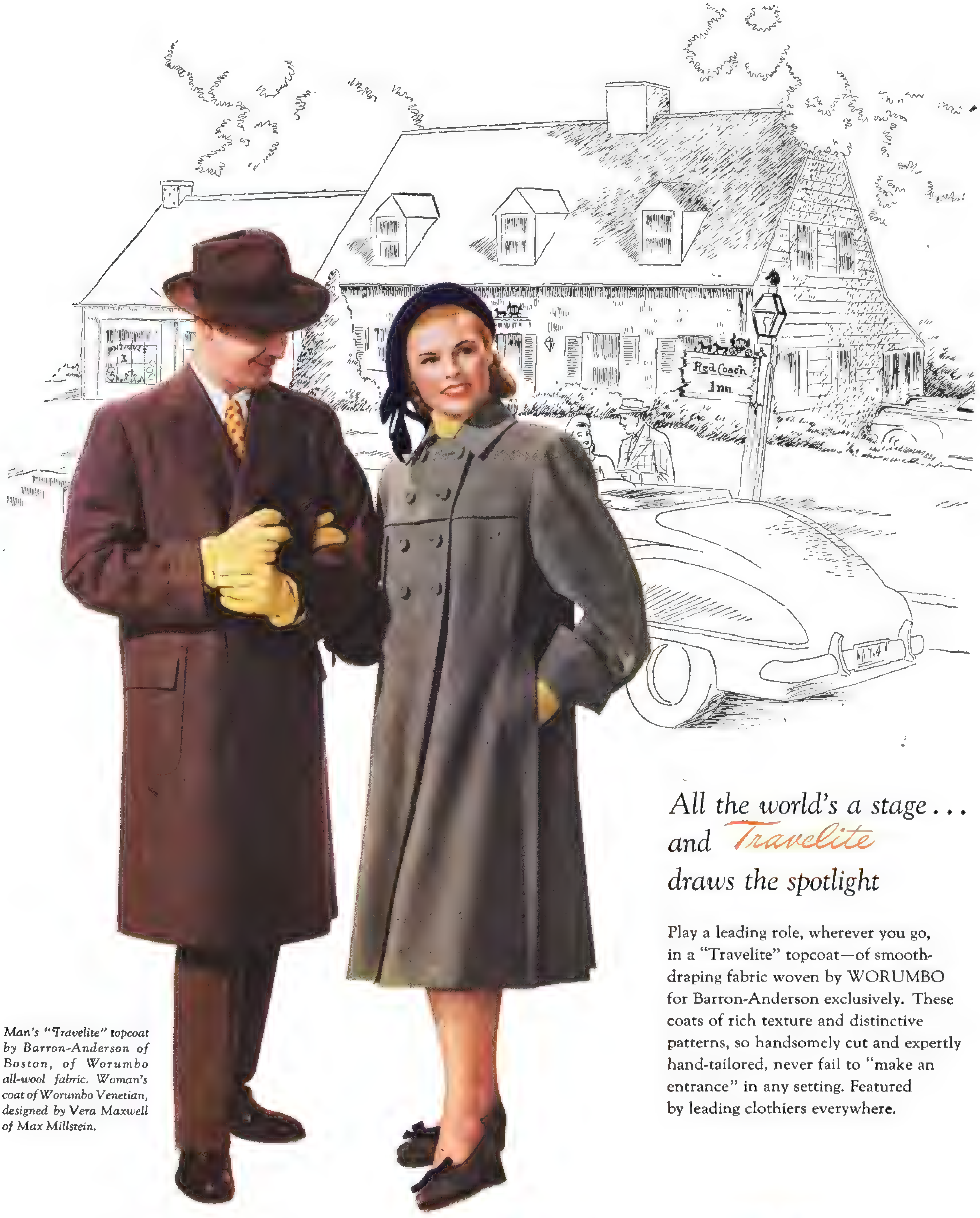

Man's "Travelite" topcoat by Barron-Anderson of Boston, of Worumbo all-wool fabric. Woman's coat of Worumbo Venetian, designed by Vera Maxwell of Max Millstein.

All the world's a stage . . . and Travelite draws the spotlight

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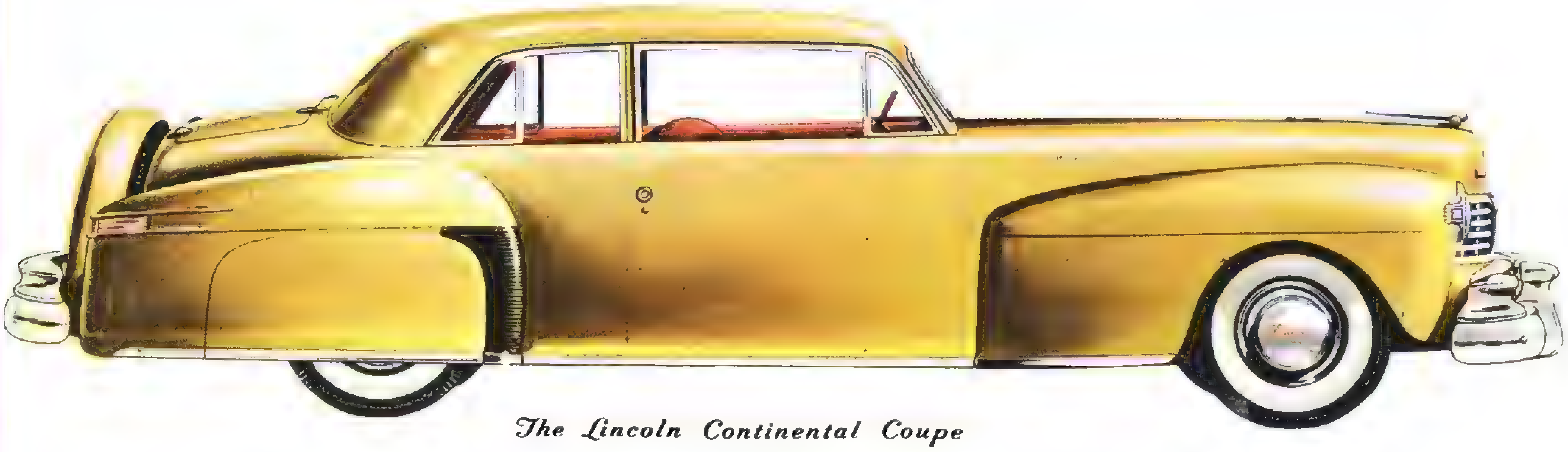

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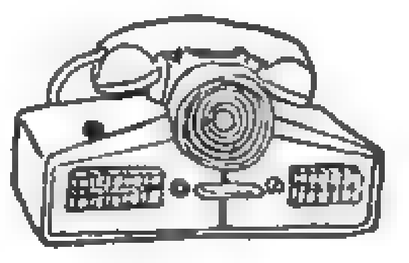
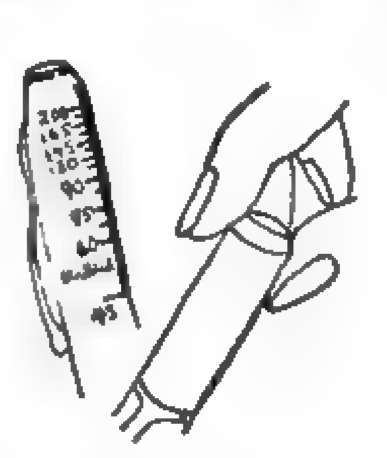
Talking Shop with Esquire

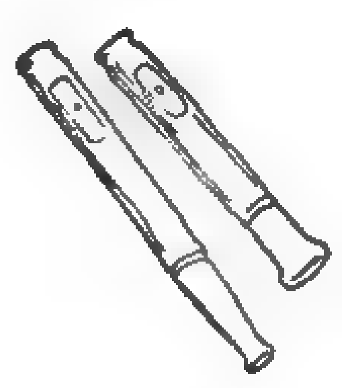
BUSINESS COMMUNICATION SYSTEM. Designers are doing their bit toward making a man's office a handsome habitat. New intercommunication systems are housed in good looking, streamlined walnut plastic cases. Improvements include a visual busy signal, individual locking type push buttons for station selection; illuminated on-off volume control; plug in cable connections and a balanced line wiring system which prevents "cross talk". The systems have facilities for the use of up to 24 master stations, permitting as many as 12 conversations to be carried on simultaneously. Versatile combinations of master stations and sub-stations are also available.



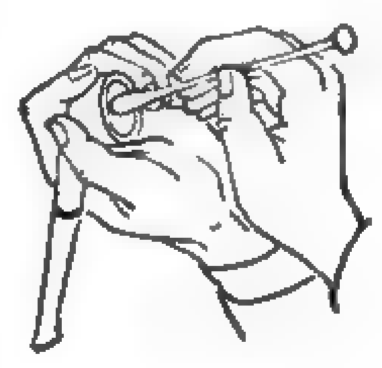
A PENCIL CAN DO MORE THAN WRITE! Mechanical pencils these days, do far more than provide you with lead. One of them has a perpetual calendar on its top. All you do is set the calendar on the first day of each month, and you have a complete calendar for the entire month. Another pencil is topped with an ingenious sports yardage meter. Downright uncanny. . . tells you what club to use on the fairway; measures distance up to 200 yards. Can also be used by hunters, anglers, boy scouts, campers. Take the top off another pencil and you have a cigarette lighter . . . flint, wick and all. A gold-plated honey.



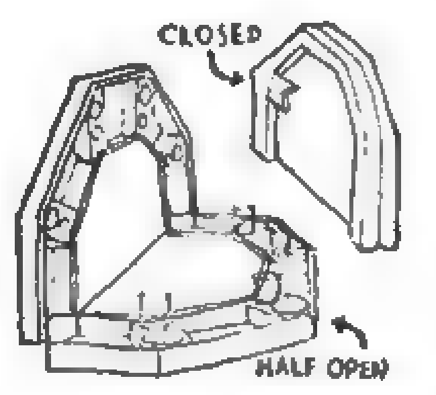
FILTER HOLDERS IN NEW DRESS. Those famous filter cigarette holders (where you smoke one cig through another to eliminate tars and nicotine) have been styled up considerably. For the ladies, they can be had in gold, black, silver or blue barrels with contrasting bands, and two-inch black, tortoise, red, silver or gold color mouthpieces. Gentlemen can have gold, silver or ebony color barrels.



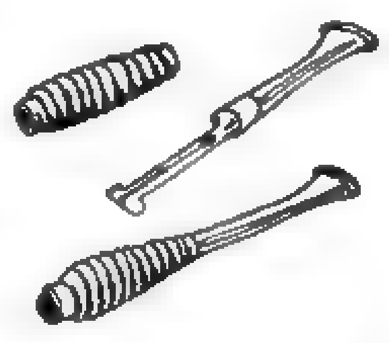
NO MORE DOUBLE TROUBLE. Simple inventions can be mighty handy little items. Take the small, slim little nickle-plated tool called a piper . . . pipe smoker's delight. A spatulate end cleans the pipe bowl. The other end serves as a tamper . . . both ends calculated to save digits from stains and scorchings.



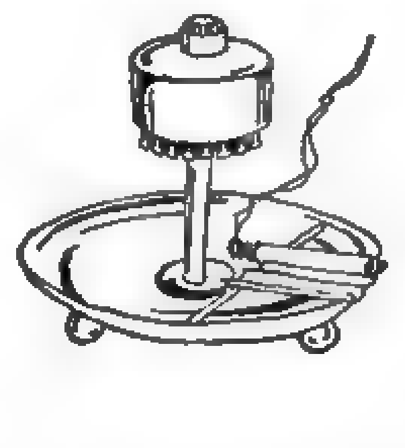
THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM. Inveterate poker players living in cramped quarters, should know about a new fold-in-half game table top which changes an ordinary bridge table into a roomy, 8-place game table. The device is octagonal, a full 4 feet in diameter, with 8 individual chip compartments, and 8 non-tip safety holders for beverage glasses and ash trays. No seam or crack is visible on the smooth, wool felt playing surface.



THE COOL SMOKE. Another cigarette holder caters to the cool smoke with a built-in permanent metal filter. Hot moist smoke is drawn into the condensing chamber, where heat is dissipated through a special fin-constructed wall. All parts are easily cleaned, and the finished cig is readily ejected by the special ejector.



JUST PULL AND THEY LIGHT. You've probably seen those pull-match smoker's stands on many a big exec's desk. First, there's a goodly size ash tray, 6½" in diameter, plus a triple grooved cigarette rest. Top of the stand boasts of a rounded chromium device which holds a roll of pull matches . . . enough for 1750 lights, to be exact.



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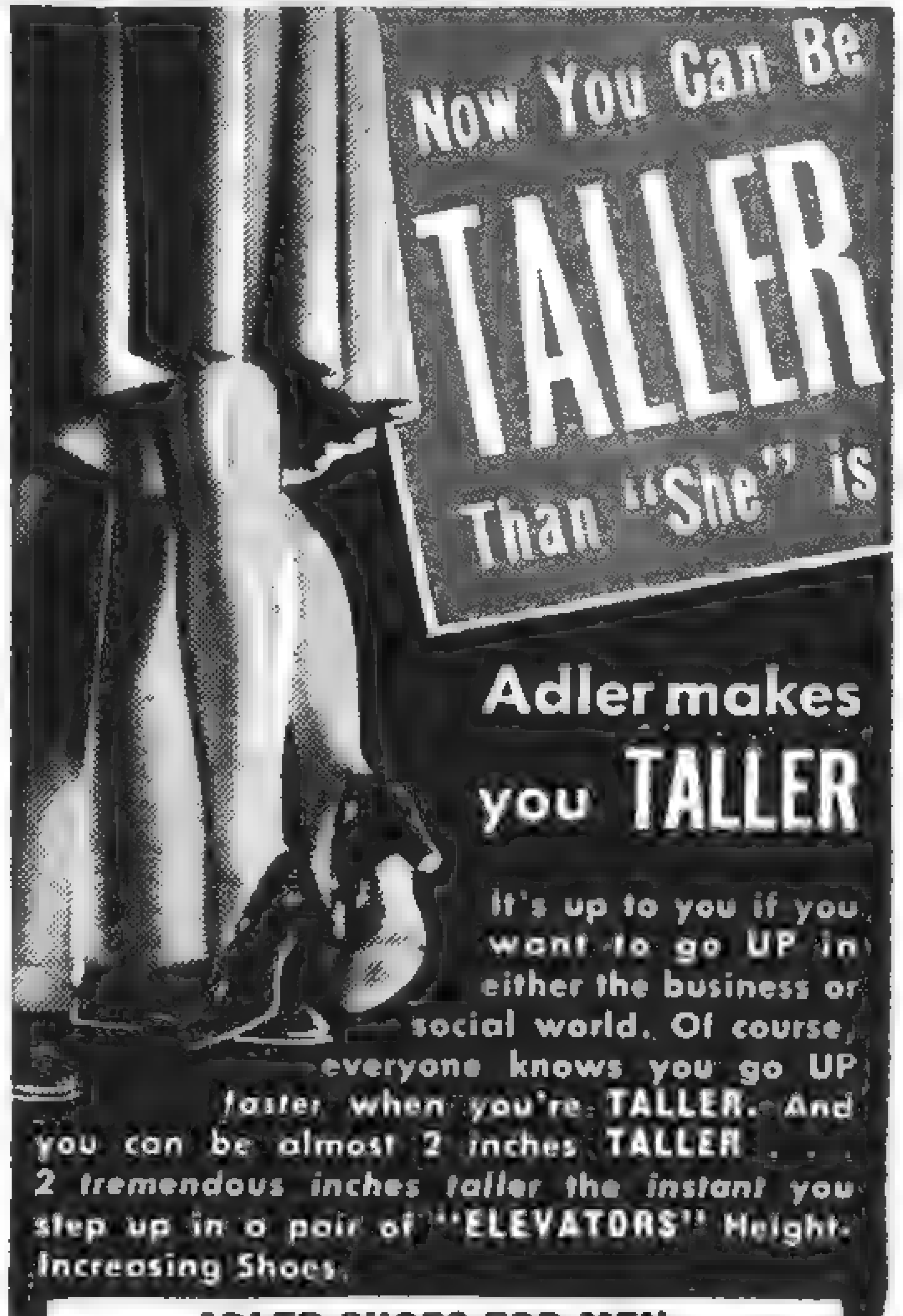
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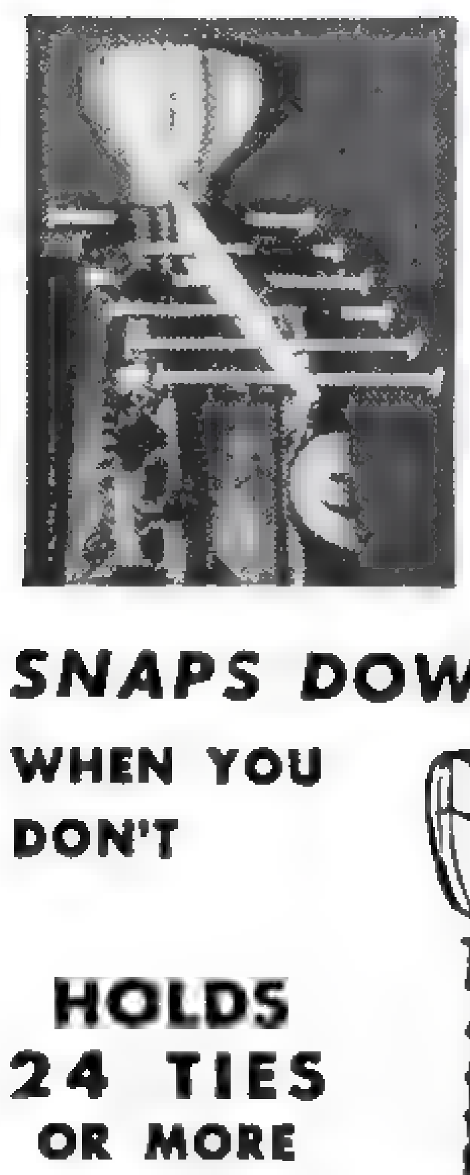
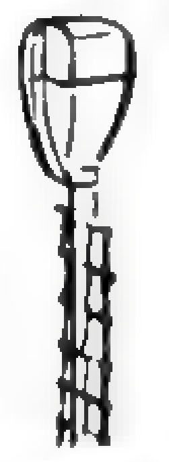
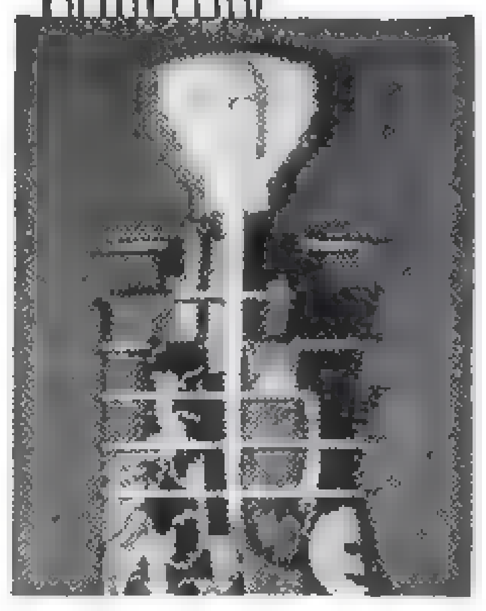
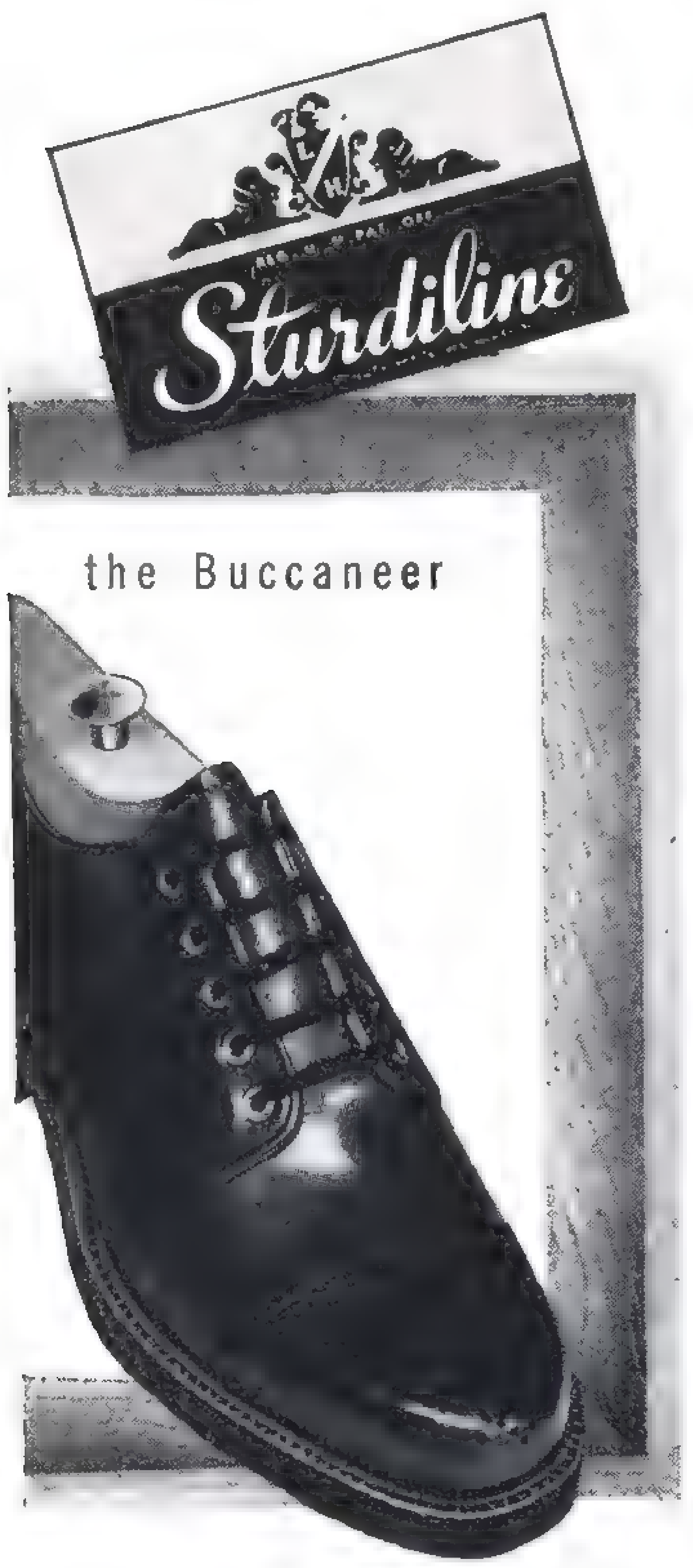






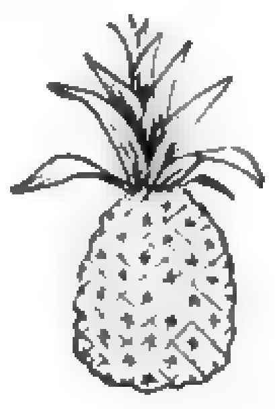


Glinting brass eyelets, wall last and blucher style point up the strictly He-Man lines of this shoe. Made of genuine KIP leather with triple soles, the outersole of all leather — it's tan, terrific and a buy of buys at this price. about $8.50 per pair

For the store nearest you, write:
Roberts-Hart, Inc., Keene, New Hampshire

Talking Shop with Esquire

FRESH PINEAPPLE FROM HAWAII. There's a fellow in Oregon who will undertake to ship fresh Hawaiian pineapples anywhere in the United States. Carefully picked and assorted, these luscious sun ripened pines should be at the peak of perfection when you receive them. A shipment consists of four golden yellow pineapples, weighing about five pounds each, the best size for eating fresh pines, according to the Hawaiians. There's no *season* on pineapple, the supply remains the same twelve months out of the year. When you consider that it takes eighteen months to grow a single pineapple, you won't be so apt to balk at the price.



EAT YOGURT . . . and prolong your life! That's what the Yogurt enthusiasts believe, anyhow. Quite a fad, these days in smart circles, to eat fresh, cultured milk, commonly known as Yogurt. Some of its devoteés eat it for health reasons, some use it as a slimming diet . . . others just eat it because they like it. In case you haven't caught up with it yet, Yogurt is a slightly sour, tart food of custard-like consistency containing all the elements of milk partially digested. Yogurt came to us via Bulgaria. The Balkan people practically lived on this special milk food, and, scientists found, lived far beyond their allotted span, waxing stalwart and sturdy on the Yogurt diet. It's difficult to find this substance outside of New York, unless you make your own. All of which brings us to the Yogurt machine. The machine consists of a utensil of hand spun aluminum, a tray on which to put glass containers or cups to hold the milk, a domelike cover that fits over the tray and a cap that goes on top of the dome—fitted with electric light cord and socket . . . Just put some of the special "culture" into ordinary milk, leave it in the machine for three hours or so . . . and at the end of that time, you have Yogurt. Try it with fresh fruits, jams or pour it over fresh vegetables.

RAREBIT AND CHUTNEY. If your group is fed up with the inevitable soggy hors d'oeuvres dept. serve 'em hot rarebit with chutney on crackers. Even a chap who has never been inside a kitchen can prepare this one . . . nothing to do but open a coupla jars. The rarebit is made by a big milk company; the chutney is made here in America from an authentic East Indian recipe. Into the tasty concoction go apples, onions, raisins, citron, mangoes, lime juice, chili peppers, spices and other mysterious ingredients.

SMOKED OYSTERS. If you want to cause a gastronomic sensation at your next cocktail party, serve canned smoked oysters instead of the inevitable limp salmon and anchovies on cold toast. These big, fat oysters are cut into good sized pieces, cooked tender and lightly smoked, just the way the Indians used to do it many eons ago. The chap who markets the oysters, owns some 1550 acres of oyster farms out Washington way. Says the best way to serve these smoked tidbits, is on the end of a toothpick. Real masculine fare, this.

SIMPLE SUPPER. For the bachelor, summer or perennial, who wants to conjure up a snack in no time flat, we suggest the following: Green asparagus (fresh or frozen) golden cheese sauce (out of a bottle) and shredded wheat biscuit. Just heat the asparagus, place on top of individual shredded wheat biscuits, pour hot cheese sauce over, and garnish with devilled egg halves and watercress. For dessert, if you have a sweet tooth . . . here's a reasonable facsimile of a shortcake (making time, approx. 3 minutes). Open a box of Lorna Doone shortcakes, top with frozen strawberries, add a dab of whipped cream.

Ranger

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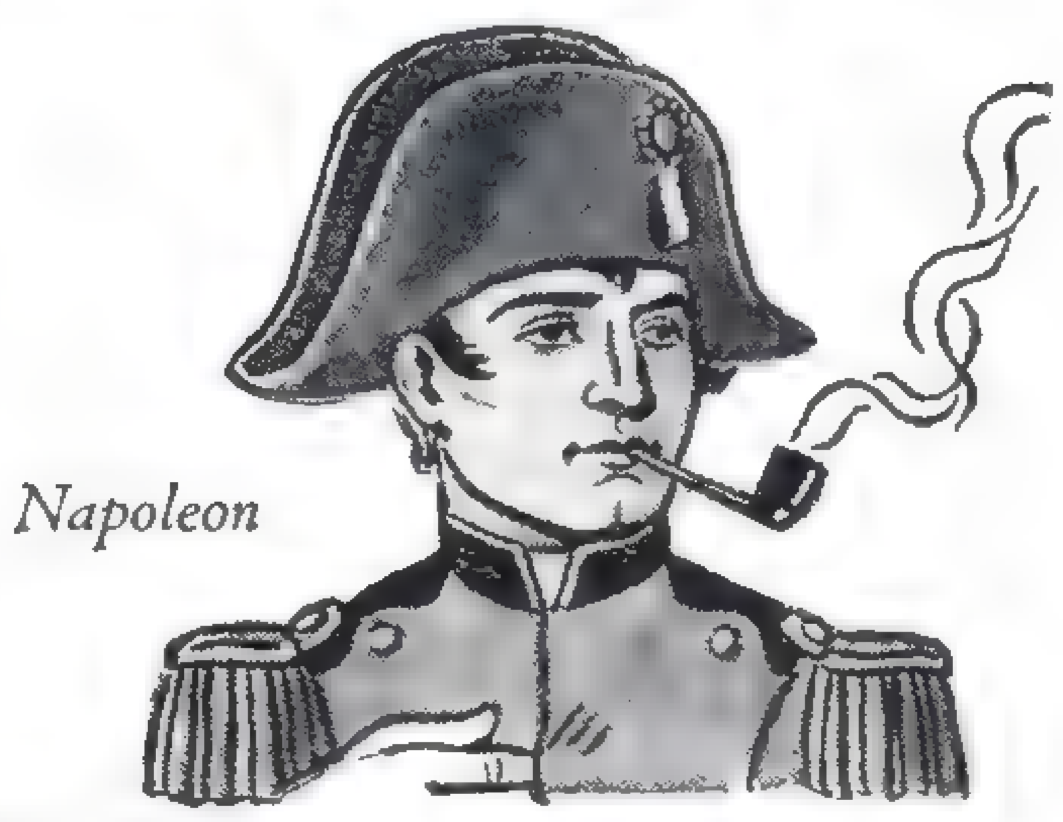
That's putting it MILDLY!



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The question as to whether a subject matter is patentable can be substantially determined by a search of the U. S. Patent records. Without obligation, write us for full information on what steps an inventor should take to secure a Patent or Trademark.

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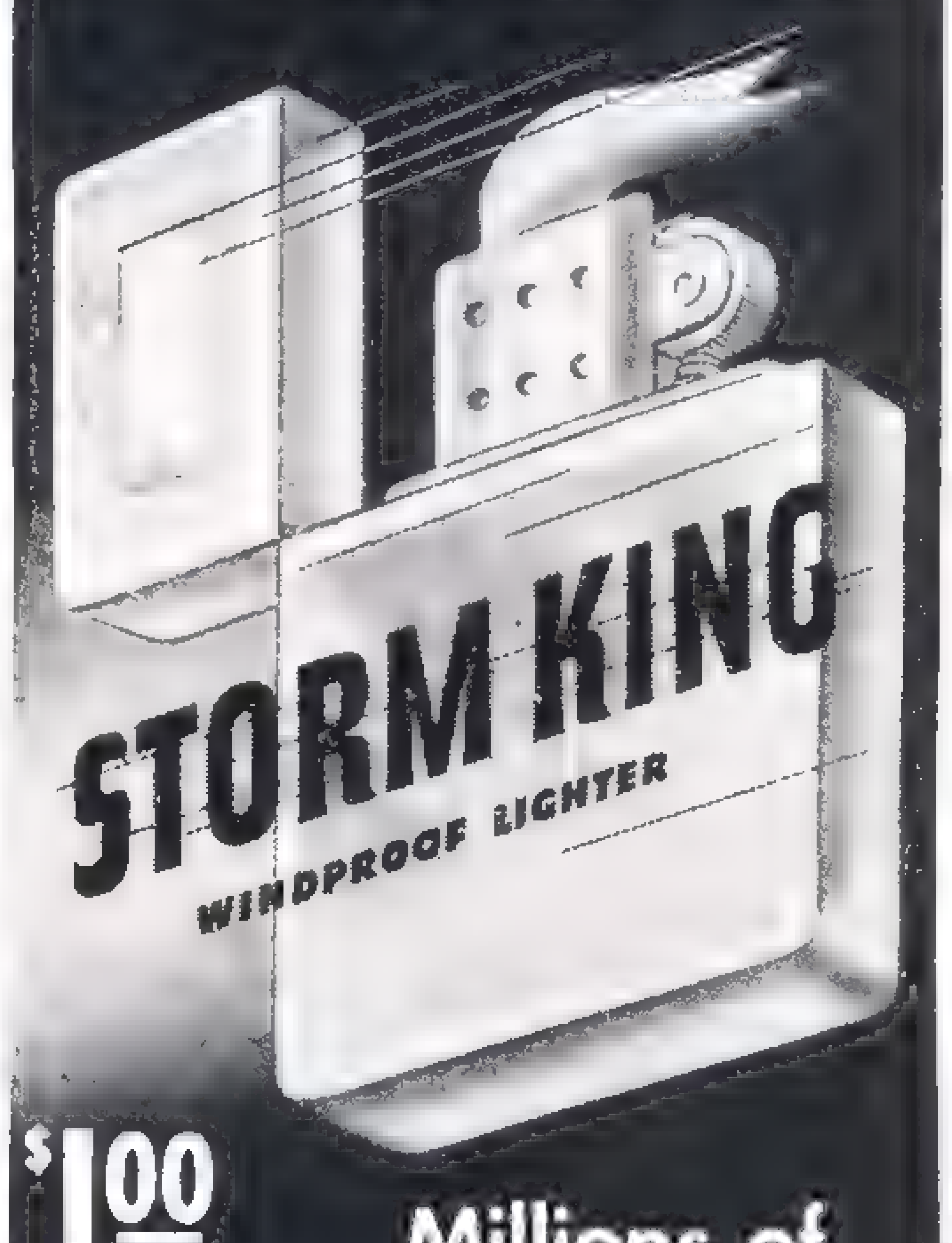

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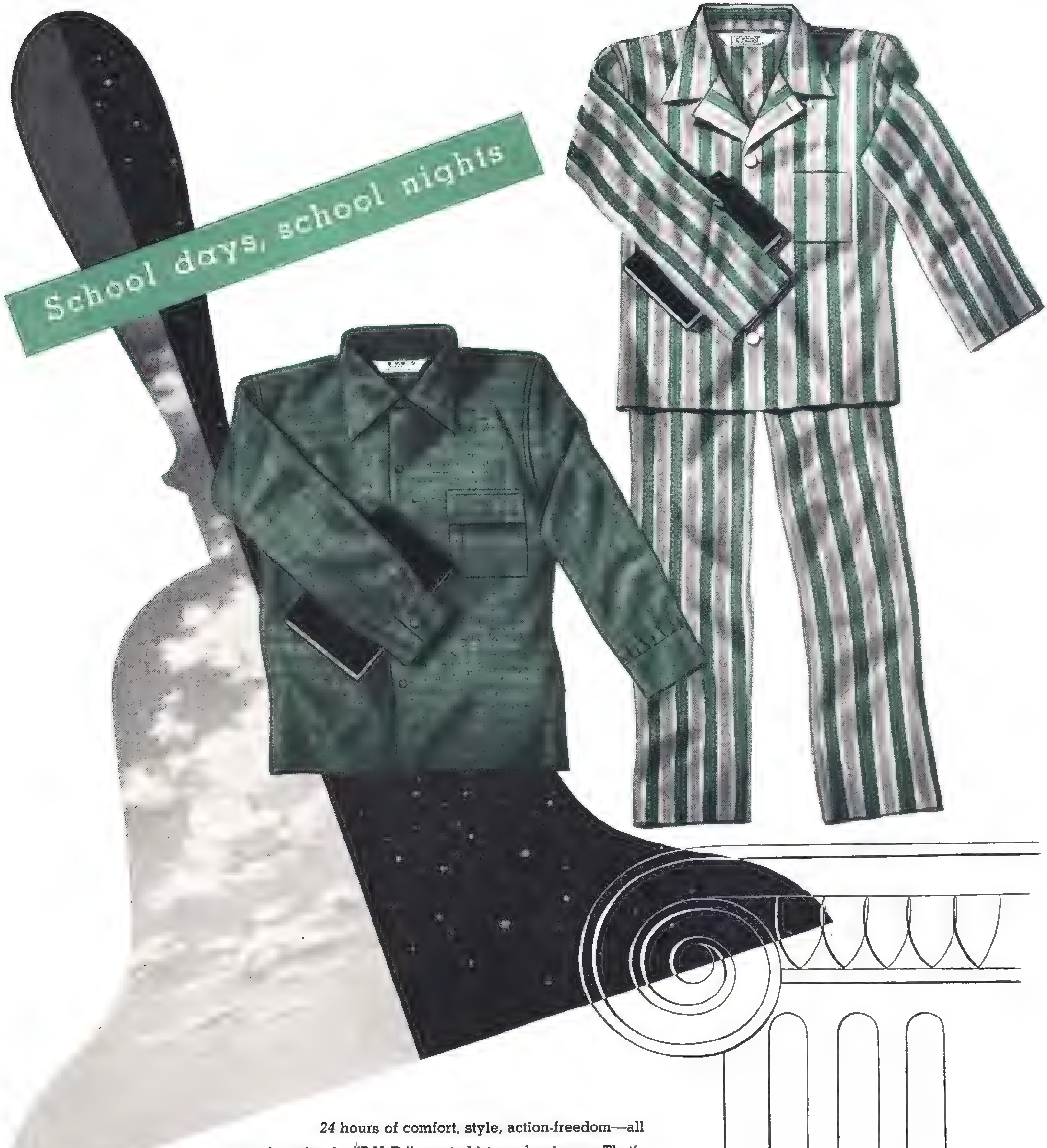

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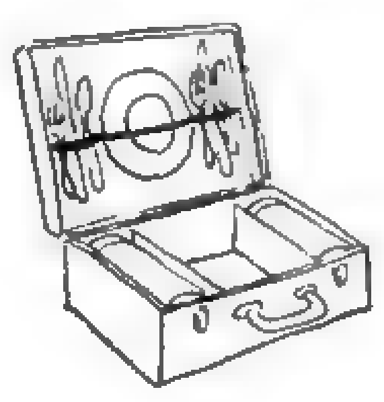
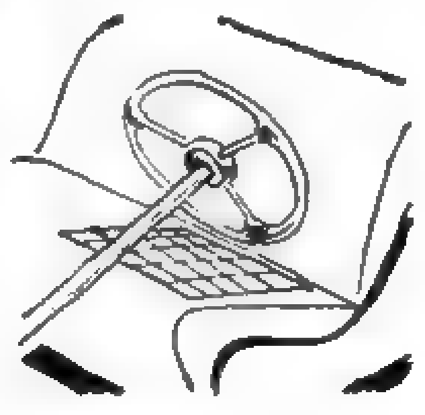
Talking Shop with Esquire

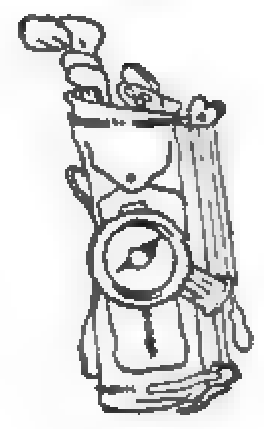
PICNIC FOR TWO. The usual problem of how to carry the food, is always facing picnickers, campers, etc. It's much simpler to provide yourself with an ever-ready, fitted carrying case. Like the new ones, for instance, in lightweight, high tensile strength aluminum, so durable, you needn't worry about spilling the contents. Case comes equipped with two vacuum bottles for hot and cold liquids, two knives, forks, spoons and plastic plates held securely in place with a sturdy elastic band.



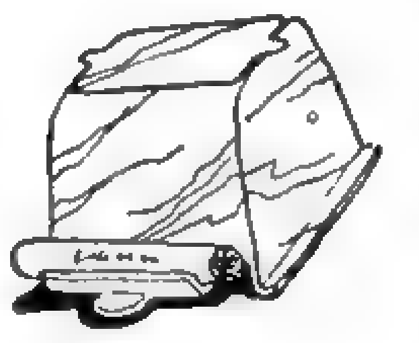
AVOID THAT SLUMP. When you sit in the driver's seat for hours at a time, you're liable to hear from your poor achin' back. You find you get cramped behind the wheel. There's a flat, cushion support on the market, developed by a physician, to relieve what is becoming known as motorist's backache. It's a thin, flat, steel-framed pad that utilizes resilient rubber elements to support the weight of a person. Put it under your derriere, or behind your back and see how it keeps you from slumping; what excellent support it gives.



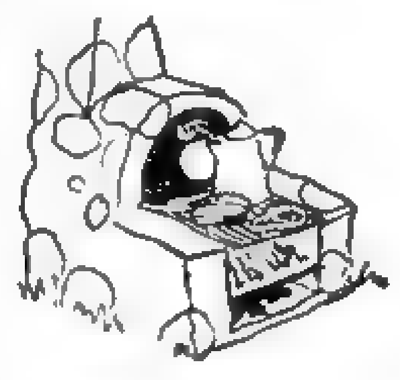
EASY TO TOW OR STOW. Don't make a truck horse out of yourself or your caddy. Just load your golf clubs on a caddy "bag boy", and relax. Bag boy is the only golf cart with fully retractable knee-action wheels. Folds up in a few seconds, to a space scarcely larger than the bag itself. When you're ready to use it, the cart rolls along without effort on silent, knee-action, ball bearing cushion wheels. No need to stoop over to select the proper club, the bag boy presents you your club at convenient height and angle, keeps the bag off the ground.



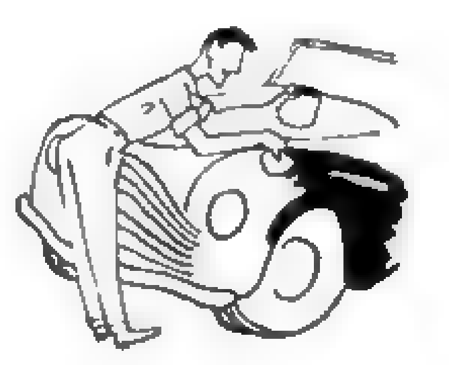
HANDS YOU YOUR CIGARETTE. Not enough that you have a good looking, plastic, airtight cigarette box to hold two packs of your favorite smokes. With a flick of the finger, the automatic cigarette server rolls out a cig right into your waiting hand. Box comes in amber and various colored plastics, and costs but a trifle.



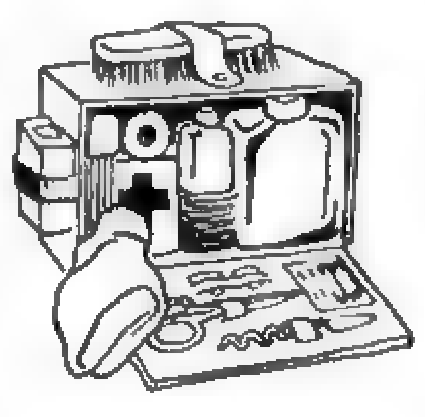
OUTDOOR OVENS. You can make yourself a magnificent barbeque as easily as building a house of blocks. Here's the idea. You buy a complete outdoor oven unit of heavy guage steel, which forms the heart of your fireplace. Then you add the trimmings, brick stone or whatever, choosing a design from the sheet of illustrations and instructions which comes with the unit. The oven fireplace has a patented heat and smoke director which provides uniform heat to the convenient oven. You can bake as you do indoors, outdoors. The complete cooking unit will not only bake, but broil, roast, fry or barbecue, and you have a choice of whatever fuel you want . . . wood, coal, charcoal or briquettes.



HOME MADE "FACTORY FINISH." We hear tell that you can do a good repaint job on your own car by means of a new auto paint which enables you to do the job without any more elaborate equipment than a "powder" puff and some paint. Wiped on with the puff furnished with each quart can, the paint contains a new self-smoothing agent which should produce a gleaming, hard mirror-smooth finish. Comes in nine standard car colors.



DASHBOARD UTILITY KIT. When you go motoring, you never know. Its smart to have your car neatly equipped with emergency items. To our attention comes an all-leather kit which can be affixed to the dashboard. Small as it is, the kit holds 23 items. Writing pad and pencil, upholstery brush, coin holder for bridge tolls, place for cigarettes . . . these come on the *outside* of the case. Inside, it holds pins, needles, thread, scissors, cleaning fluid, working gloves, bottle opener, first aid kit, and last, but not least, a flask.



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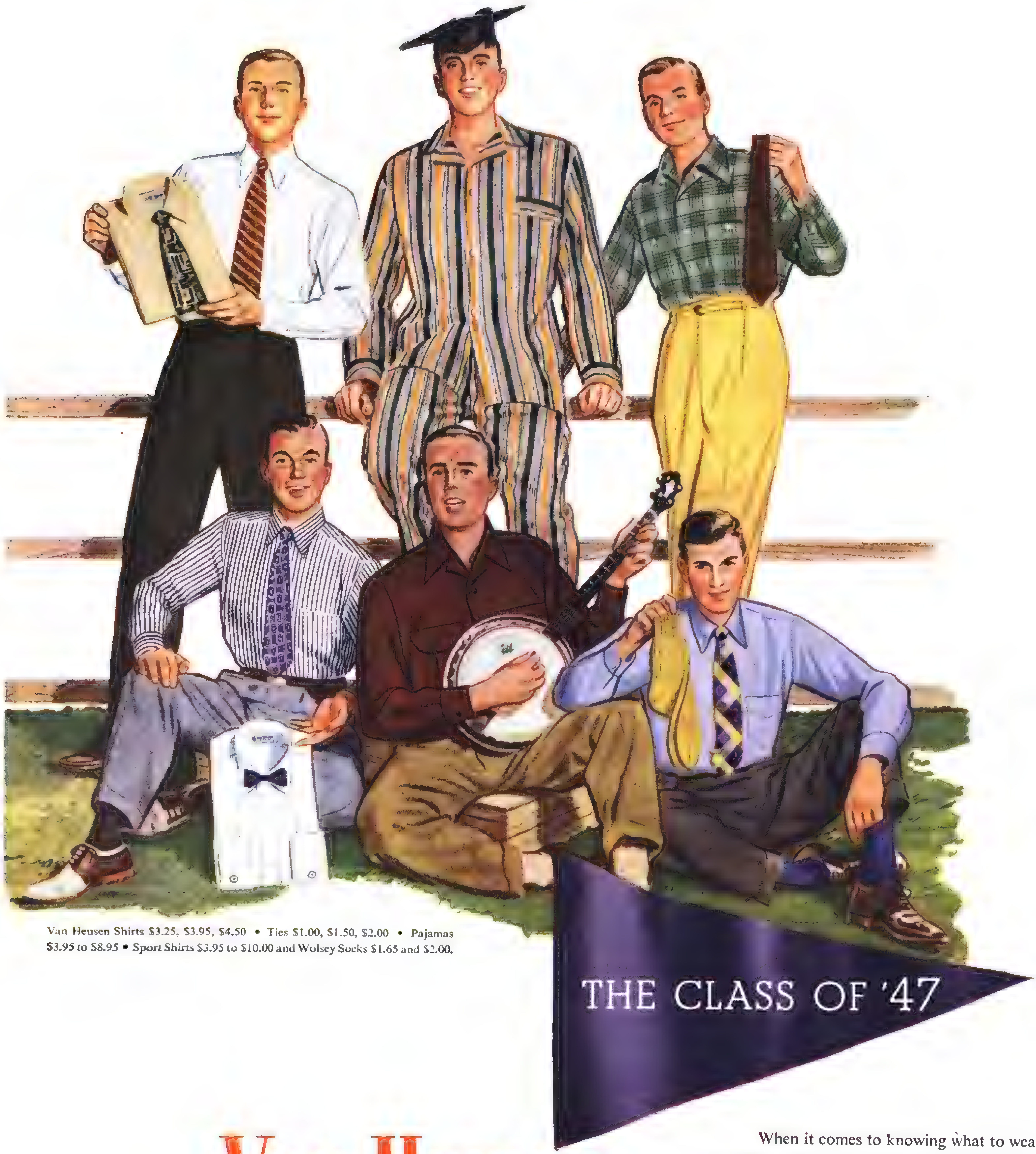

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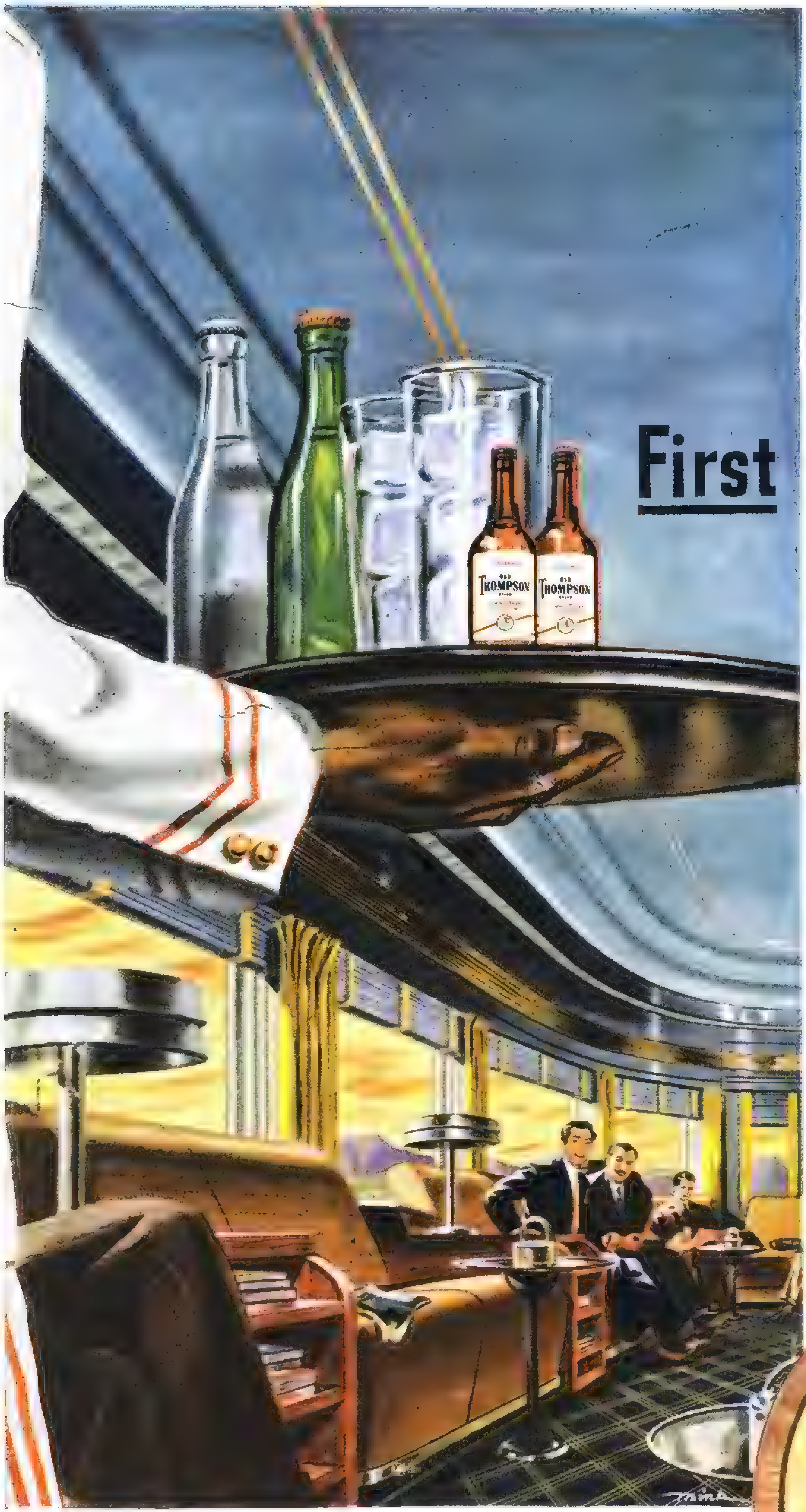

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It's a ticket to pleasure
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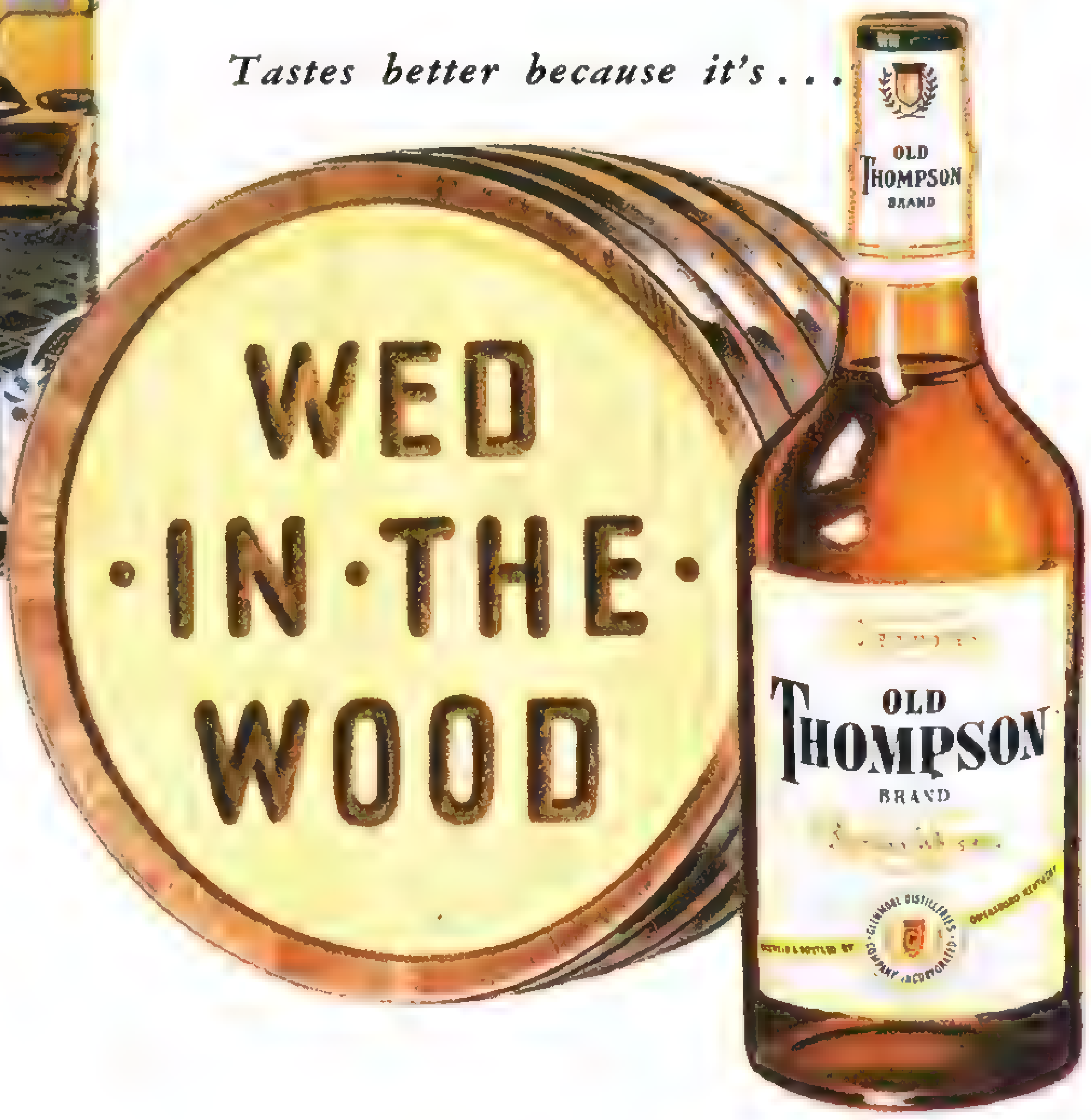
Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies — 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Tastes better because it's . . .



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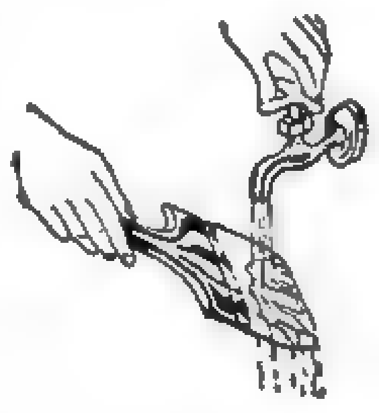
Talking Shop with Esquire

PAINT BRUSH CLEANER. Comes Fall, and with it paint and paint brush jobs on the household at large. The chore of cleaning your brushes becomes absurdly simple by means of the new milk-white liquid brush cleaner. No need to resort to turpentine, linseed oil or a mixture of the two for long periods. No need then to comb out the hardened paint residue, plus the usual rinsing process. The liquid brush cleaner calls for only overnight soaking, then a quick rinsing, under running water. The liquid may be used over and over, nothing to mix or measure. Cleans any finish, paint, enamel, asphalt, coal tar, etc.

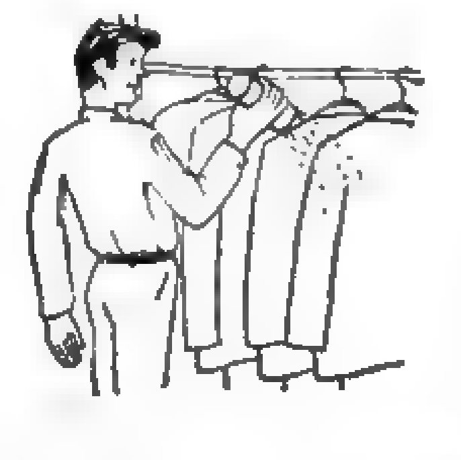


"SPARE THE VARNISH, SPOIL THE ROD." Big paint company has put out a new synthetic varnish to protect and preserve fishing rods. Works on either bamboo or metal rods, and is so elastic that it is not affected by the stresses and strains that a fishing rod must withstand. Unusual, in the fact that it won't turn white in *fresh* or *salt* water, it also resists temperature changes, fly oil, line grease and insect repellents.

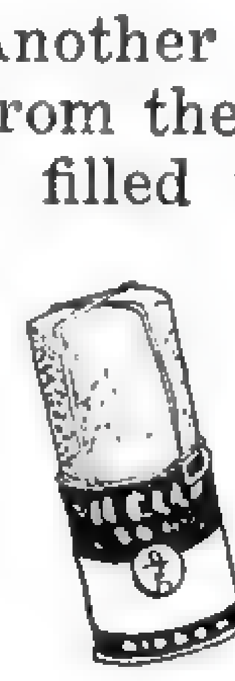
"ON YOU IT LOOKS GOOD." For men who "wear their food" well, and find their cleaning bills a bit on the steep side, we recommend trying a little home treatment. There's a combination water repellent and dry cleaner which keeps stains off clothes. It seems that 90% of all spots that "decorate" clothes, have water as a base, and after a sponging with the cleaner, water rolls off the cloth. When milk, mustard or mud falls on a treated garment, you merely scrape it off, allow balance to dry, then brush off. After a period of wearing a suit, say, when an overall cleaning is necessary, just dip it into a basin full of cleanser, knead gently, squeeze out and it's done. All fabrics, from the finest silk tie to the heaviest tweed suit can be treated and cleaned by this fluid. According to tests conducted by the U. S. Testing Company, the cleaner has been proven to render articles perspiration-to-pea-soup, stain resistant, and a treated garment does not tend to wrinkle or wilt.

BARBECUE BLUES. There's nothing like a charcoal grilled steak. Granted. But some poor guy has to do the cleaning up . . . scouring grids, grills, fry pans, coffee pot, etc. Used to be quite a job. Everything will come out Okey if you use the new liquid degreaser, a chemically formulated liquid that makes grease disappear pronto. Just pour liquid on cloth, apply it generously to all surfaces, let stand five minutes, wipe off with dry cloth. Even works if you use cold water. Same stuff cleans combs and brushes easily and thoroughly without wrecking them. (And see how it works on that ring around the bathtub.)

PROTECTS COOKIES, CANDIES AND CLOTHES! People who live in damp areas will welcome a new chemical which does a sterling job on protecting household goods from moisture damage. Example: sprinkle a little on bottoms of cookie or cracker jars, and see how this dry crisp will keep them dry and fresh (the chemical is harmless). Sprinkle the chemical in clothes, furs, fishing or hunting equipment as protection against mold, mildew, rust or corrosion caused by humid air.



CANNED MILDEW. Another way to wring moisture from the air, is via a metal can filled with chemical. Just remove the top cover, expose the chemical to the damp air, and moisture will start collecting in the metal container.



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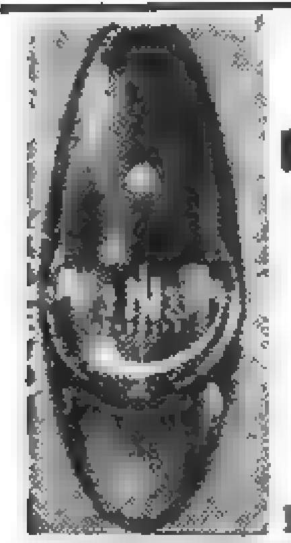

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Shoe Size___Width___Size___Width___
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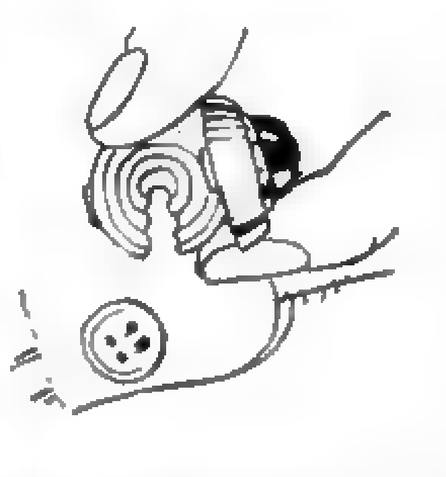
Talking Shop with Esquire

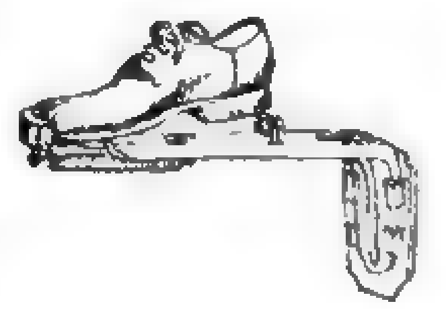
IT'S THE CUT OF THE COLLAR that counts. We were chatting with one of the town's elite shirtmakers the other day. The fellow is a stickler for detail . . . particularly collar cut. Every collar is cut to suit the contour of the particular face. The full face gets longer points, placed close together; a double chin can be minimized by a certain cut of collar; long faces get wider spread tabs to give more breadth . . . and so it goes. Every collar and cuff band has a preshrunk inner lining to lie flat after laundering. The firm does a large mail order business working from paper patterns made from client's own measurements which are mailed in by diplomats and professionals of note all over the world. Imported fabrics are back again, a soul satisfying collection of basket weave English oxfords, chambrays, etc.

THE MISSING LINK. The world may have been waiting for some such gimmick as this. Its a snap-on cufflink which converts an ordinary white shirt sleeve button into a nice piece of jewelry. This is the neatest bit of legerdemain we've seen in a long time. The overall diameter of the cuff link is about ¾", there's a gold plated rim, and a simulated jewel mounting. To use, the shell is unclasped and hinged back, exposing the bottom disc which has a center cut out for encompassing the shirt button. The shell is snapped down, locking the link into place securely. Stays put on the button, too, until you release it.



JEST LOUNGIN' ROUND. For some years now, stores have been selling the distaff side the ensemble idea in night attire. To wit: a nightgown plus a lounging robe to match or harmonize. Well, gents, you, too, can have an ensemble for the boudoir. Solid color pajamas with a cotton twill printed jacket to throw around the shoulders reading abed or chewing the fat at a Sunday brunch. The pajama jacket has a sports shirt front with regulation collar and cuffs; the lounging jacket sports 3 pockets.

SHOESHINE BOY. Worst part of shining shoes in the home, is the tiresome "stoop-over" feature, plus not being able to get a good grip on the shoe when it's not on your foot. Shining becomes a pleasure with a new nickel shoe shine holder which you hitch, shoulder high or any convenient level, to a bracket on the wall. A self adjusting spring takes any size shoe, right or left, and rubber clamps hold it with bulldog grip without marring. The shoe is held flat, making for faster shining. When not in use, simply slide holder out of bracket and stow it away.



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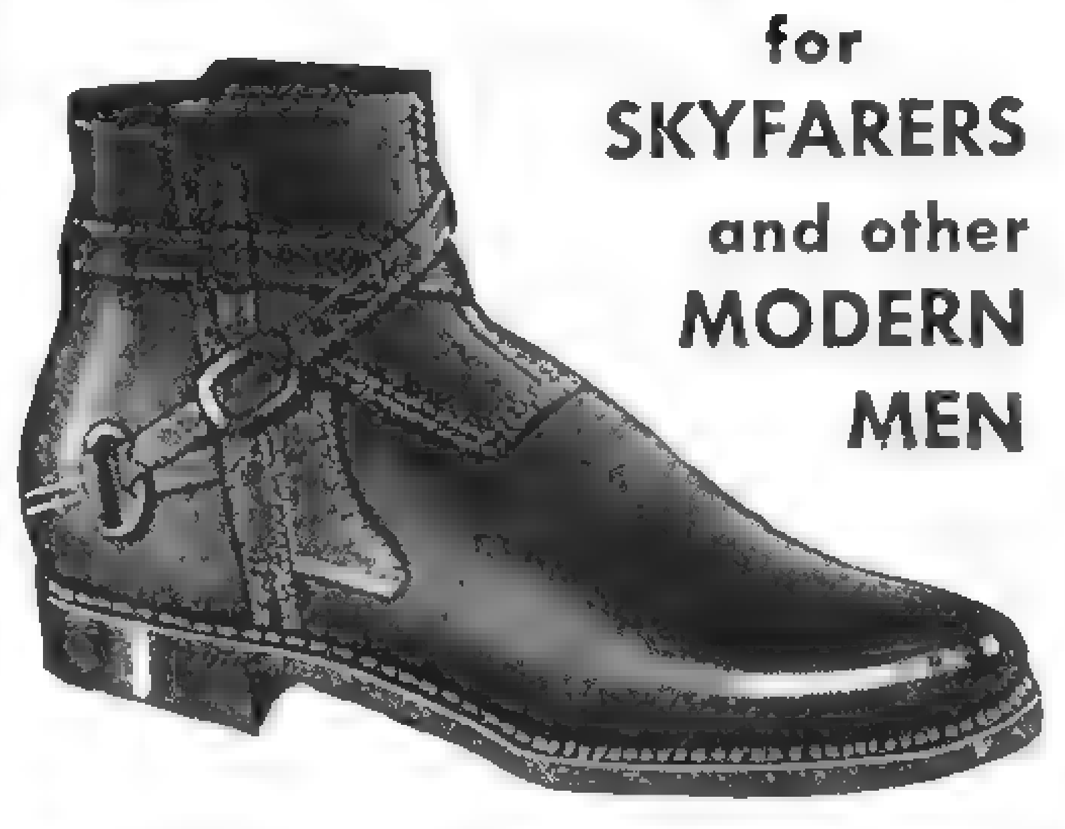

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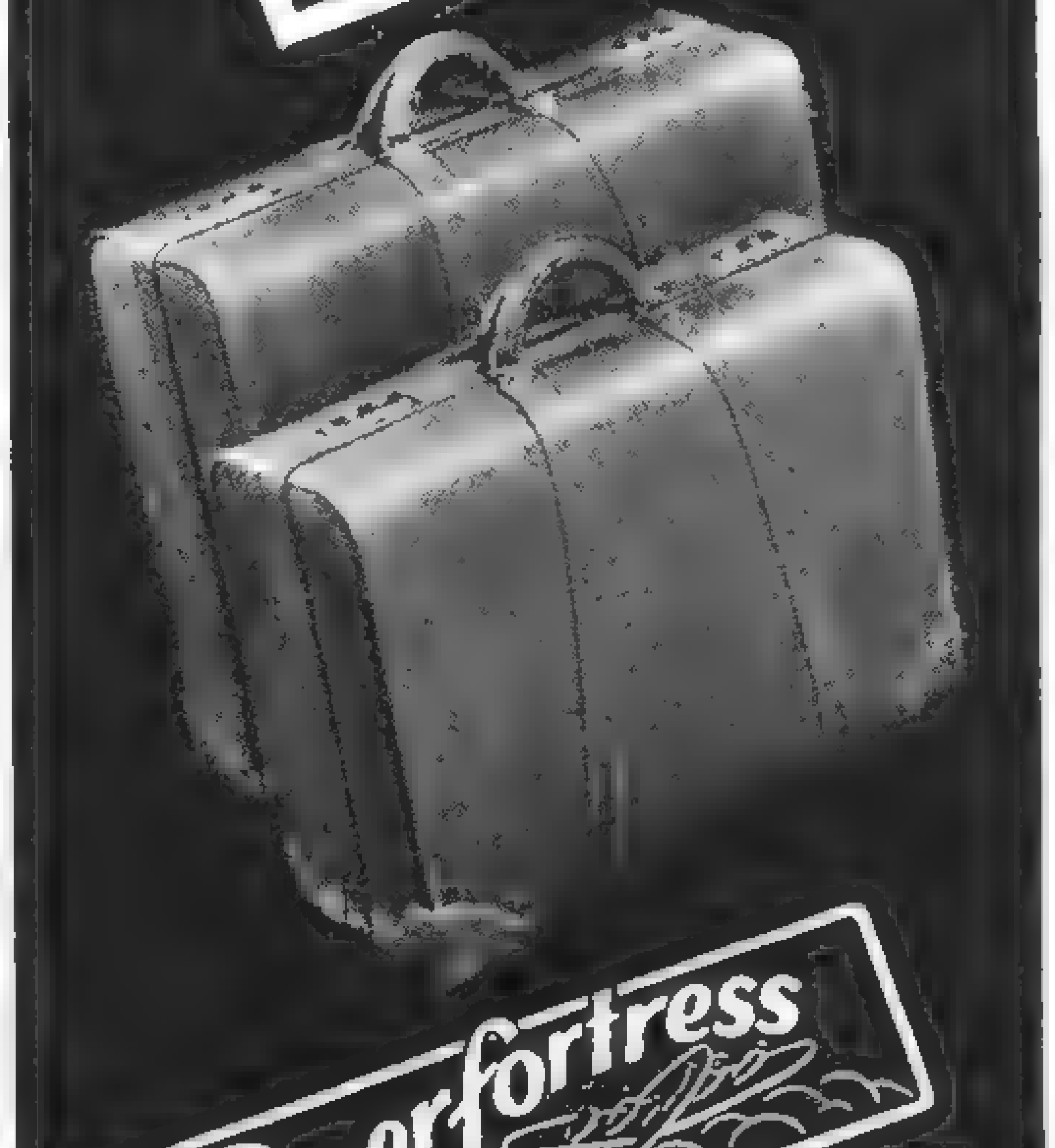

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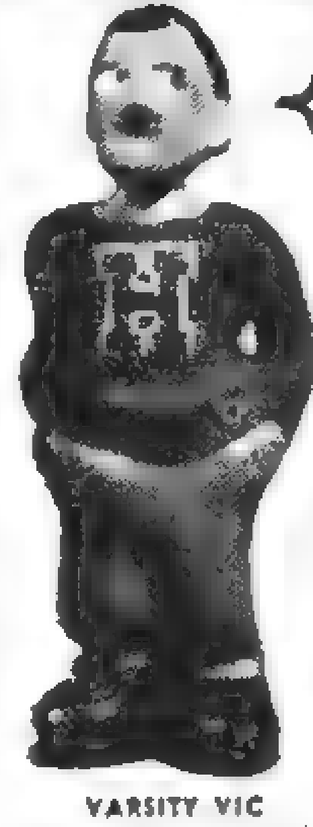

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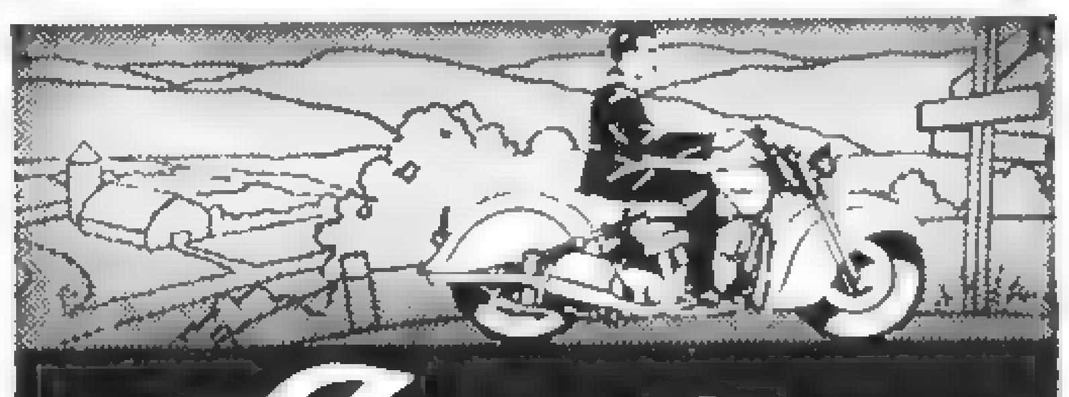

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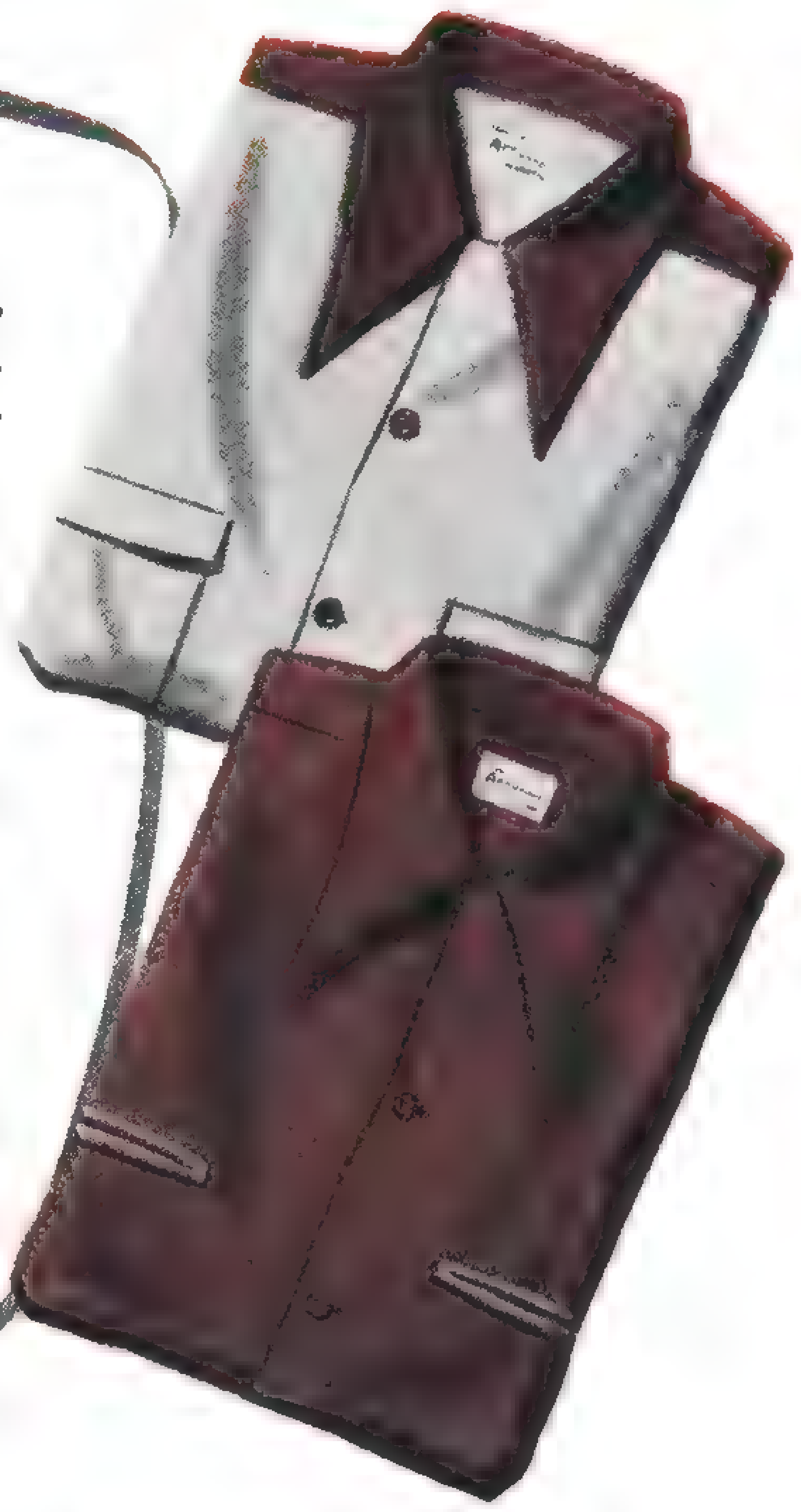

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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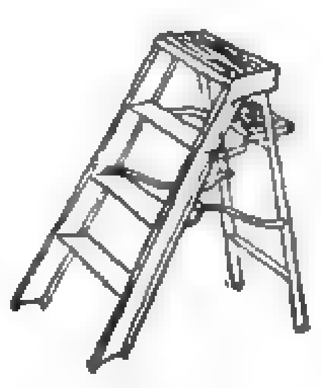
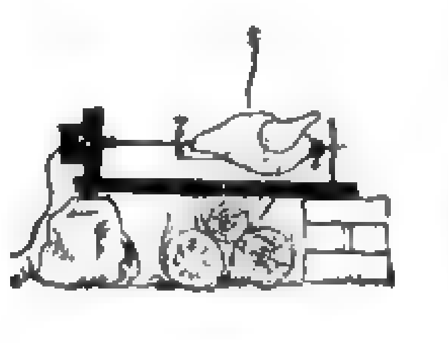


SUMMER EVENING and a barbecue pit—who hasn't wanted to roast a turkey or savory roast beef over the fire but has shied away at the thought of an hour or more of hand turning? This summer you can have your cool, long cocktail while the roast turns and cooks—to a turn—electrically. You can tell when it is cooking well by the tantalizing aroma which drifts by, while you recline in the shade of your favorite tree.



The spit turns the meat over four times a minute and the cooking is usually finished in about half the time required ovenwise. The "Roto-Roaster" spit will efficiently turn meats of various shapes and weights up to 20 lbs. The motor is of the shaded pole type, will last a lifetime, uses but 15 watts on 110 V. alternating current line.

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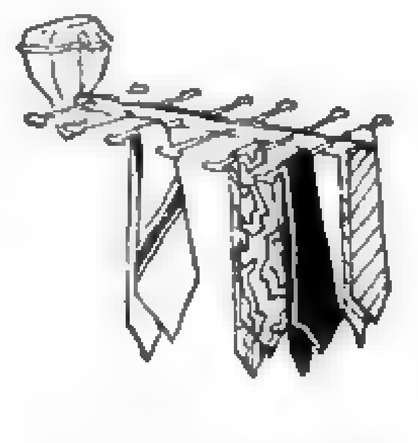

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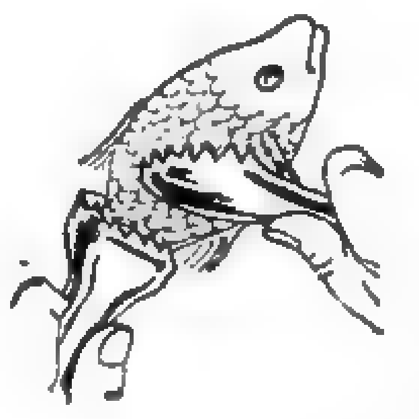

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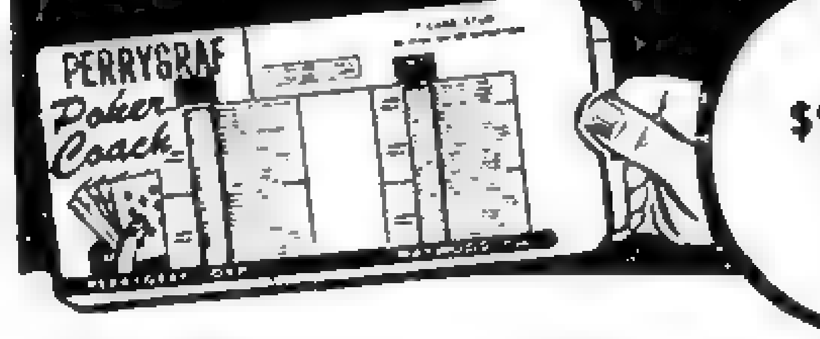

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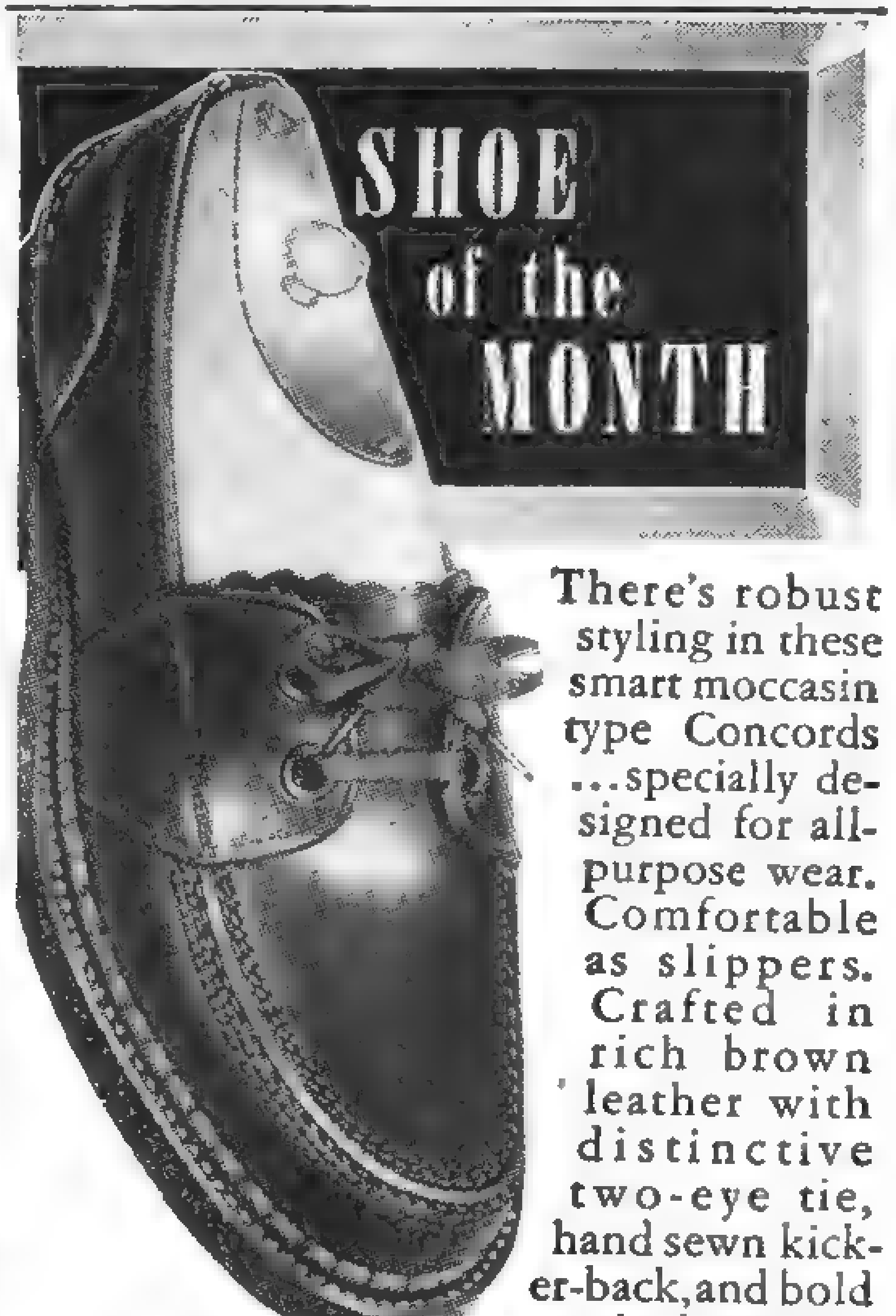

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LADIES' MAKE-UP CASE—26.75
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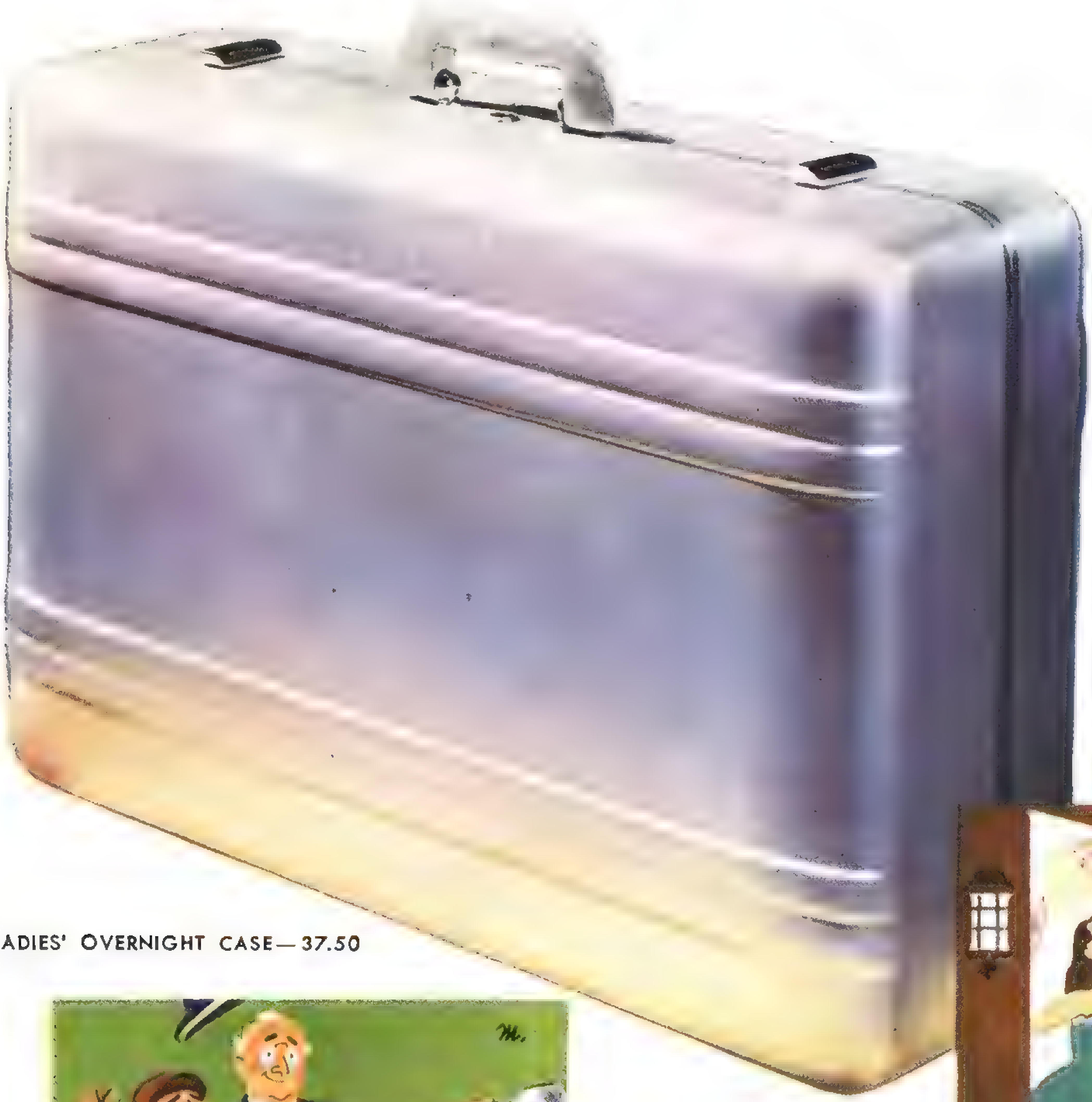

LADIES' OVERNIGHT CASE—37.50

RUSHEES ARE BRAVER

MEN'S OVERNIGHT CASE—37.50
MEN'S ONE SUITER—54.00

HOUSEPARTIES HAPPEN

MEN'S PULLMAN CASE—62.50

CLASSMATES REMEMBER

DIPLOMAT BRIEF CASE—35.50
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I can wash a wool shirt
it's PACIFIXED*
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING
CERTIFIED

Pacifixed fabrics ... first to be certified washable by the American Institute of Laundering, for wool-washable shirts.

It's a fact. Now you can get wool shirts that are washable. Pacifixed* makes them so. Pacifixed? That's the name given to Pacific's new, exclusive process that fixes the size of the garment, holds shrinkage to a minimum. What a help! But there's even more to the story. Pacifixed makes the shirt wear longer, drape better, hold its shape better. Yes, and the process lasts the life of the garment. More than usual fastness is obtained in a wider range of colors than has heretofore been possible.

Look for the Pacifixed label on the next wool shirt you buy. You'll find smartly tailored, fine-fitting shirts with this label at America's leading stores. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.

FABRIC BY PACIFIC
100% Wool
PACIFIXED
LAUNDRY APPROVED WOOL GARMENT
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PACIFIXED*
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WOOL-WASHABLE
FABRIC by PACIFIC
100% WOOL

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Look for this label and hang-tag when you buy. They identify the genuine Pacifixed wool-washable fabrics. Garments made from such fabrics are privileged to bear the seal of the American Institute of Laundering, attesting their washability. Send for free, descriptive booklet on Pacifixed wool fabrics.

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ARE YOU STRUGGLING to break 100-90-80?
$4.85
PRE-PAID
GOLF-Aid WILL TAKE STROKES from your game
ORDER DIRECT.. OR Write for Descriptive Folder
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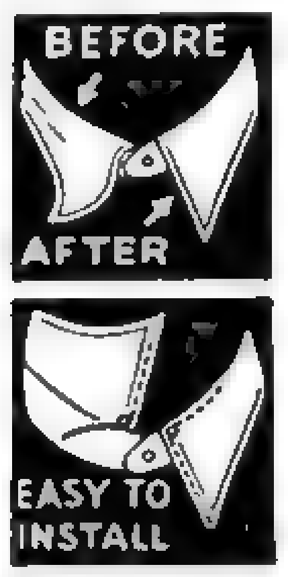
With Geo. R. Oliver's - Stainless Steel
2-PIECE COLLAR HOLDER
3 REASONS WHY - YOU WILL LIKE IT BETTER



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2-MORE COMFORTABLE TO WEAR: No crosspiece pressing against neck; you can loosen your collar for comfort or wear it open without removing 2-piece holders.
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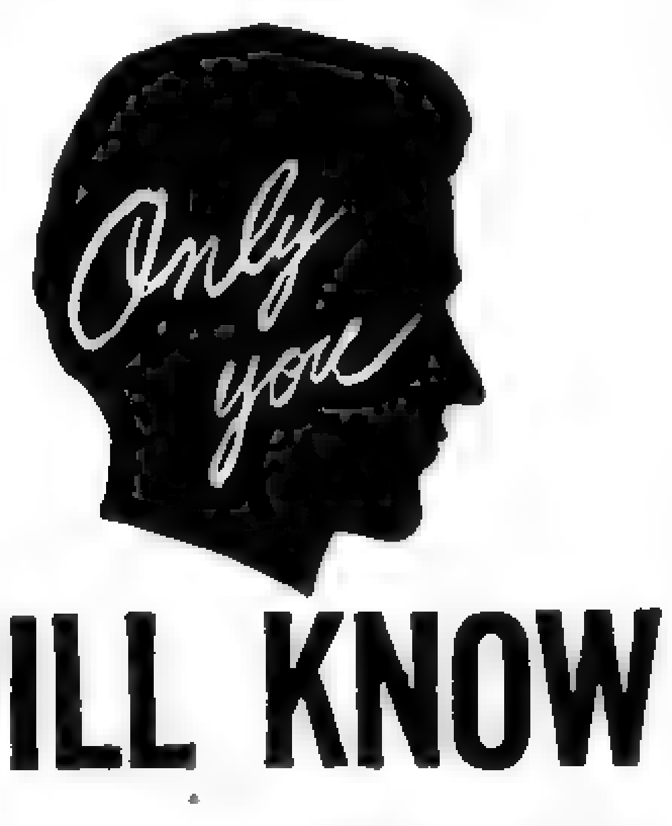
Made in Regular, Long & Short lengths, Reg. fits all Reg. Style Collars. At Men's Shops, Drug & Variety Stores or send $1.00 for 4 Sets ass't lengths; 25c for 1 set to GEO. R. OLIVER MFG. CO., P. O. Box 1324, Tulsa, Okla., U. S. A. DEALERS ORDER A TRIAL ORDER TODAY.

PLASTIC CARDS

Now comes the ESQUIRE Girl in beautiful plastic playing cards. Two contrasting decks in handsome two-colored plastic case, $10 the set. Send order and check to ESQUIRE, The ESQUIRE Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.



WILL KNOW
WHY YOU'RE TALLER

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Now Fellman Ltd. has designed men's shoes that make you almost 2 inches taller — *and yet look no different than our regular styles!* They're called "Talls" and no one except you will know their secret — an exclusive, *invisible* built-in construction that not only makes you taller, but actually adds to your comfort. In authentic styles for business, casual and dress wear. If you can't come in, write for free catalog E3.

FELLMAN LTD.
"That Individual Touch In Men's Shoes"
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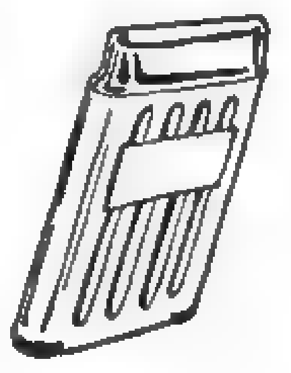
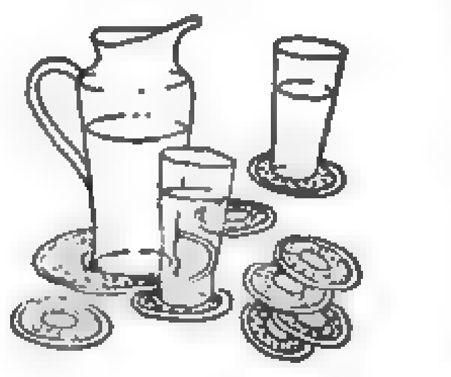
855 Broad Street .Newark 2, N. J.

Talking Shop with Esquire

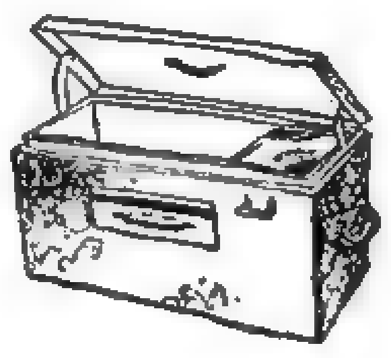
WAFER THIN LIGHTER . . . "the most compact automatic lighter in the world" . . . and we quote from the modest maker. At any rate, we've given it a good workout, and find that it turns in a dependable performance. This streamlined honey is about an inch wide, two inches long and barely a quarter-inch thick. A slight pressure on the top, and a trick little trap door flies open on the *front* of the lighter whilst a steady flame shoots out. Lighter has dual appeal, dainty enough for a lady, sturdy enough for a gentleman. Comes in corrosion resistant white metal or in gleaming sterling silver.



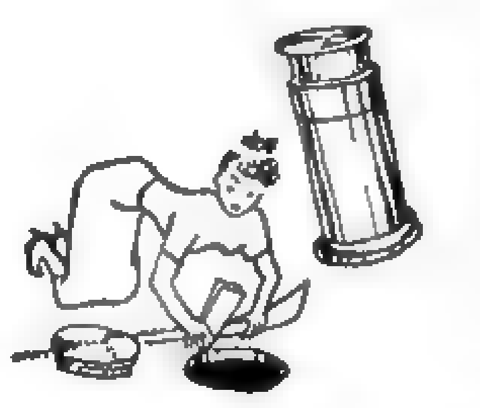
"LET GO" COASTERS. Ever have trouble with a coaster sticking to the bottom of your glass when you go to imbibe? There are some new pliable plastic jobs which do not adhere to any glass, and remain quietly on the table, no matter how moist the glass may be. They're alcohol and acid resistant, won't fade, scratch or mar furniture. Set consists of a large 7" in diameter coaster (good for use under flower pot, medicine bottle or vase) plus 8 small glass coasters. In rainbow colors.



HAPPY HOLIDAY. Addicted to al fresco dining? Then this new insulated, portable picnic ice box is for you. Made of steel, fully insulated on all four sides, top and bottom, the ice box stands about 17 x 8 x 10" overall. There's a one gallon ice container which should keep contents chilled from ten to twelve hours, or it can be removed if you are operating on a strictly liquid diet. In that case, ice can be packed firmly around the bottles. Chrome-plated spring tension clip-on locks hold cover tightly closed to keep heat out and cold in.



BURGLAR BAFFLER. Have you seen those floor safes which are set below the surface of your floor? Safes are made of non-rustable nickel steel and set in concrete. Size: 14 inches deep, 8 inches in diameter. When the safe is unlocked, a heavy spring raises the lid above the floor level for easy removal of papers, jewelry, money, or what have you. The safe is hidden by a rug, or under a piece of furniture, and as the bulk of the safe is below the surface of the floor, it can't take up valuable space in your home, or office. Has three locking tumblers, plus two additional tumblers, the latter constituting the relocking device which prevents lock from being picked or forcibly opened.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

SPIVY
Seven gay, sophisticated songs straight from her New York Night Club! 3-10" records $3.94*
DOROTHY SHAY
Park Avenue Hillbillie
sings with rollicking abandon! Includes Feudin' and Fightin', Mountain Gal, I'm in love with a married man. 4-10" records. C119 $3.57*
*Plus 25¢ for packing each order. Shipped anywhere Express Collect. Write for FREE catalog. We carry a complete line of Records, Sporting Goods, Radios, Cameras and Gifts.
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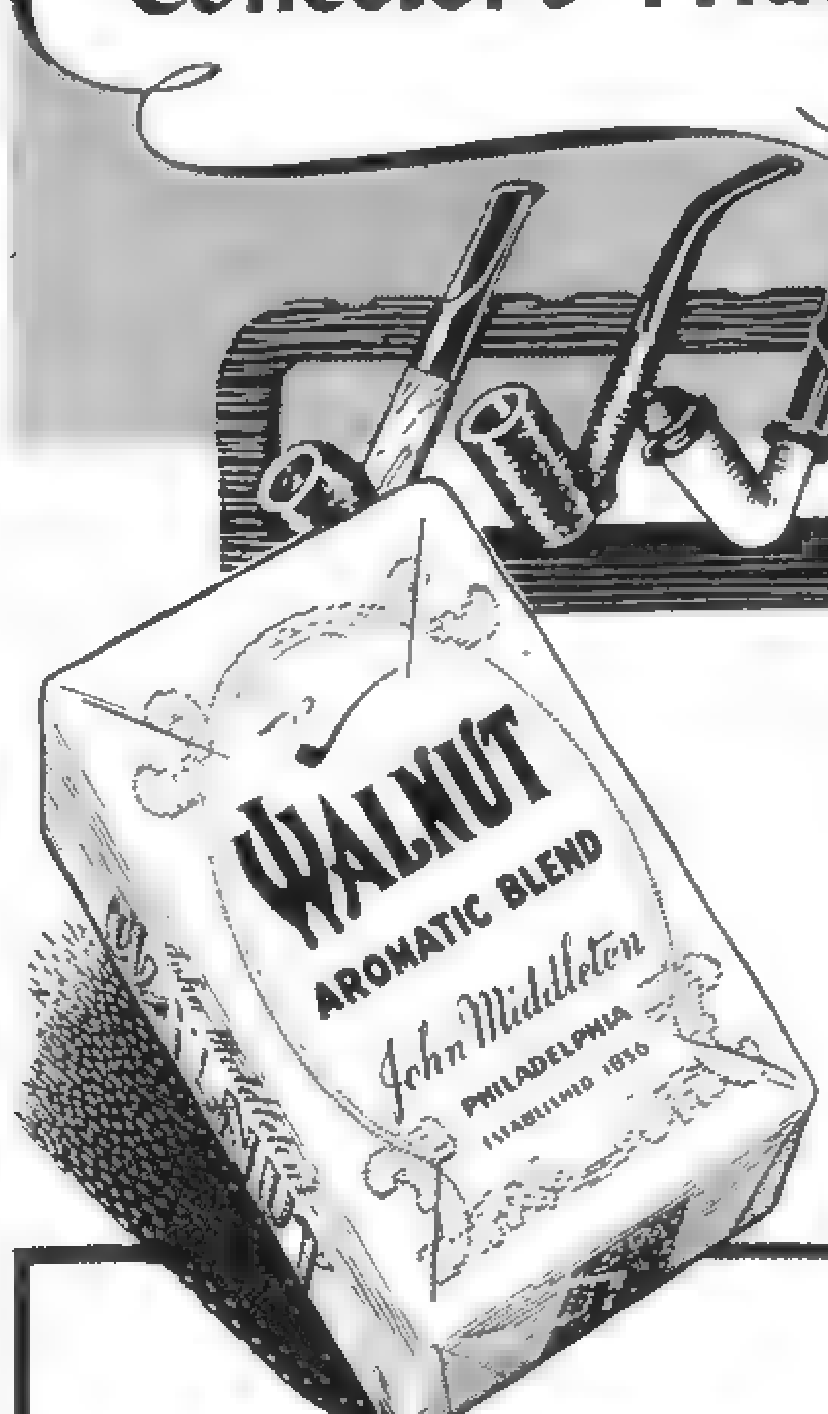
John Middleton's
WALNUT
PIPE TOBACCO
Collector's Pride



The show-piece in any pipe collector's gallery is his Walnut pipe tobacco—Middleton's master blend of the world's seven finest tobaccos. Walnut is so *satisfying* you'll want to smoke it all day long . . . so *mild* you can do so with pleasure.

For a free sample of this *naturally* aromatic blend, write to John Middleton, 1227 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

TOPPER
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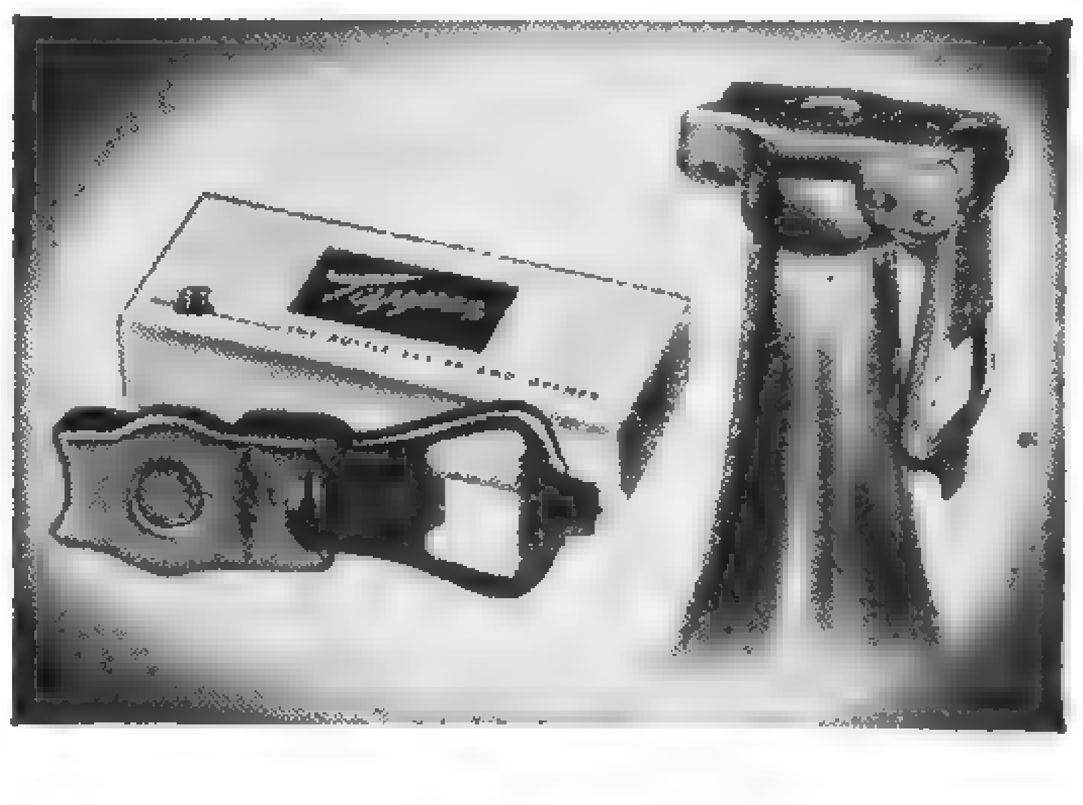
everything
for
fizz-saving



. . . and pays back your investment with interest! TOPPER*, with Cam-Lock action, doubles as a bottle opener and sealer, *imprisoning* carbonation and the delicious flavor of your favorite, partly used fizz bottles. Precision-built of sturdiest high carbon steel, with gleaming nickel plate finish; won't rust, stain or peel. A "must" for every home bar. Handsomely gift-packed . . . shipped postpaid for only a dollar.

*REG U.S PAT. OFF.

Department A, Argyle Distributors
P. O. Box 845, Rochester, N. Y.
Just what my drinks have asked for! Please send me . . . . TOPPERS at $1 each postpaid. I enclose $ . . . . (Cash . . . Check . . . M.O. . . . .)
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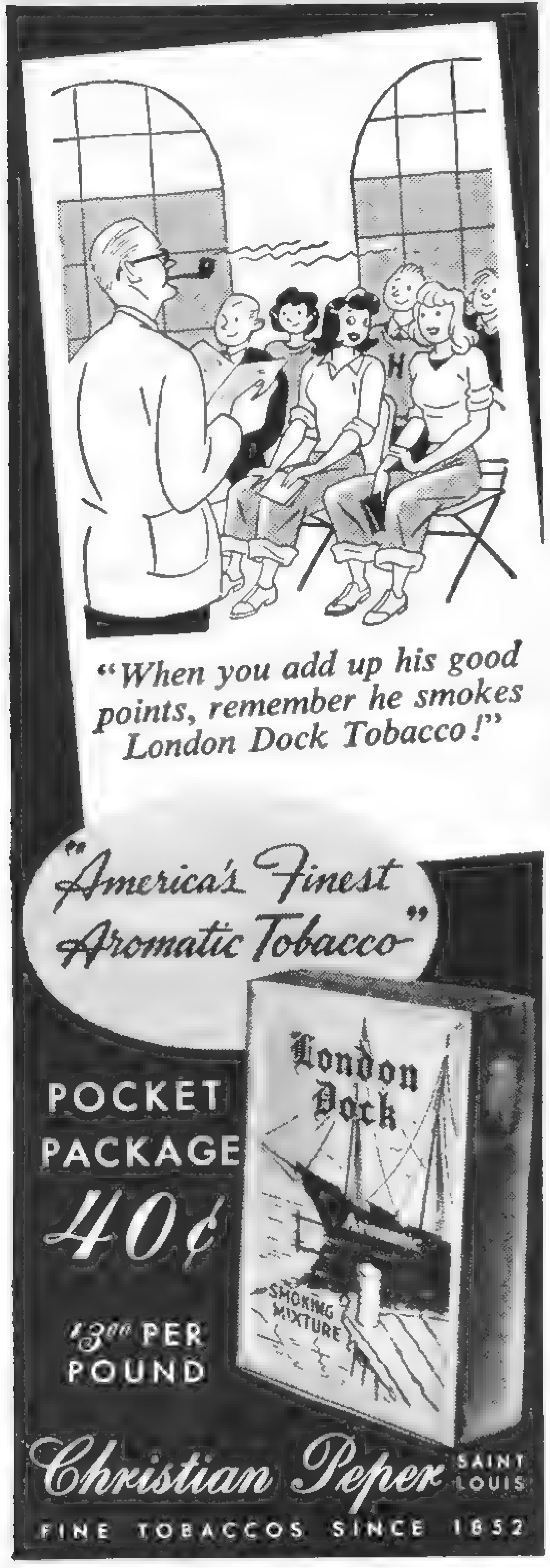
Genuine Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS
Standard of beauty and fineness by which all others are judged.
Write for illustrated folder.
Traub Mfg. Co., 1936 McGraw Ave., Detroit 8, Mich.


"When you add up his good points, remember he smokes London Dock Tobacco!"
"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"
POCKET PACKAGE 40¢
$3.00 PER POUND

Christian Peper SAINT LOUIS
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

Painting the Town with Esquire

THE TOPLOFTY Cascades of the Biltmore, with their extravagant waterworks, are operating opulently to the cuisine of chef Maurice Gonneau and the music of Ray Heatherton who sings his own choruses mighty likeably. Joan Burke also sings, but with those looks she wouldn't need to if she didn't care to. Alternating band is that of singing-fiddler Arthur Ravel, who doesn't let the proceedings down any.

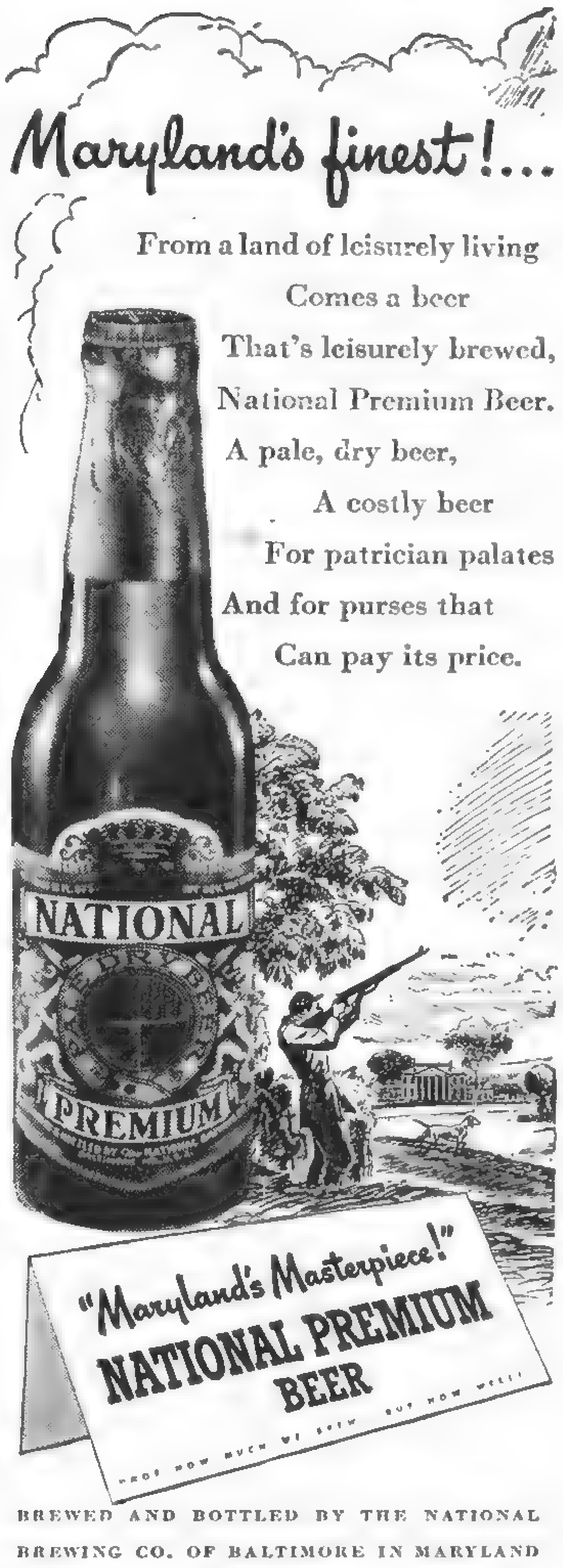
FLOTILLAS of mussels Ravigote are fallen upon with avidity at the cushy little Couret Restaurant, 11 West 56th. Likewise the pâté Couret or the Nova Scotia smoked salmon, delicate-flavored and of a texture that melts upon the tongue. Personally, we dodge emotional strain by ordering three and divvying up, with white wine sipped as escort. If there is any carry-over of the latter, it cahoots beautifully with soft shell crabs. On for something more substantial? Then how about chicken casserolled with red wine? Duckling Bigarade with Grand Marnier? Minute steak with water cress? Rack of lamb? They're all winnahs, as host Pierre Lafitte can testify, for he used to be a customer here himself, when he had just come out of the French Army. Previous to that he had wielded a foil, holding the world's fencing title seven years, along with following the career of artist, having copped the much coveted Prix de Rome in painting. Dropping into this restaurant two years ago, he tumbled for the fare and the fair young widow Couret, so now he's a restaurateur. You'll find him quite a guy.

CHARM slinger Carl Ravazza has them pawing the air at the Versailles... After-theatre Broadwayites swarm up to the Roof of the Hotel Astor for a shake of the ankle and a bend of the elbow . . . Kiosks plastered with Parisian posters keynote the snazzy new bistro called Place Pigalle, 11 East 85th, with all the cheer marks of a click . . . The Plaza's Persian Room, wintertime showcase of Hildegarde, is acquiring Jimmy Savo August 28—Mr. Inimitable holding the crowd for Miss Incomparable.

HE-MAN nutriment is in its element at Gilmore's pine-paneled steak house, 148 East 48th, where all broiling of double lamb chops and juice-sealed sirloins is done in a plain view kitchen, plateglassed à la show-window at the end of the room. If you didn't have jumbo shrimp cocktail, marinated herring, and such like, to distract you, you'd be drooling by the time your main order arrived. The sepian waiters watch over your wants, liquid as well as solid, with tender care . . . Dinner and supper gliding at the Skyline Roof of the Sheraton Hotel is rhythmed by persuasive Sande Williams and crew. To fit all weathers, part of this roof is roofed o'er and the rest open to the stars. And manager Gilbert Johnson sees to it suitable medicines are available at the bar in case of heavy dew or moonbite.

MUSICAL hair runs long as well as short at the gay-hued Flamingo, Madison Ave. & 54th, with Jack Kelly at the piano playing arrangements hot out of his inspiration. Saturday nights, he introduces numbers by promising new composers. Flamingo fodder is of the continental sort, plus American, cheffed by a high-bonneteer wangled away from one of Park Avenue's grand hostelries. Kenneth MacSarin is in charge of greeting . . . Evening breezes mix in on the slick tempos of Victor Lombardo at Shep Fields' Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle . . . Coney Island —Ile des Lapin to you—has seen changes but Feltman's, welcomer of "Basket Parties" back in 1871, still packs them in, even if they've forgotten to bring baskets. Gone are the 4000 gas lamps that lighted this sprawling establishment, but clams are still going full steam, the complete dinners are belt-bursty, and suds mimic the surf.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.


Maryland's finest!...
From a land of leisurely living
Comes a beer
That's leisurely brewed,
National Premium Beer.
A pale, dry beer,
A costly beer
For patrician palates
And for purses that
Can pay its price.

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

Enjoy a ★ ★ ★ LAIRD'S Old Fashioned
Three ★ Star
LAIRDS
Fine Brandy Since 1780
LAIRD & CO. Scobeyville, N. J.
America's oldest family of brandy distillers

For men of action*
GROUSE SHOOTING.
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QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Lenthéric's famous tingling-fresh After Shave Lotion, in de luxe wood-capped decanter. Four ounces, $2.50. Eight ounces, $4.00. *Plus tax.*

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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H. M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S
HOUSE
OF
LORDS
Imported from England

The world's most famous Quality Dry Gin

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
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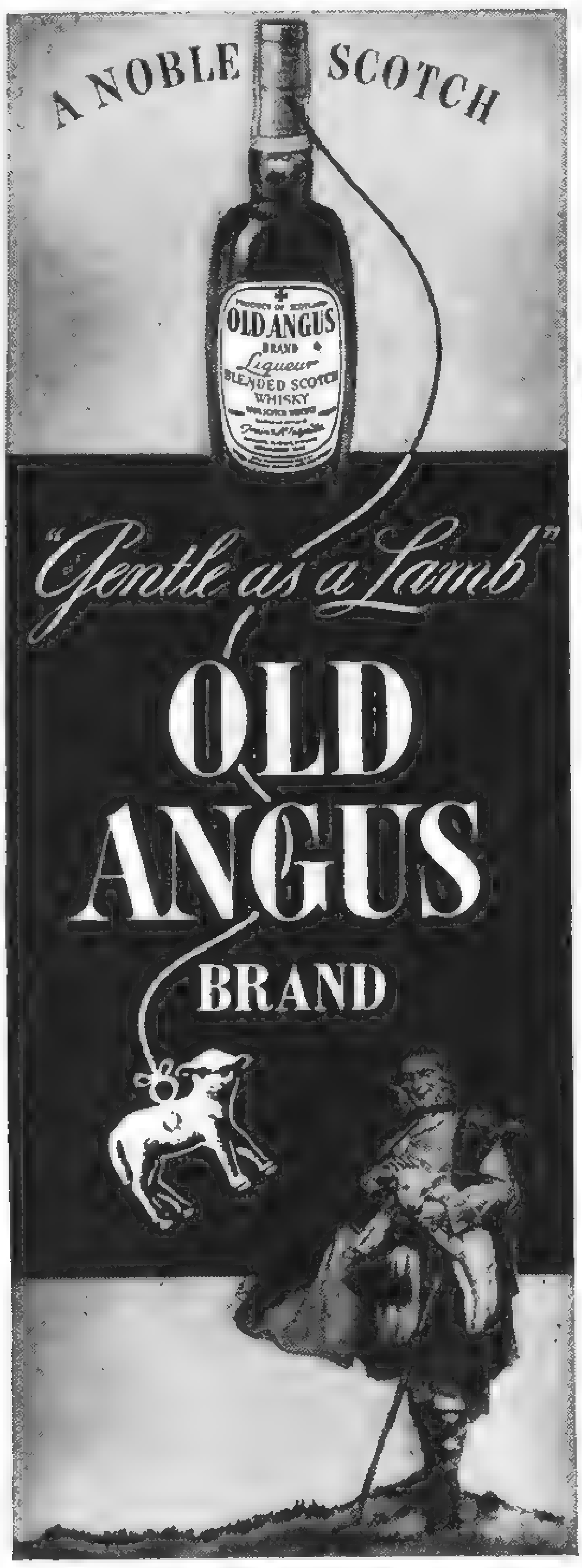
A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

OLD
ANGUS
BRAND

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Painting the Town with Esquire

LIFTING a leaf from the lore of Eli Yale, manager John Paul Stack of the Henry Hudson Hotel has broken out a Whiffenpoof Room for chatting and potationing before or after dining in the fountain-plashed Patio. If you want to know what a whiffenpoof looks like, sketches by a galaxy of artists will tell you — except that no two of them agree. Official drink is the Whiffenpoof Cocktail.

SLICED ham from pigs that rooted in the Forest of Ardennes in Belgium (Will Shakespeare called it Forest of Arden), heart of palm with Béarnaise sauce, English sole, filet of beef Tyrolean style, breast of chicken casserolled with truffles, sweetbreads braised in champagne—these are a measly few of the taste-bud beguilers that André Pagani conjures up at his Brussels Restaurant, 111 East 56th, with a wave of his hand. The mood of the carved oaken dining room, with its ornately moulded ceiling, is gracious-elegant; it breathes prestige, amenity, and expansiveness. As you sit toying with your glass of old Burgundy or gay bubbly, you feel as though you had the world by its rear appendage.

MOVIE and radio fave Jack Fina, his ten digits, and his orchestra are aboard the bandstand of the Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof, with spirited smoothie Mischa Borr taking over betweenwhiles . . . Pouts are the reward of check-chick dodgers who barge into spots bareheaded . . . As a rival attraction to its much alluring Raleigh Room, the Hotel Warwick (skippered by Kirkeby Hotels careerist Erwin H. Schlicht) has unveiled a vastly smart little bar, snug as they make 'em, glassed in from the sophisticatedly modernistic new lobby. And how those bartenders can shake 'em!

NOT TO BE flinched from: octopus stew at the Grotta Azzurra, 387 Broome St. . . . Stars you gander in Broadway shows saunter past you as you sip a night cap in the Lounge of the Hotel Algonquin . . . Goulash romances gullet at the Golden Fiddle, 250 West 77th, with a Gypsy orchestra bringing back melodic memories of old Budapest . . . Games of guffaw rattle the rafters of the Village Barn, 52 West 8th . . . City-jangled executive nerves get untangled at Bill Brown's in the exclusive wild woods of Garrison-on-Hudson . . . Bumper hops crop at Luchow's, 110 East 14th, is attracting plenty of harvesters . . . There's able work on the ivories as Alfred Menconi, assisted by his men, tosses off tunes at the Sky Gardens of the Hotel St. Moritz, with the lights of New York glimmering all around. Dining or supping out on the terraces is like lording the townscape from the ramparts of your castle. And the dishes that maître Robert has on his card aren't humble either.

FASTIDIOUSLY made Manhattans, duly dashed with bitters as per tradition, are forthcoming at La Belle Meunière, 12 East 52nd, but don't smack your lips over them audibly, for this is a refined place, dedicated to perfections of etiquette as well as of eats and drinks . . . Excited balalaika strummage paces the colorful, agile doings at the Russian Skazka, 237 West 46th, an institution which, running these 17 years, has been practically taken over by its American clientele who like to strut their prowess as amateur folk dancers. Though they can't vie with the professionals, they have a lot of fun trying—and for provender to sustain them there's flaming shashlik, beef Stroganoff, Luli Kebab, and such, with appropriate fluids for washdown purposes. Sign your Will before tackling the house drink: Cosmic Flame-Thrower, made with 188 proof vodka.

NO NEED of nocturnal entertainers at the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert, in Brooklyn —outspread New York harbor is the show, featuring Lady Liberty and the prickly towers of lower Manhattan across the way. The enthrallment of it all seems to draw people together — so much so, they forget to unclinch when the music stops.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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INCOMPARABLE
CANADIAN
Ale
IMPORTED BY
O'KEEFE'S INC. • BUFFALO, N. Y.
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O'Keefe's
EXTRA OLD STOCK ALE
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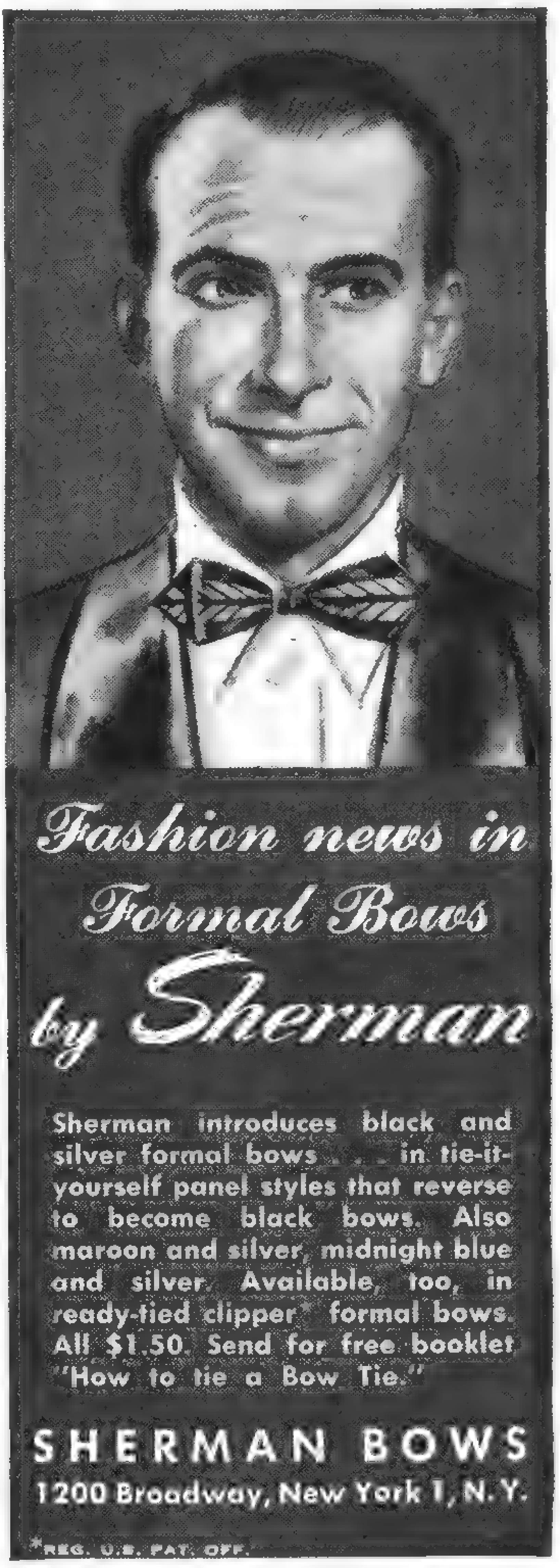
Fashion news in Formal Bows by Sherman

Sherman introduces black and silver formal bows . . . in tie-it-yourself panel styles that reverse to become black bows. Also maroon and silver, midnight blue and silver. Available, too, in ready-tied clipper* formal bows. All $1.50. Send for free booklet "How to tie a Bow Tie."

SHERMAN BOWS
1200 Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.

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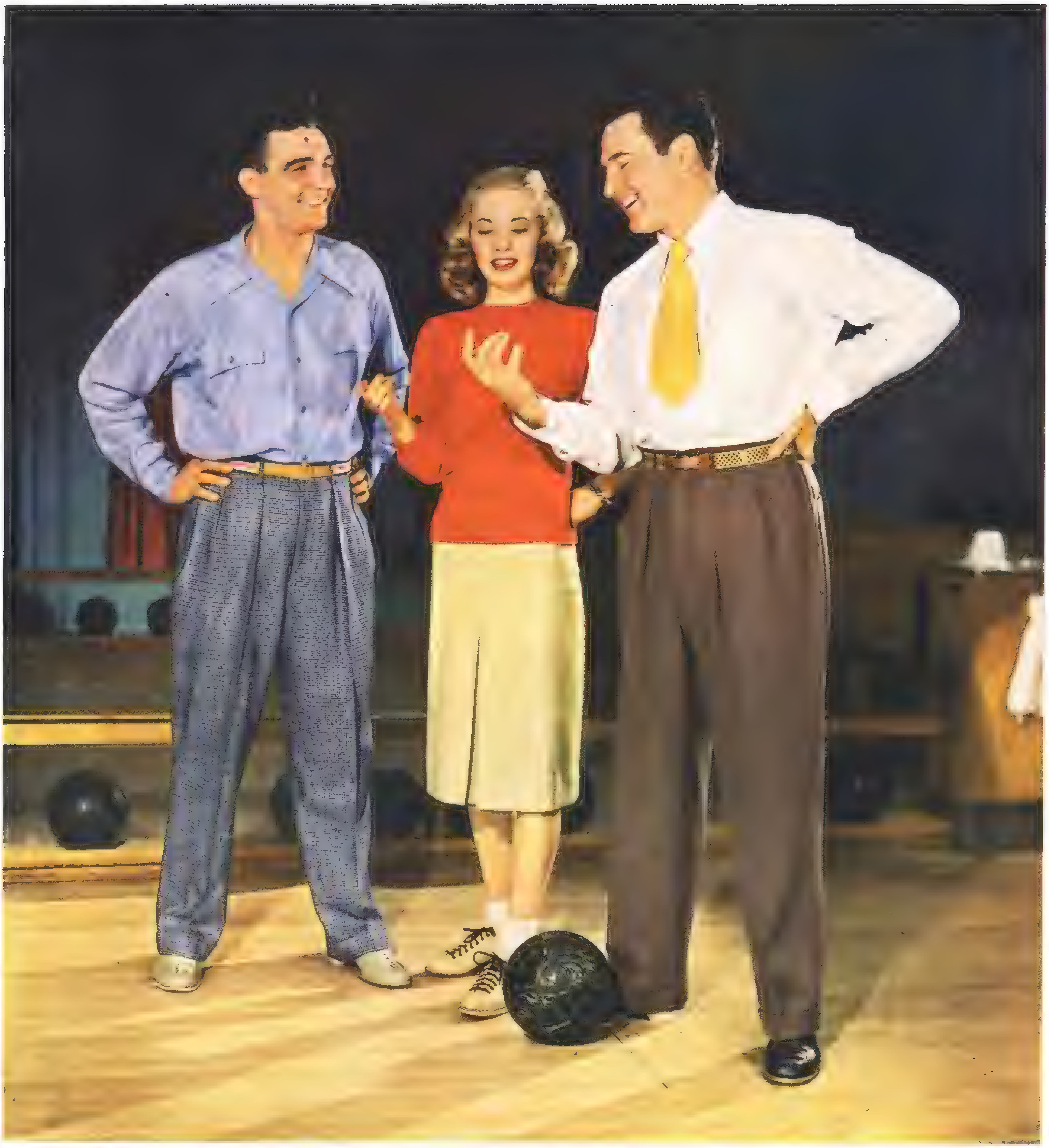


LIVE Your Leisure Moments to the Full

—Enjoy all that fine casual clothes can contribute
—through choice fabrics, smart styling and correct tailoring

Thousands now have found that distinctive casual clothes bring rich reward in enjoyment of precious leisure moments. Your nearest Smartair dealer will show you these additions to your leisure living.

Bowl a Better Game with the Magic Sleeve Bowling Shirt

Bias-cut Sleeve and Raglan Shoulder Give New "Ease in Action"

Designed for action on a new principle, the Magic Sleeve is cut on the bias so it "gives" with the sweep of the arm—yet at ease hangs straight and trim. Raglan shoulder cannot bind. Convertible collar for wear with a tie at the office—or at the alleys, open at the neck. See the Smartair Magic Sleeve Bowling Shirt at your Smartair dealer's. About $5.50 to $6.50.

Slacks at left—houndstooth check pattern in fine quality, all-wool flannel. Slacks at right—a new shade of cocoa in rich, smooth virgin wool covert. Smartair slacks are also available in fine worsted Gabardines. Bedford Cords, and Doeskins. Prices about $12.50 to $15.00.

SMARTAIR, *Racine, Wisconsin* • *Division of Rainfair, Inc., Makers of Rain Topcoats*

MEN'S FINE LEISURE WEAR . . BY

Smartair

SPORT SHIRTS
SLACKS
LEISURE COATS

What's the lowdown on tall drinks?

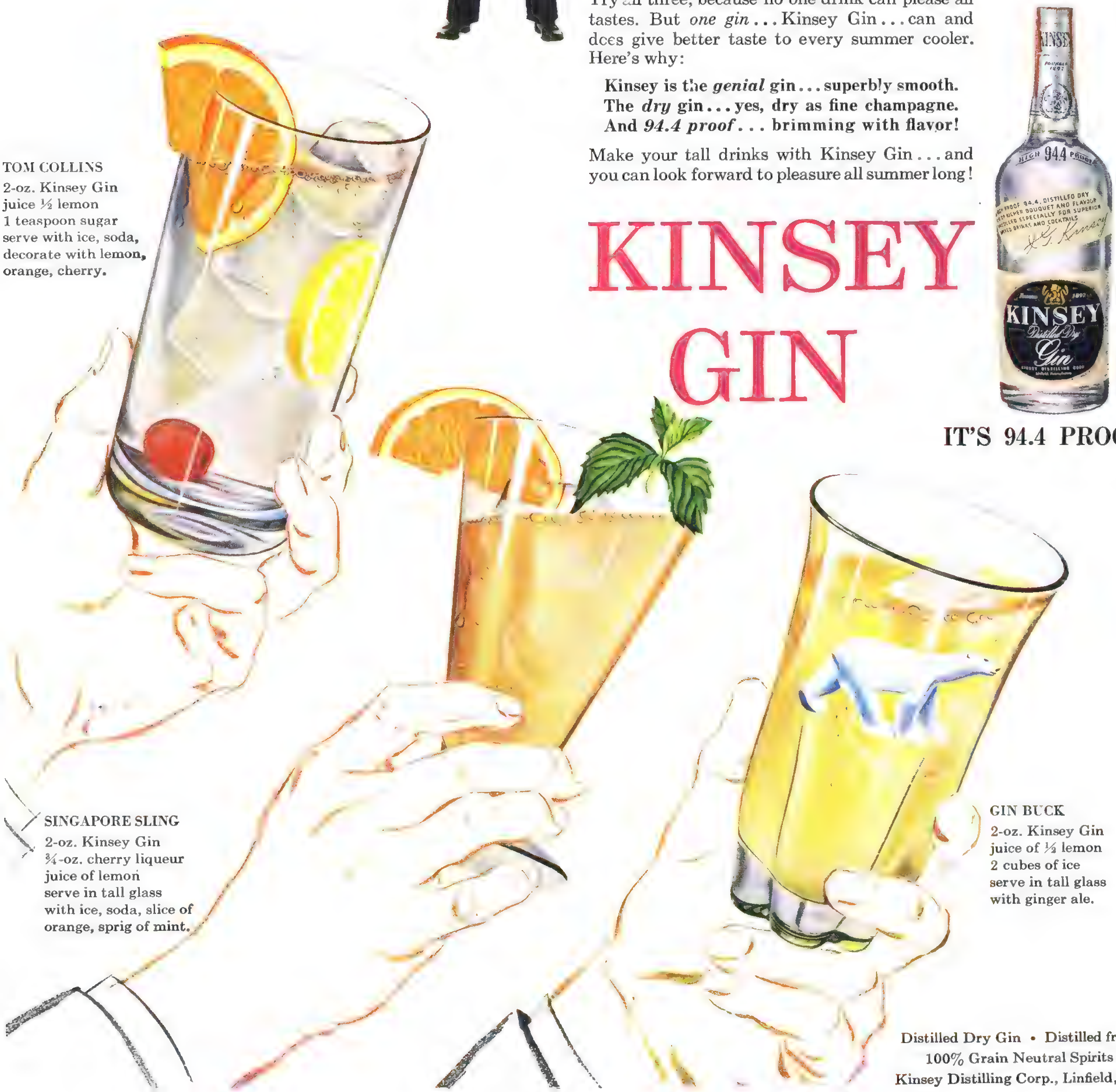
Here are three right answers to that question . . . first and second, the popular twins: Tom Collins and Gin Buck; third, a new contender for the summer drink championship: the Singapore Sling.

Try all three, because no one drink can please all tastes. But *one gin* . . . Kinsey Gin . . . can and does give better taste to every summer cooler. Here's why:

> **Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth.**
> **The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne.**
> **And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming with flavor!**

Make your tall drinks with Kinsey Gin . . . and you can look forward to pleasure all summer long!

KINSEY GIN



IT'S 94.4 PROOF

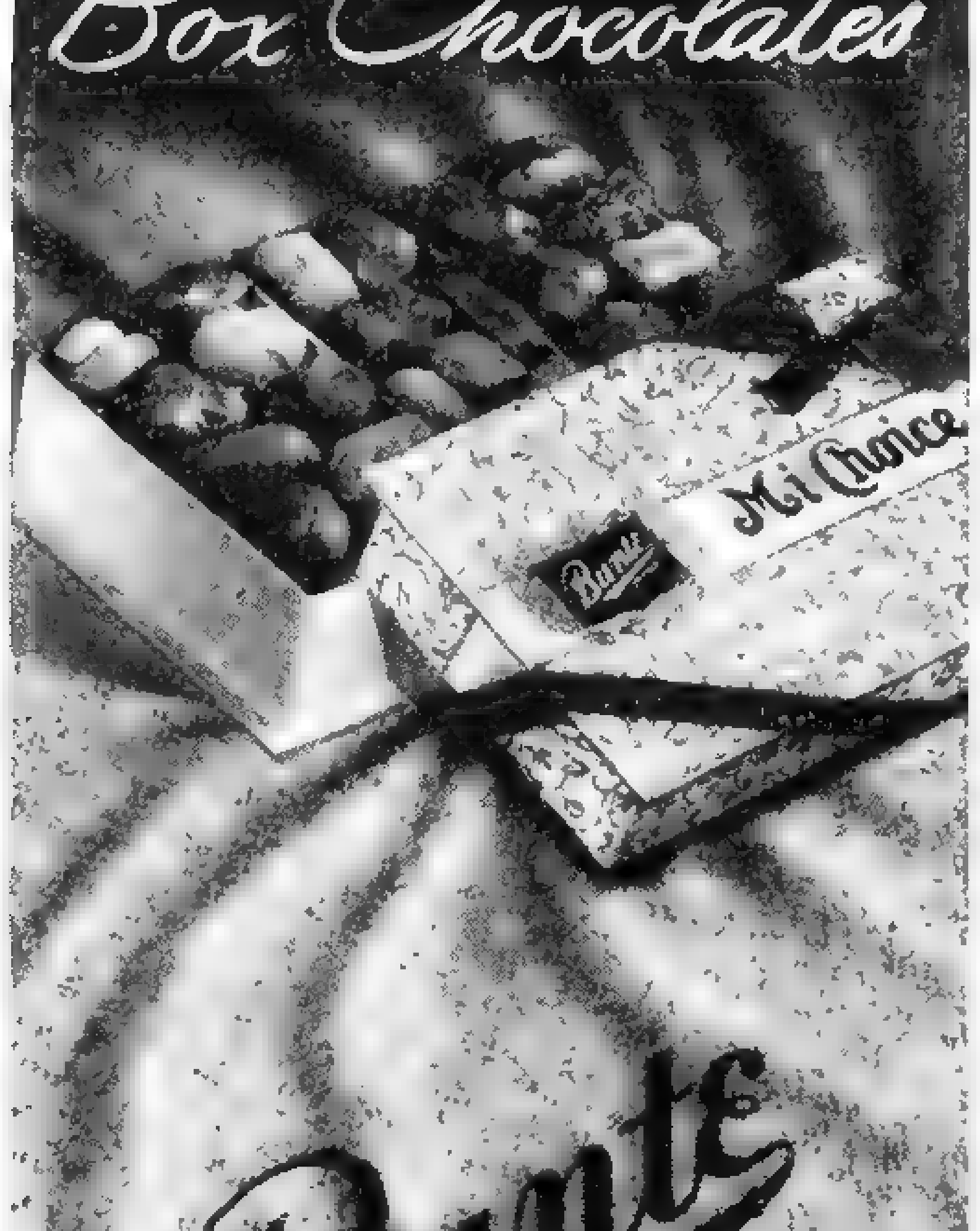
TOM COLLINS
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
serve with ice, soda,
decorate with lemon,
orange, cherry.

SINGAPORE SLING
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
¾-oz. cherry liqueur
juice of lemon
serve in tall glass
with ice, soda, slice of
orange, sprig of mint.

GIN BUCK
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
juice of ½ lemon
2 cubes of ice
serve in tall glass
with ginger ale.

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

The Aristocrat of all Box Chocolates



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Makers of Fine Candies since 1876

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HOUSE OF MURPHY

THE ONLY NEW YORK CHOP HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

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INDUCED BY A JAMAICA SWIZZLE

"I weep to think that any man might miss the magnificent mixability of these rich and ancient rums . . . delicate, distinctive, mellow . . . so entirely different from any others! It's downright sad. Here's how!"

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THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Painting the Town with Esquire

PLENTY wonderful are the vittles pageanted in Ercole Marchisio's luxurious refreshment tent, by the name of Pavillon Marguery, in back of 270 Park Ave. . . . Stoppers at the Hotel Pennsylvania are tickled foolish with the latest Statler convenience of ordering next day's trundled-in breakfast the night before . . . Heavy attendance at this summer's skoal school on the after terrace of the Castleholm . . . Epicurean addition to amusement zone: Hans Jaeger's gleaming-kitchened Twin Gables (128 West 48th), with attractive Alsatian décor, noble eats, swell drinks. Karel Jezek, restaurateur of Czech pavilion at World's Fair, is your handsome host.

WELL-DRAINED camping ground: the sidewalk café (Jardin du Perroquet) of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at 9th St. . . . Salubrious roast beef meets its eager-fanged fate in the Crystal Bay Dining Room (spotless basement) of McGinnis of Sheepshead Bay, Broadway & 48th. Shore dinner is a whale of a meal . . . Bad cess to the shlemiel who snitched our copy of the new Lejon Cook Book by Jeanne Owen of the Wine & Food Society . . . Get a mush on to the Copacabana or you'll miss Lena Horne singing of what's simmering in the heart department . . . Meat hazards are taboo at Barney's Steak Houses — 430 Lexington Ave. and 28 East 58th. You make your selection, not from the bill of fare, but from a refrigerated display case, and whatever you have pointed to, the cook flings onto the charcoal broiler where it sings its song of promise.

CROAKERS who predicted a pomp slump are rebutted by what's booming socially, in Kansas City, at the Bellerive's plushous El Casbah. Maitre Jerry Engle, inveigled from one of Chicago's ultra-ultras, avers he never had to stand his ground against such a stampede. And chef Henri, trained under the great Escoffier at the Carlton in London, is potting and saucepanning like crazy . . . In high bosomed New Hampshire, smörgasbord has broken out exuberantly at Lakeside Lodge ("A Bit of Sweden") overlooking perch-infested Sunapee. After the third aquavit, Mt. Kearsarge sprouts northern lights . . . Out Los Angeles way, the Chapman Park Hotel's zizzy modern baroque Zephyr Room has drolleuse Paula Drake warbling naughty but neatly for her howling following. Roses outside in the garden are blushing, but humans never turn a hair.

VACATIONS are hunkydorious in the loafing domain of the New Ocean House at Swampscott, Mass. Breezes blow, breakers break, gutta-percha spheres are smitten, and chow is New England at its tastiest . . . Connecticut's Cobb's Mill Inn (Weston), quaintie beside a noisy waterfall, has sagacious Raymond as suggester of right grist for your hopper and suitable lubricants therewith.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

MOST BEAUTIFUL NIGHT CLUB IN THE COUNTRY!

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY • FOR DINNER AT 8 • SUPPER AT 12

Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

NICKY BLAIR'S
CARNIVAL

In The Hotel Capitol
51st at 8th AVE.
NEW YORK

NEW YORK'S RENOWNED RENDEZVOUS for SUPERB CUISINE and SMART ENTERTAINMENT

DINNER & SUPPER DANCING

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151 EAST 50th • PLaza 8-0310

EDDIE DAVIS

GAY GIRL SHOW DELICIOUS DINNER

LEON & EDDIE'S

33 W 52 N. Y. • 211 ROYAL POINCIANA WAY PALM BEACH

AIR CONDITIONED

NO COVER OPEN SUNDAYS

Jimmy Kelly's

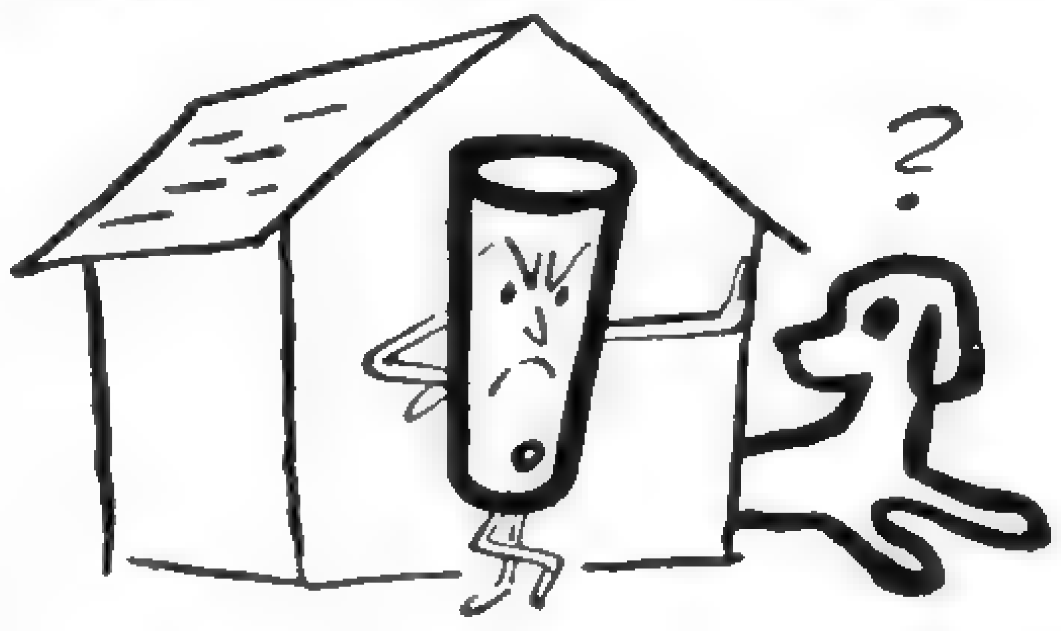
The Montmartre of New York

REVUE 9:12-2:15 A. M.

OPEN FROM 6 P.M.

181 SULLIVAN ST. AL.4-1414

EVER SEE A WHISKEY SOUR



IN THE DOGHOUSE?

Move over, Rover—an unwanted drink's about to join you. Its mixer foolishly forgot that a Whiskey Sour can lead a dog's life without Angostura aromatic bitters in its pedigree.

Take a tip from the world's foremost Whiskey Sour fanciers. When you use Angostura, its famous aromatic flavor blends subtly throughout the ingredients, gives you the buoyant dash and tang that marks a drink to remember.

FREE! Professional Mixing Guide. Gives recipe for a perfect Whiskey Sour—and for more than 250 other drinks. Write to Angostura Wuppermann Corp., 304 E. 45th St., New York 17, New York.

ANGOSTURA
TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
AROMATIC BITTERS

"It's What You Put In—
To Make The Flavor Come Out"

Expressed Alive Daily
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS

CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

It's back!

DICK MACKAY

The beer America never forgot.

Holland's finest... delicious tasting, smooth, light Lager. In bottles and on draught.

Heineken's
Imported HOLLAND
Beer

Gen. U. S. Dis. van Munching & Co., Inc.
53 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

You're Really Going To Go For

The New Esquire Girl PLASTIC Playing Cards

© Esquire
Outdoor Girl
ben-hur baz

© Esquire
Indoor Girl
ben-hur baz

If you're a Man's Man . . .
(and a Ladies' Man as well) . . .

And you like "Outdoors-y" Women . . .
(but you like them "Indoors", too) . . .

If you like a Round of Poker with the Boys . . .
Or a Bridge Game with The Girls . . .

And Quality means Everything to You . . .

FEATURING

THE Esquire "Outdoor" Girl

THE Esquire "Indoor" Girl

IN GLEAMING, GLOWING, LONG-LASTING PLASTIC!

For years ESQUIRE Girl Playing Cards have been a standout success with thousands of people who have used them themselves or given them away as long-remembered gifts. Now, in addition to the regular ESQUIRE Girl Playing Cards, ESQUIRE offers these top quality *plastic* cards, rich in the ESQUIRE tradition of excellence and beauty.

Each set contains one ESQUIRE "Outdoor" Girl *Plastic* deck and one ESQUIRE "Indoor" Girl *Plastic* deck in a handsome, two-colored *plastic* case. The cards are washable of course, chip-proof, fray-proof. They'll outlast 75 to 100 decks of ordinary cards and still remain crisp and fresh. They're a longterm investment that pays dividends.

SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY!

Gentlemen:
Don't keep me waiting! Send me_____sets of those gorgeous ESQUIRE Girl *All-Plastic* Playing Cards today!
Here is my check or money order for $______ according to the price list below.

(INCLUDING BOTH DECKS AND PLASTIC CASE)

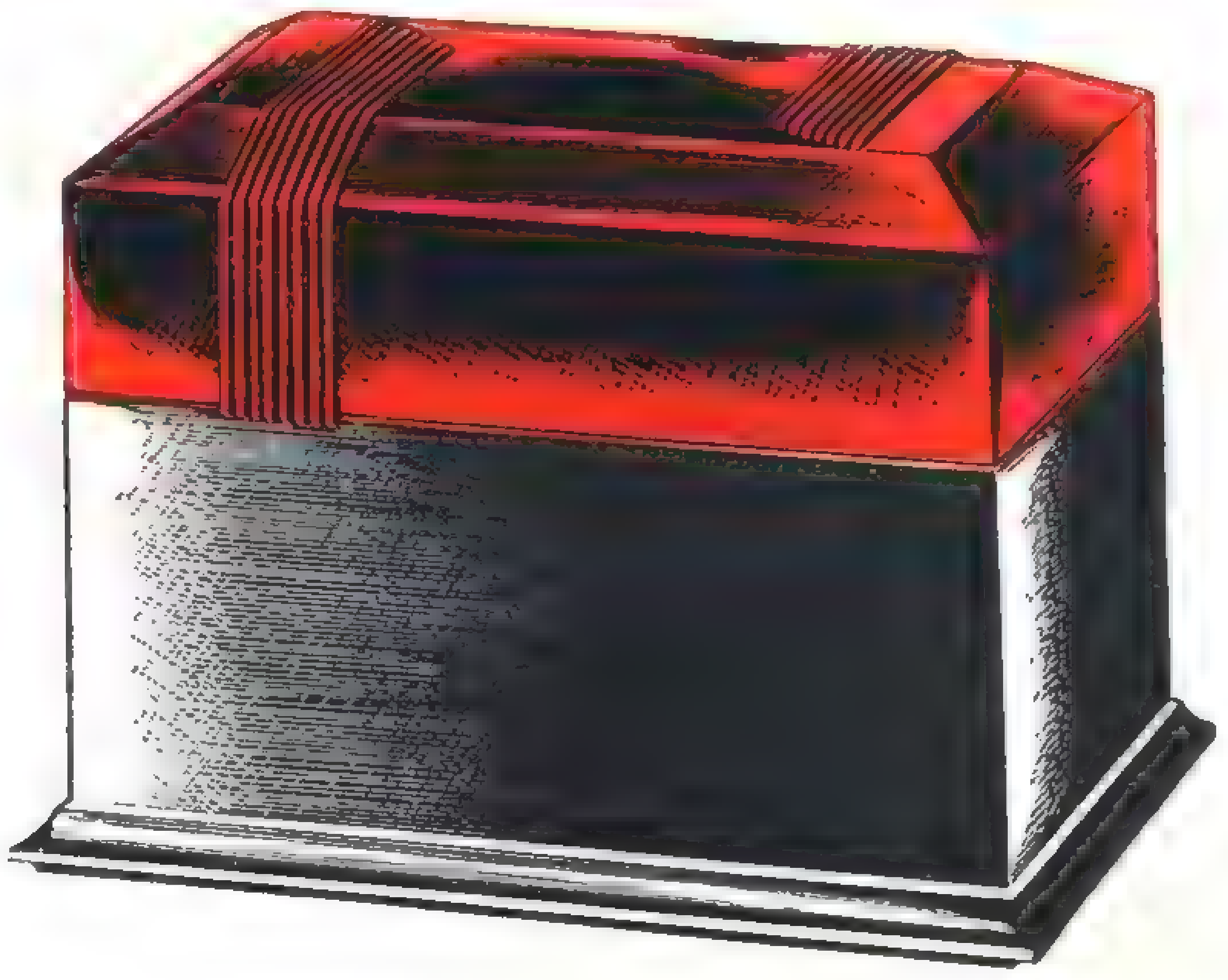
If Ordering 1 Set	$10.00 Per Set
If Ordering 2 Sets	9.75 Per Set
If Ordering 3 Sets	9.50 Per Set
If Ordering 4 Sets	9.25 Per Set
If Ordering 5 Sets	9.00 Per Set
If Ordering 6 Sets or More	8.75 Per Set

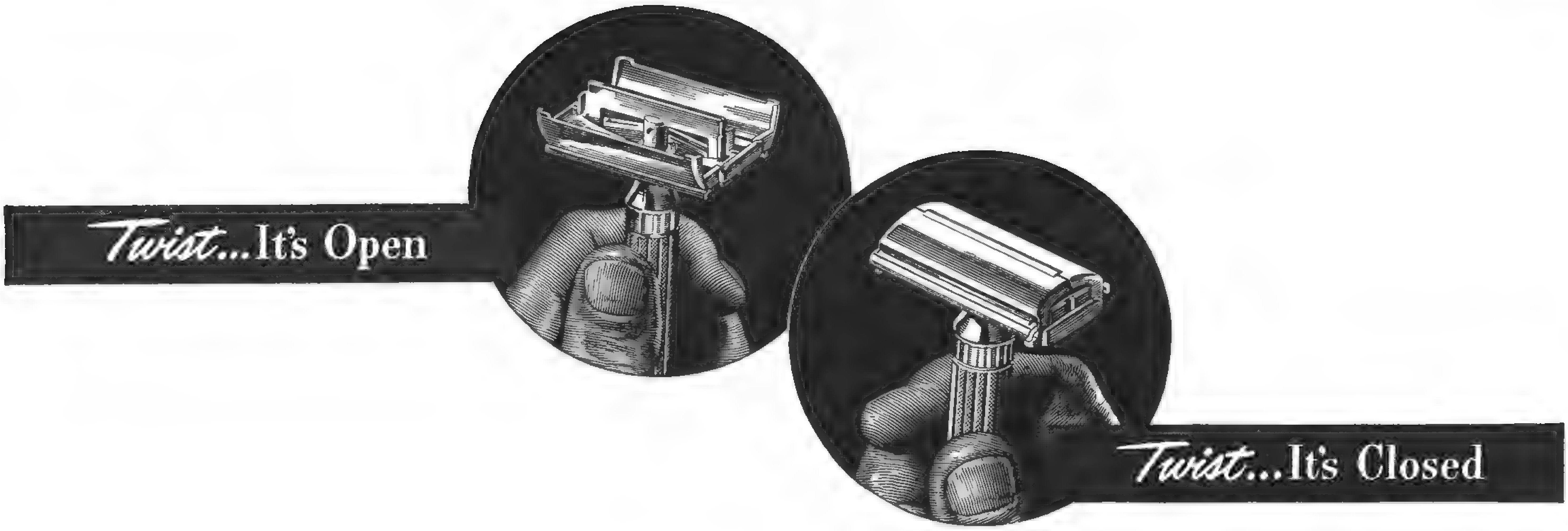
Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City______________ Zone____ State________

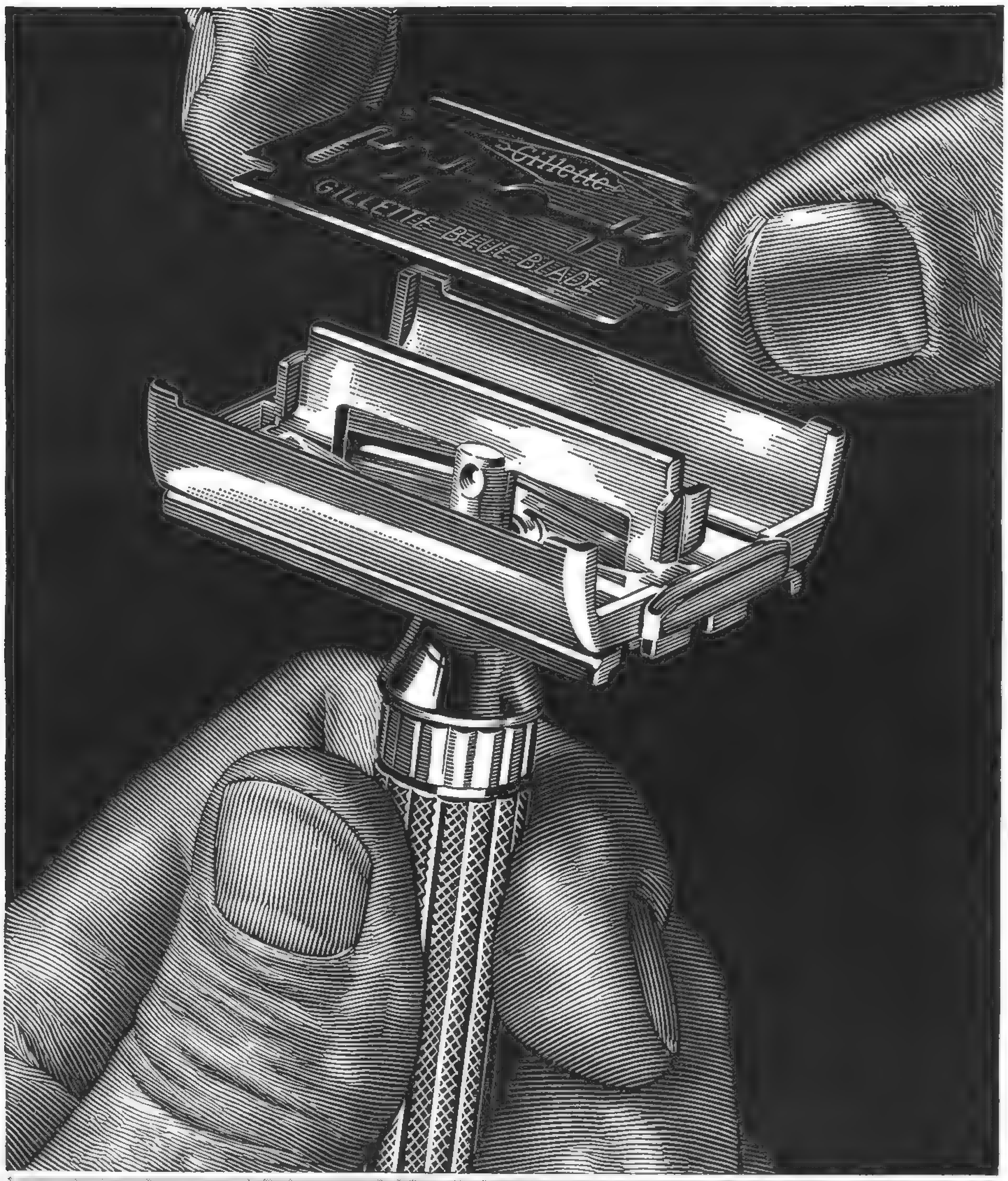
Make remittances payable to ESQUIRE, Inc. and send with this coupon to ESQUIRE, INC., ESQUIRE Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Sorry, no Canadian or foreign orders can be accepted at this time.




Twist...It's Open
Twist...It's Closed

See how quick and easy shaving can be... with the modern

Gillette One-Piece Razor


Gillette
GILLETTE BLUE BLADE

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

YOU skim off whiskers clean as a whistle . . . get utmost comfort and convenience . . . with a Gillette One-Piece Razor.

There's nothing to take apart or put together. Blade changing's a cinch. Twist . . . the razor opens. Twist again . . . your blade's locked in position. To clean, just loosen the holder, rinse, shake.

Enjoy the best-looking shaves of your life . . . the quickest and easiest you ever had. Ask for a Gillette One-Piece Razor. Choose between the superb Gillette Aristocrat and the handsome Gillette Milord models.

Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.

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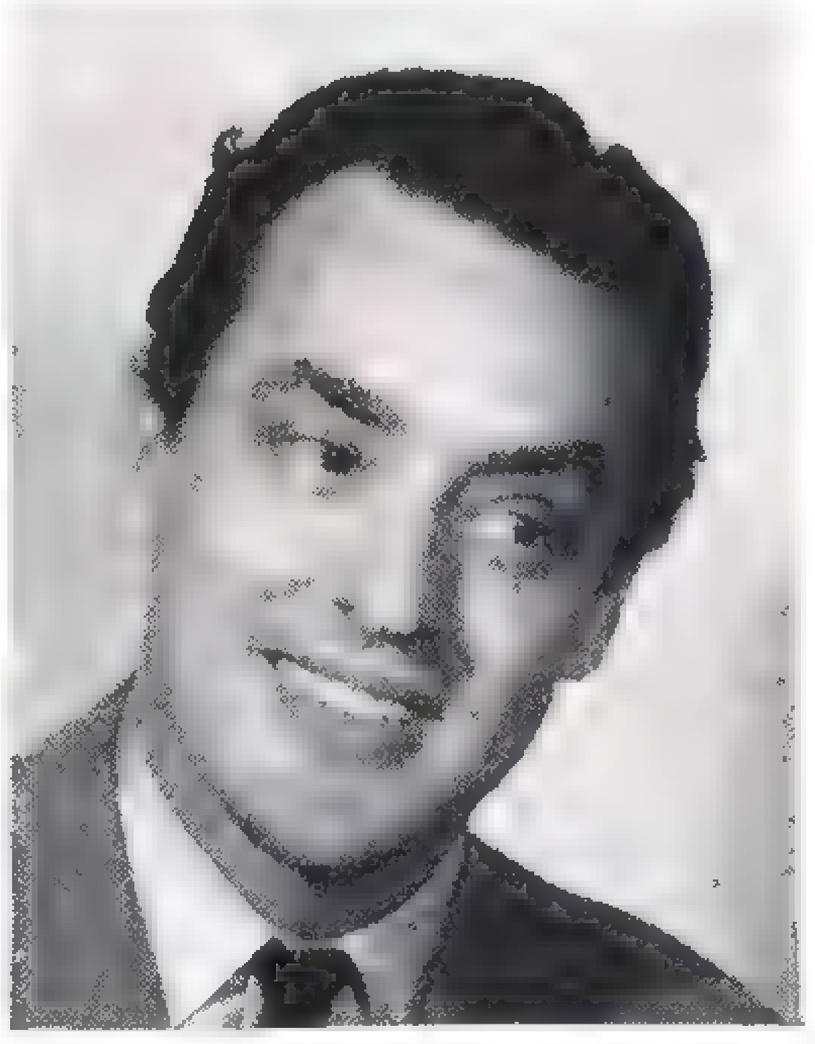
Gillette
MADE IN U.S.A.
ARISTOCRAT

Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, complete with Texol-covered case and ten Gillette Blue Blades $3.79

Gillette
MILORD

Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor, with handsome case and five easy-shaving Gillette Blue Blades . . . $2.50

Backstage with Esquire



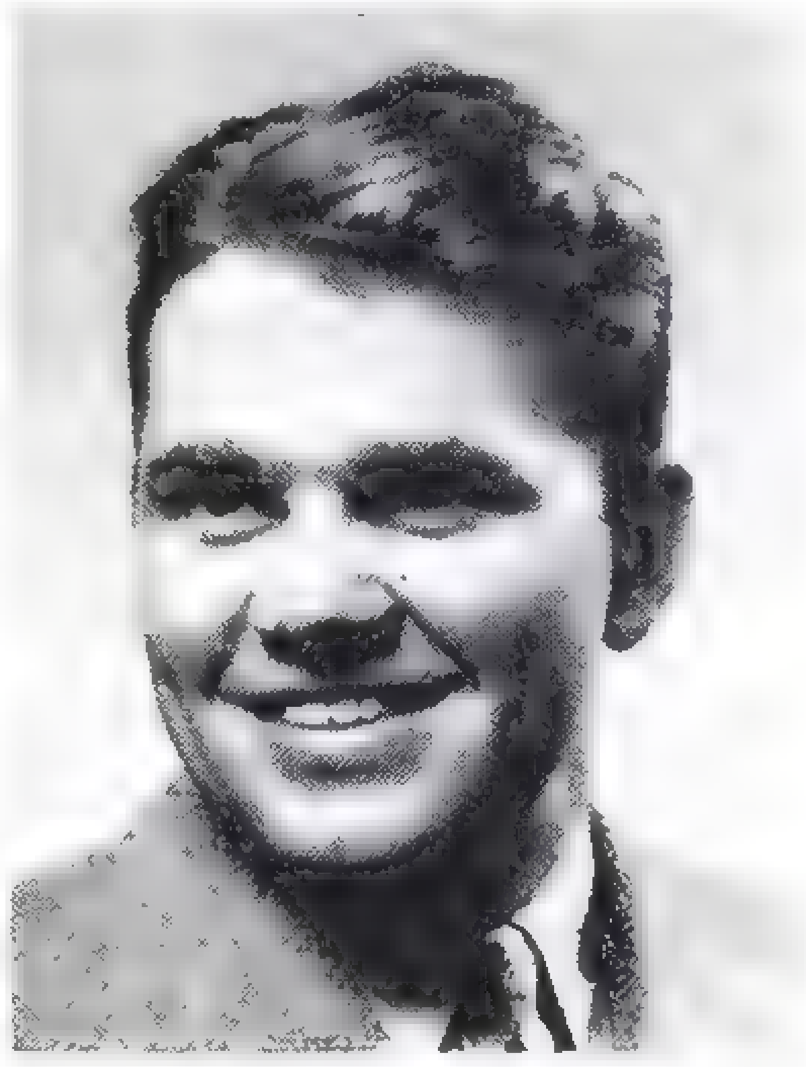
Willard A. Downes

WILLARD A. DOWNES, whose engaging concept of feminine beauty, entitled *Precious*, hangs on page 79 of the Esquire Gallery, writes: "I have always been chiefly interested in magazine illustration and advertising artwork and have pursued both since early school days in Fredericksburg, Virginia, even at one time deciding in favor of it over a film career, having been given a screen test and offered a five-year contract in Hollywood. During lean periods it was necessary to take various other types of jobs; one summer was spent with a traveling circus, decorating the gilded wagons and painting signs while doubling in brass by 'taking on all comers' in the boxing matches. The first few years in New York involved a great deal of theatrical art; this gradually evolved into magazine work until the north-light studio became a reality. The fact that I do mostly pretty girls sort of explains itself, I guess, doesn't it?"

LOUIS ESTE, whose *Bitter Medicine*, page 81, is his first published story, submits this crisp autobiography: "Never had a job, and went broke in 1934. Lived in a $1.50-a-week shack behind a Hollywood rooming house. For weeks I stole three eggs a day from my landlady's pantry. The old girl never suspected me . . . I was too much a gentleman. Bought a writer's magazine describing the ease of radio writing. *Why Not Write For Radio?*, words on the cover read, *Big Money*. Since then I've free-lanced radio serials, variety shows; and have done a few things for The Whistler, Suspense, and Columbia Workshop. The other day I revisited my old landlady. Unfortunately, the shack in the back was already rented."

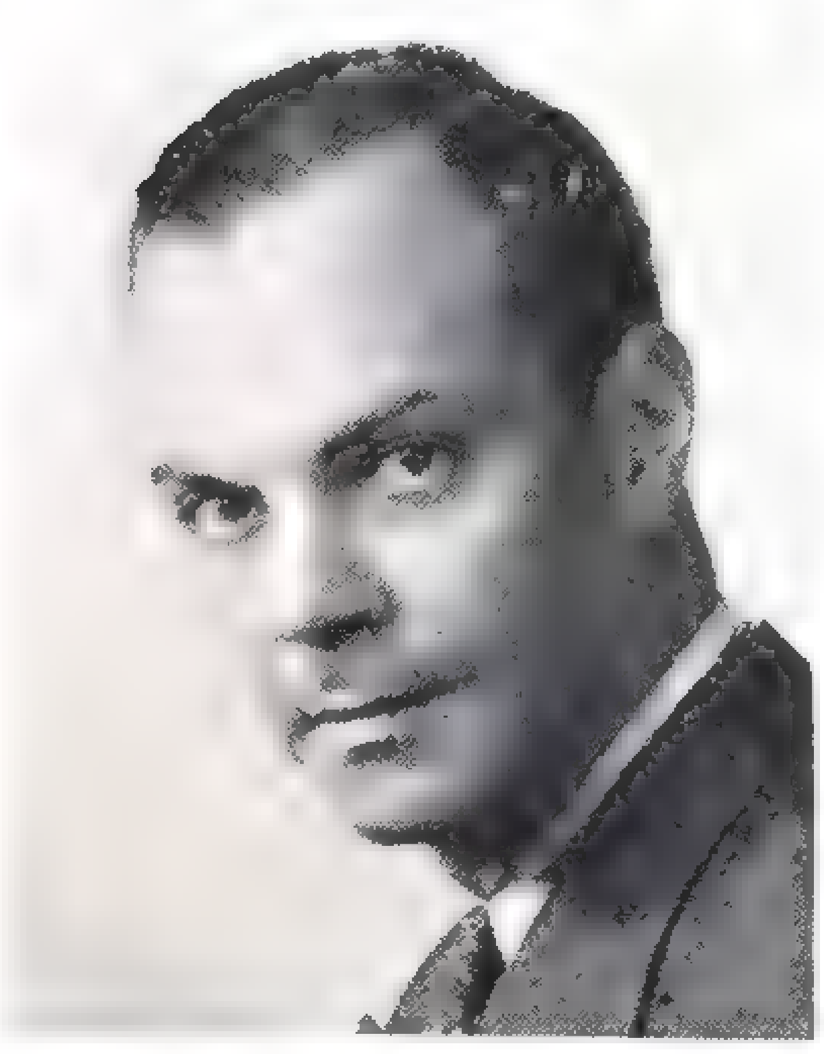
Fred Lane

FRED LANE (*The Casting Away of Mrs. Peebles*, page 82) writes: "I was working out with a chipping hammer on the sizzling deck of a freighter bound for Zamboanga when I happened to glance into the radio shack. Sparks had his feet on the desk, the fan going, and was reading a magazine. Observing this enviable character brought on the ambition to become a brass pounder. Study when off watch on the long runs to the Orient, and the help of a radio operator enabled me to get my ticket. I served on oil barges, lumber schooners, tugboats, freighters, and luxury liners bound for Australia, the South Seas and Europe. I went into shoreside high-speed telegraphy, then broadcast engineering and eventually became a writer-producer for radio. During the war I trained radiomen for the Signal Corps and Merchant Marine in Oakland, California, and was with the OWI overseas. Now living on 14 shoreside acres at Moss Beach, California, watching the ships go by."



Andrew A. Rooney

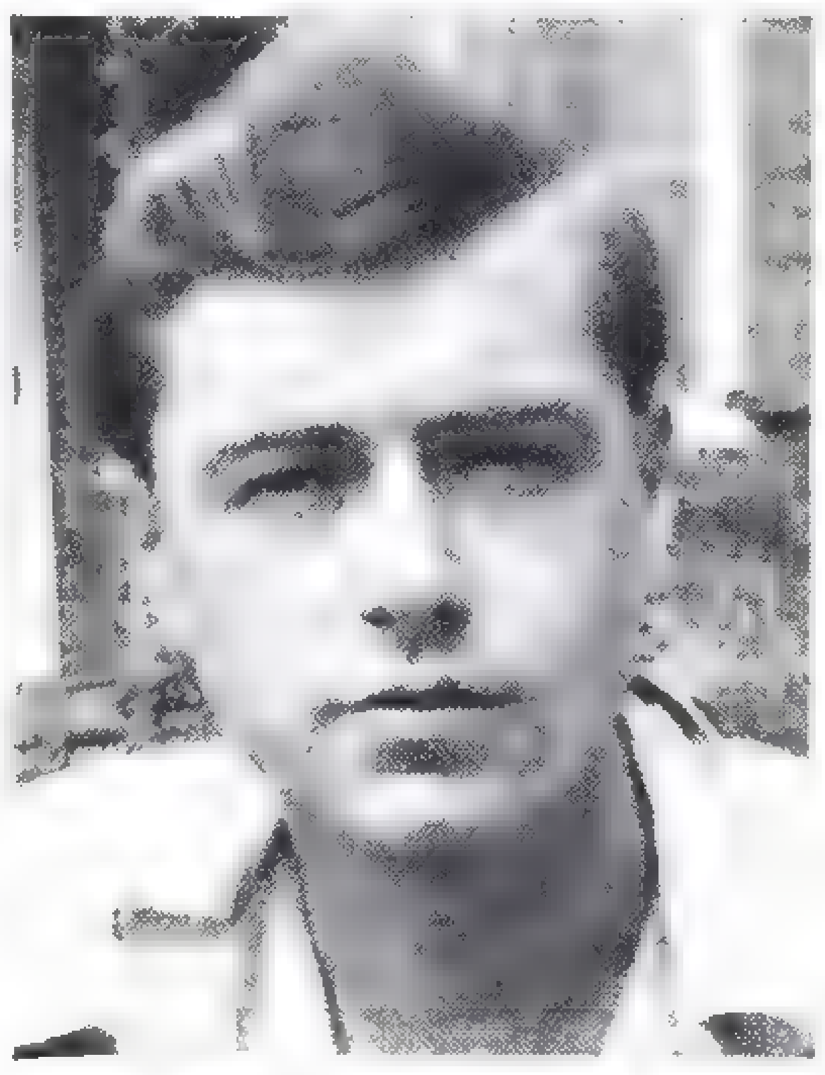
At the end of his third year at Colgate, ANDREW A. ROONEY got a draft notice. He says: "In 1942 I was sent to England, told the editor of *The Stars and Stripes* I'd worked for *The Knickerbocker News* (which I did when I helped a cousin deliver his route Saturday afternoons), and was assigned to the Army paper. One day about a year later Bud Hutton and I were driving along the Thames on the way to work and he said, 'Leave us write a book called *Air Gunner*.' I said okay and we did and it was not a bad book either. When the war was over in Europe I forget whether I said to Bud or Bud said to me, 'Let's write a book about *The Stars and Stripes*.' Anyway we did and it was a pretty bad book, too, and Bud and I went out to Hollywood to turn the thing into a screen play. When we finished the job on the Coast we went back to Europe for *Cosmopolitan*. This time, when we got back to the States, we said, 'Let's write a book' in unison and, while I haven't read it yet, I have every reason to believe that there is a lot of good stuff in *Conqueror's Peace*."



Robert Wallsten

After graduation from Harvard, ROBERT WALLSTEN became a featured player with the Theatre Guild in *The Rivals* and *Without Love*. He has written six plays, including a collaboration with Mignon G. Eberhart, called *Eight O'Clock Tuesday*, which starred Pauline Lord. In '41 he joined the U. S. Naval Reserve and served variously as an Armed Guard, Communications, Intelligence and Entertainment Officer—in the Caribbean, Australia, New Guinea and the Admiralty Islands. Since coming out of the Navy he has written a play and numerous short stories including *Two in the Bush*, p. 48.

ROBERT FINNEGAN, who was bred in a rooming house, recalls: "One of the most dramatic incidents of my childhood was when my grandmother caught Mr. Winston peeking through the bathroom keyhole at Miss Blivens. My grandmother kicked Mr. Winston in the seat of the pants and blacked his eye on the doorknob. From this I learned: (1) that crime does not pay; and (2) that I was alive in a world in which even the simplest pleasures were frowned upon. When I was fifteen my family gave me a lunch in a paper bag, and sent me out to seek my fortune. My mother said, 'Always be truthful.' My grandmother said, 'Put your best foot forward.' Fourteen years in journalism, radio writing and public relations taught me that it is permissible in this world to tell all the truth you want about yourself, but not about anyone else; and, above all, not about your employer's merchandise. As for what my grandmother meant when she said, 'Put your best foot forward,' I concluded she must be alluding to the time she kicked Mr. Winston. But I received inspiration from a cartoon in which a prisoner told his cellmate, 'By God, I still believe crime could be made to pay.' My first crime mystery, *The Lying Ladies*, was published last year. The second, *The Bandaged Nude*, came out in March of this year."



Herbert Kubly

HERBERT KUBLY describes himself as a fourth-generation fullblood Swiss, reared on a dairy farm in the Swiss cheese section of Wisconsin, near New Glarus. This town is the scene of an annual outdoor performance of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* with a cast made of most of the townspeople and the goat, cattle and horse population. A journalist and playwright, Kubly vacillates between the Wisconsin farm and a Greenwich Village apartment. He likes to write about musicians, as he once did as music editor of a weekly news magazine, and does now, on page 71—*Pianist for a Percussive Age*.

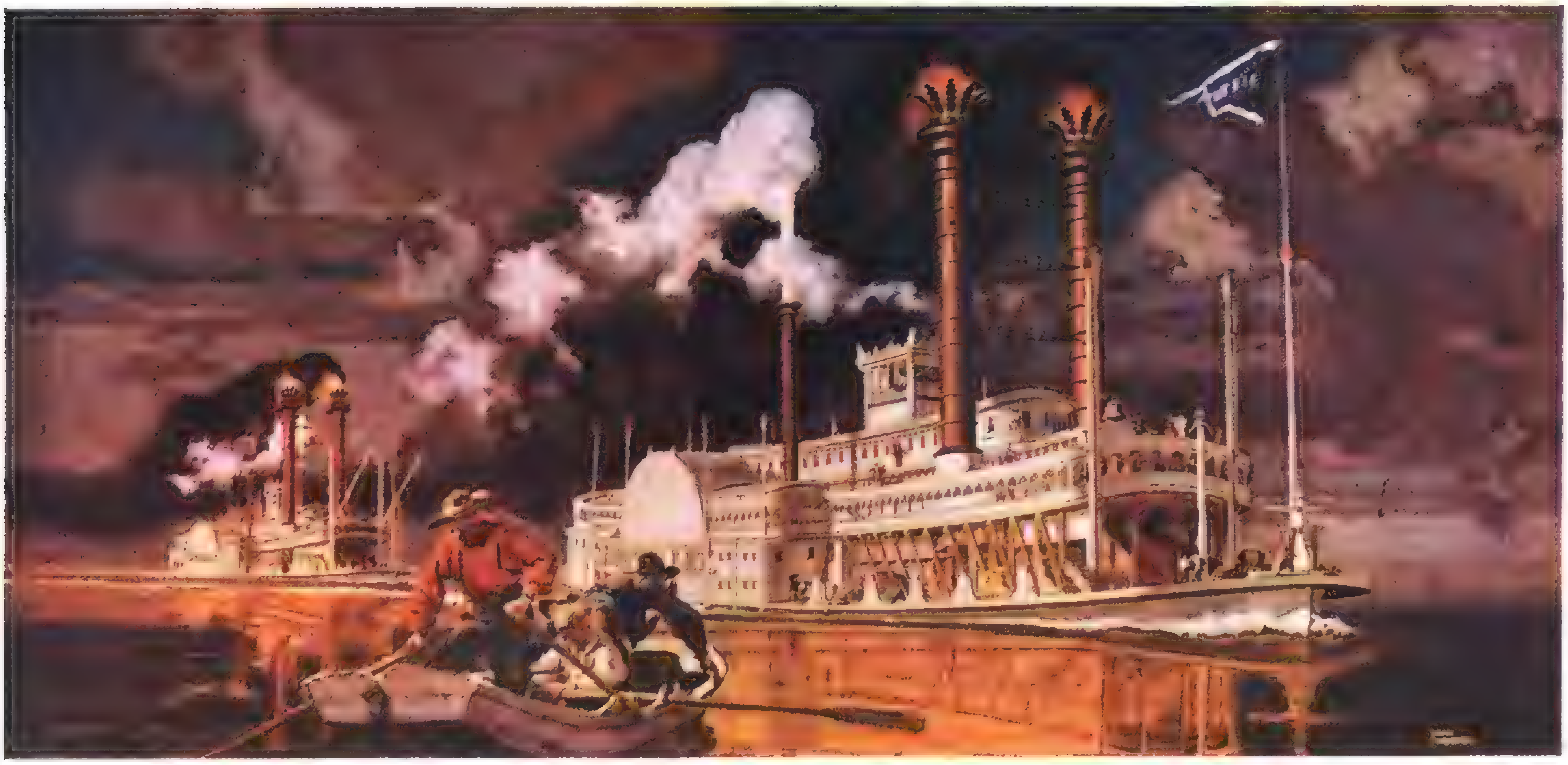
JOHN KEATING spent four years in the Army and says: "I left the Pacific shortly after the war did, but not before meeting the girl that I married, an actress then enthralling G.I. audiences in Honolulu. Now we're fighting the good fight for a place to live, and share a two-room Village apartment with the ghosts of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Eugene O'Neill and Sister Eileen."

WALTER SORELL conceived the idea of *Beauty Is Her Duty* while working for a fashion magazine. Born in Vienna he has been in this country for a decade, lecturing and free-lancing.

Scott Hart

Having quit school in the seventh grade because he couldn't learn arithmetic, SCOTT HART took up playing the saxophone, but couldn't learn to read music, then got into newspaper work, "where the chief requirement was simply an ability to endure." Having progressed from Richmond, Virginia, newspapers to the Washington *Post* and *Time* Magazine, he claims to have covered nearly everything, "from the story of a drowning monkey in the Potomac River to the calm of Bernard Baruch on the bench in Lafayette Park." Now on the *Kiplinger* staff, he's a frequent contributor to these pages.

American Originals



Steamboat racing's golden age, an original American tradition, symbolized by the epic duel between the "Robert E. Lee" and "Natchez" in an original painting by Dean Cornwell.

The art of distilling gin has reached its "golden age" in Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin, an American original, a different gin—a Seagram original!

Ancient Bottle offers you the first basic improvement in gin in over 300 years; result of Seagram's leisurely, time-honored method—an *exclusive* method.

You can *see* the difference in its natural color of fine vintage champagne.

You can *taste* the difference in its marvelously dry yet mellow flavor—flavor that rivals that of the finest imported spirits.

Look for Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin at your favorite bar or liquor store. Let that distinctive color guide your eye to the perfect cooling Collins.

Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin

The original "ancient" bottle (left) will, when available, replace the present standard bottle.

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

DISTILLED DRY

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.

There's STYLE NEWS in Men's Suits

Suit coats are longer this year, with the long-rolled, 2-button double-breasted style growing in popularity. Straight lines, shoulders to hips, seem to have the edge over form-fitting styles. Noted plenty of California-style coats with deep chest, straight back, full blades. I've even seen some shirred-back sport coats around! Colorful plaid variations sure to be popular, in sport coats as well as suits.

"Randy" YOUR STYLE SCOUT

There's style news in RAND *shoes!*

Man to man—man, oh, man—how the news of Rand Shoes travels! For Rand Shoes *handsomely* blend fine leather, supple fit, with rugged construction. Result? A good-looking, gRAND value* scoop for energetic feet like yours! Try on a pair today. You'll see and *feel* the difference in Rand Shoes.

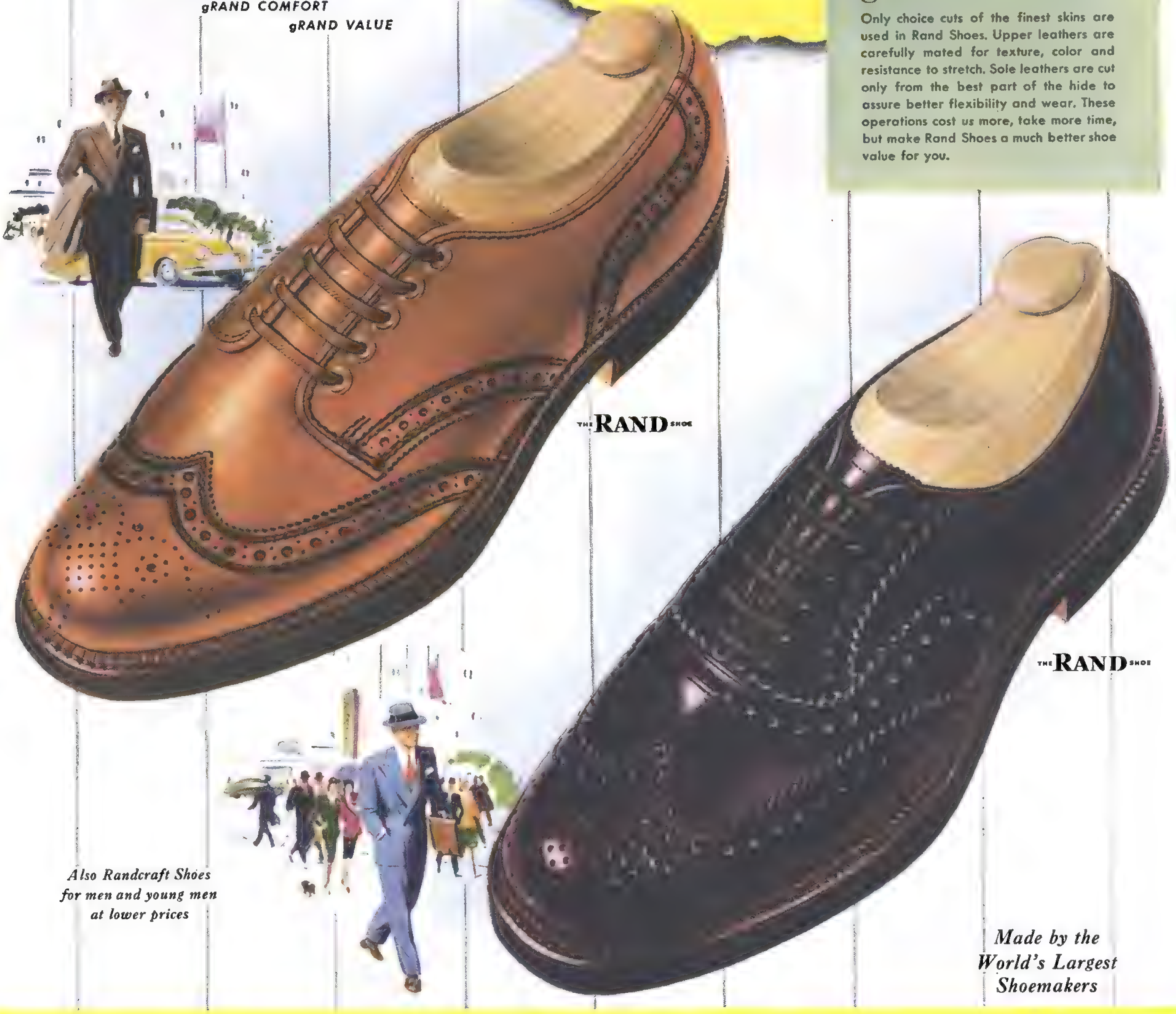
THE RAND SHOE

ALSO RAND JUNIORS FOR BOYS

FOR gRAND STYLE
gRAND COMFORT
gRAND VALUE

*gRAND value!

Only choice cuts of the finest skins are used in Rand Shoes. Upper leathers are carefully mated for texture, color and resistance to stretch. Sole leathers are cut only from the best part of the hide to assure better flexibility and wear. These operations cost us more, take more time, but make Rand Shoes a much better shoe value for you.



Also Randcraft Shoes
for men and young men
at lower prices

Made by the
World's Largest
Shoemakers

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS 3, MISSOURI

That made-for-you look...

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
... A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
... A BIG THING TO FIND

Wherever you are, wherever you're going, be sure *your* clothes are distinguished by the Trumpeter label . . . your assurance of that made-for-you look. Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer to show you this handsome new Varsity model. And remember—only Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes give you that Hart Schaffner & Marx smartness you want!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

60TH YEAR OF MAKING CLOTHES WITH THAT MADE-FOR-YOU LOOK

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—
At a Southern beach or a Northern bar,
here's a sight to fill the heart with instant sunshine!
Here comes PM, the whiskey that puts delight in "De Luxe"—
Here comes PM, the whiskey that puts magic into a highball—
Here comes PM, the whiskey that fits right into a smile—
Serve with gardenias, tall glasses and laughter!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THIS MAN'S WORLD:

Out Where the Swindle Begins

Millinery
Reduced 50%

HANSEN

Candid comments on the toboggan of sales prices, a Rose petal, and sighs for Paris and Coney Island

by **PAUL GALLICO**

Perhaps my clients and correspondents, who know about the art of merchandising and can enlighten me at exactly what point selling and profit-taking ceases and swindling begins, will rescue me from the current confusion into which I have been plunged by a reading of the advertisements in the Sunday papers, but which leads me to suspect that perhaps I am on the track of What Is Wrong with Our Civilization.

For instance, here before me is a full-page display for a home gadget which I will disguise suitably, as I do not wish any seedy-looking gents bearing subpoenas to come aknocking at my chamber door, and which therefore we will call the American Home Super-Purpose All-Automatic Fiddle-de-dee, a contrivance which, when plugged in and switched on, will peel potatoes, wash dishes, make coffee, charcoal-broil a steak, give you a manicure or finger wave and render *Home Sweet Home* on a glockenspiel while it is doing it.

"Save more than half when you buy your All-Automatic Fiddle-de-dee," reads the advertisement in effect. "Regularly sold at $39.99. Now at our special price of $18.99. Hurry, hurry, hurry, etc., etc!"

Clear away the mild fog created by the use of the 99-cent gag, and what it boils down to is that a valuable and useful household gadget, which formerly sold for forty bucks, can now be picked up for nineteen. And what is more, it isn't a cheap imitation, but a genuine, nationally advertised American Home Fiddle-de-dee. Everybody wants one, every happy home ought to have one.

The Missus is delighted. "Darling," she says, "look! Fiddle-de-dees are down to $18.99. Now I can get one. You know how I have hated those flabby-looking dishwater hands and going to the hairdresser. And think, when I am out on Thursday nights at the bridge party, you can broil your own steak on it. Isn't it wonderful?"

Yeah, its wonderful all right for you and the missus and me, as of today. But what about yesterday and the suckers who paid forty dollars for exactly the same object that Mom is about to acquire for nineteen? Who's got the extra twenty-one pesos, where did it go and why, and has there or has there not been a swindle perpetrated?

What exactly does it mean, "Regularly $39.99?" Does it mean that if you go to a store other than the one advertising the Fiddle-de-dee for $18.99 you will still have to pay the old price, and why? Or has the price of Fiddle-de-dees been drastically cut because the panic is on and bighearted Homer J. Zilch, manufacturer of Fiddle-de-dees and other necessary household appliances, is now going to content himself with a 30% instead of 180% profit.

Because you can bet that if a Fiddle-de-dee sells for nineteen bucks, it didn't cost that much to make. And if it didn't cost that much to make, you can figure out Zilch's profits when he was getting forty smackers for it.

Leafing through the fat Sunday paper I come upon dozens and dozens of announcements of reductions ranging from 25% to 60% from the "regular" price of articles, useful or ornamental, and all eminently desirable. Granted that buying in large quantities brings down the wholesale price, and that postwar return to mass production will also reduce the cost, it still isn't enough to take in *that* slack, leading to the inevitable conclusion that somewhere along the line somebody has been euchred, that party being us, the peepul.

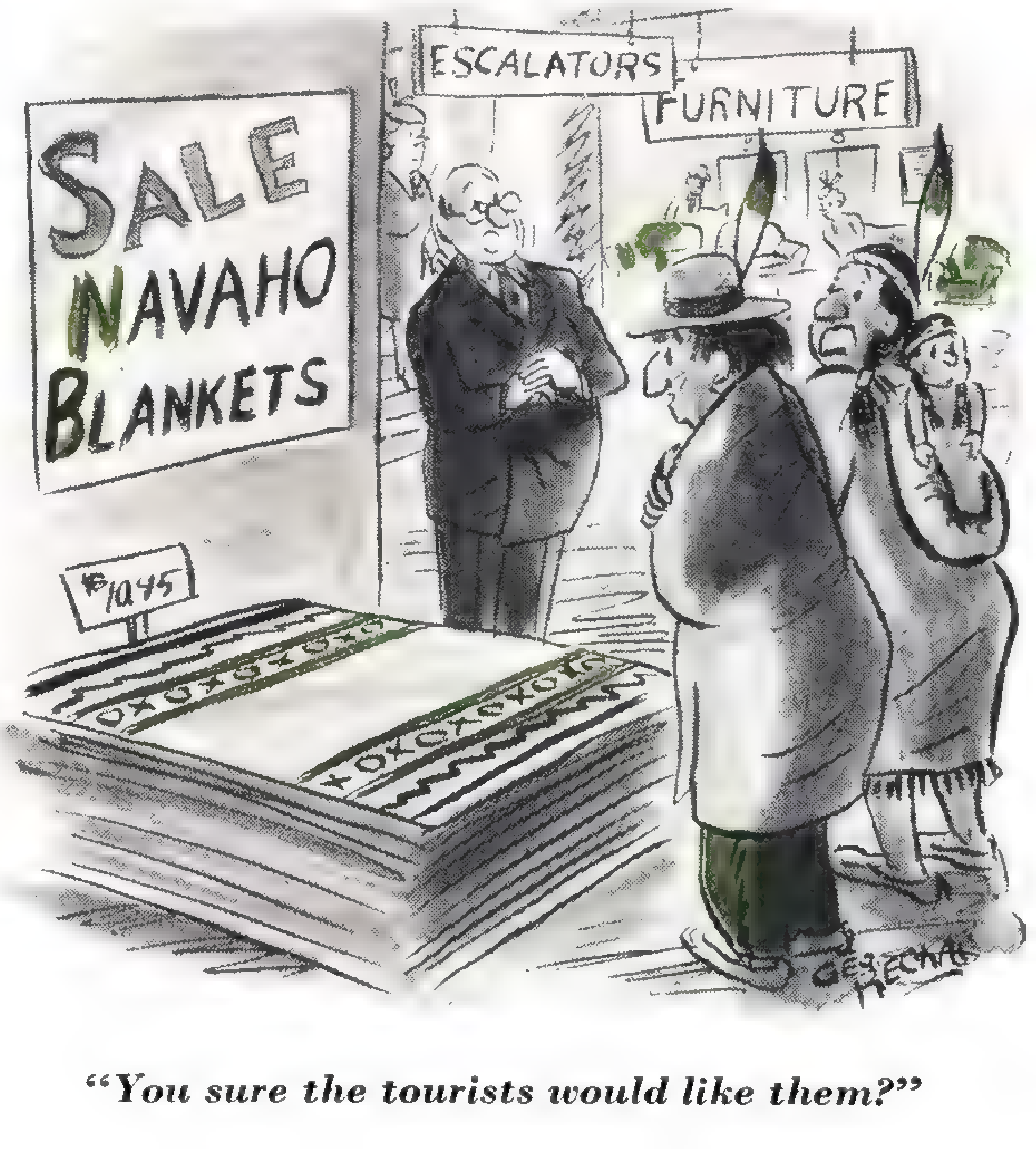
A general markdown in prices and generous "sales" are very cheering things, with the little lady rushing out into the marts of trade to acquire articles now within the limit of her budget, but in the excitement of this bonanza it is generally overlooked that there was dirty work at the crossroads at the time the original prices were marked *up*.

Now, there is no law that I know of that prevents a seller from taking all the profit the traffic will bear for an article he is peddling. "Caveat emptor" still goes. But when he sees a price slashed by more than fifty per cent, the buyer begins to get an idea of just to what extent he must beware and the thing called business tends to become a little unsteady.

Thus one cannot pick out the fellow who manufactures the Fiddle-de-dee for something around fifteen dollars apiece and sells them for forty and call him a crook, but one can call him a hog, and when he collaborates on a price rig or cutting job where one day of the week the Joneses pay forty dollars for his article and the next the Smiths get the same gadget containing the same material and the same workmanship for nineteen dollars, it strikes me as coming very close to a swindle somewhere along the line, because both Jones and Smith now have a Fiddle-de-dee—only Jones is out twenty-one bucks. If nineteen dollars is the right price for the gadget, then Mr. Zilch ought to mail the missing twenty-one to everybody who overpaid.

Now who is this hog, Mr. Zilch? Is he a special breed? Is he a fat fellow in a silk hat with a gold chain across his paunch, such as the cartoonists used to draw when I was a kid and the newspapers found it popular to lampoon the Vested Interests and the Monopolies and the Capitalists? Not at all. You'd never recognize him if you saw him in the street or at the club, because you see him every day and don't recognize him. He's that good guy, your neighbor, the fellow you play golf with, or who sits next to you in church, who comes to your house at night for dinner and bridge. It's that pair of eyes that stare back when we look into the mirror. He's us, chasing our tails after money and success, pulling a fast one, taking a little advantage, buying cheap and selling dear and stinging the suckers. The way to get rich is never to give a dollar's worth for a dollar until they catch you at it.

It's the (*Continued on page 147*)



"You sure the tourists would like them?"

The Convert

BARER

Trotter had the feeling that his friend was beginning to get out of hand and the only trouble there was that Trotter was quite right

by IRWIN SHAW

"FANNIE says she's sure he's been a little crazy since he got out of the hospital," said Sara. "Are you listening to me, Justin?"

"Yes," said Trotter, sighing a small, inward sigh, looking up from the *Times* neatly folded beside his plate on the breakfast table.

"After all," Sara said, her teeth crunching loudly on the bacon, "it's your friend, not mine; you've known him since your freshman year at Yale, and I should think you'd be worried about him."

"I am worried about him," Trotter said. "Terribly worried."

"You don't sound it."

There was no answer to this, so Trotter silently poured himself some more coffee.

"A man his age," Sara said, "in his delicate health. With two half-grown children, barely recovering from that kidney operation. . . Please, don't look at your watch. Your office can wait another ten minutes."

"Sorry," Trotter mumbled.

"After seventeen years of marriage," Sara said, "suddenly to get up one morning and calmly announce, 'I'm leaving.' That's not normal, you know, not even for these days." She stared harshly at Trotter as though she half-believed he thought it was normal. "No explanations, no excuses, just good-bye and I'll be at the New Weston." She leaned forward keenly. "Did he tell you anything?"

"I haven't seen him for a month," Trotter said. "Leave me out of this."

"Fannie thought maybe he spoke to you. She's going frantic. She cried in our living room from two until five-thirty yesterday afternoon. Naturally," Sara said, in a tone of bitter resignation, "I'm the one who finally bears the brunt."

There was no answer to this, either, so Trotter poured himself some more coffee.

"I told her," Sara said, "that you'd go talk to Rudolf."

"Oh, Lord," Trotter cried, involuntarily. "What did you do that for? I can't go poking my nose into other people's marriages. I have enough trouble keeping my own . . ."

"Justin," Sara said, warningly. "Be careful."

"I didn't mean that, of course," Justin said hurriedly. "Manner of speaking. What I mean is, marriage is something between two people, and nobody thanks anyone for interfering . . ."

"You've known them for twenty-five years. You went to Yale with him."

"I went to Yale with two thousand other people," Trotter said loudly. "Still, I don't go around irresponsibly telling them they ought to go back to their wives."

"Don't twist my words," Sara said. "You know what I mean. He's been your best friend, and you always said you liked Fannie."

"Even so," Trotter said, forlornly knowing he was not going to come out the winner in this argument, "there are certain things you don't get involved in, and marriage and divorce are two of them. If only you could get women to understand that for once . . ."

"I'm not interested," Sara said, "in another of your ridiculous lectures on the subject of women. It seems to me that a grown man should have a certain sense of responsibility to the people around him, the people he's loved and been friendly with for so many years. Good God, you're always worrying about what's happening to the Greeks and the Albanians and the coal miners, the least you should be willing to do, when two of your closest friends are having a crisis, is to see if there's any way you can help. I'm not asking you to *do* anything, all I'm asking, for poor Fannie's sake, is . . ."

"All right," Trotter said, "all right. I'll call him today."

He called Rudolf's office after the first flurry of the morning appointments was over. Rudolf's voice over the phone sounded tired and pathetically grateful as he said he'd be delighted to have lunch. Neither he nor Trotter said anything about their wives. That could wait till later, Trotter thought, when it could be led up to gracefully and diplomatically.

After hanging up, Trotter got out the *Times*. He leaned back comfortably, rustling the pages with pleasant lack of restraint, but the door opened and Pat came in with a sheaf of papers to be signed.

"Not working today?" Pat asked in that voice of hers that always made you think she was secretly making fun of you, even if she was only asking you the time. Pat had been working with him for twelve years, and had gone through three husbands in that time, and was now a handsome grey-haired woman of forty, in brilliant clothes, who made every man in the office slightly nervous and slightly exhilarated whenever she passed near him.

Trotter sighed. He folded the *Times* neatly and put it aside. Then he started to sign the contracts Pat had brought in.

"Heard something this morning," Pat said offhandedly. "Something about you."

"Good?" Trotter asked, signing away.

"Pretty good."

"What?"

"Afraid I can't tell."

"Damn it," Trotter said loudly. "Women. If you wanted to keep it to yourself, why didn't you just keep your mouth shut? If you just came in here to . . ."

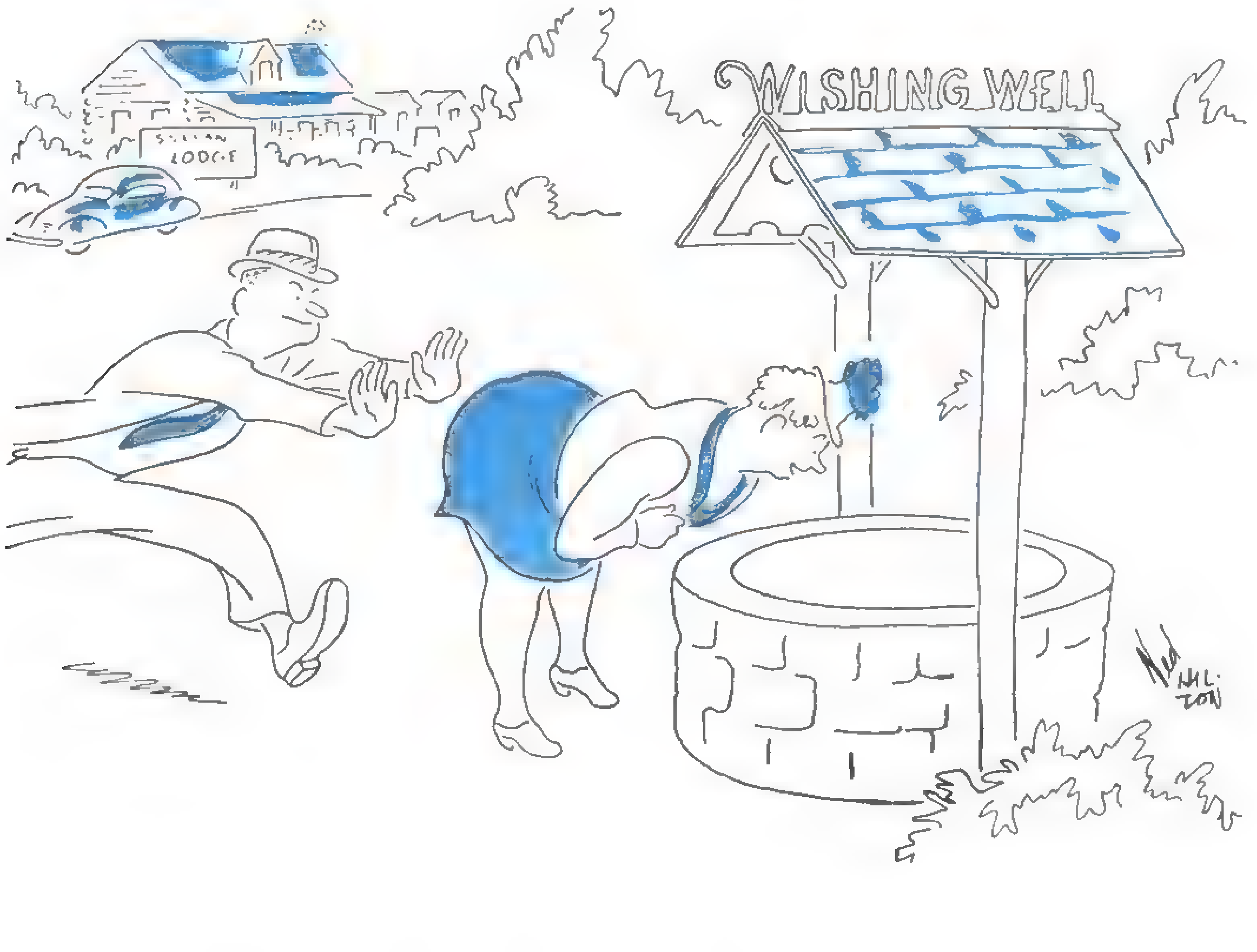
"Do you know that new girl?" Pat asked blandly. "Clark's secretary?"

Trotter stopped working on the papers before him and screwed up his eyes, trying to remember. He had a general, hazy memory of dark hair and a slight tendency to plumpness somewhere in the outer office. "What about her?" he asked.

"Name's Gloria," Pat said. "Gloria Chapin. Not bad-looking in the blowzy way most men like." Pat lit a cigarette with slow care.

"Well?"

"She likes you," she said, and watched his face.



"Do you think your wish will come true, Henry?"

Trotter shook his head a little wearily. "Pat," he said, "will you stop annoying me."

"Her own words were even a little more specific," Pat went on, grinning, blowing smoke, ignoring him. "She likes you, she told Miss Evans, in a direct, physical way."

Absurdly, Trotter felt himself beginning to blush. Ridiculous, he thought, at the age of forty-three. "You ought to fire her," he said stiffly.

"Secretaries are too hard to get these days. Got to put up with a lot of things. Even boss chasers."

"It's disgraceful," Trotter said, looking angrily at Pat, who was obviously vastly amused. "If you want to know what I think about it, I think it's sordid. Young girls these days," he went on, thinking of his own fifteen-year-old daughter with new surmise, "are not as well-bred as they ought to be. I frankly don't think we ought to encourage that type of person in our office and I do think that you ought to examine her work very carefully and see if she's really worth keeping around here, considering everything . . ."

"My," Pat said, grinning, "aren't we stuffy some days."

She waved and went out, leaving a faint trouble of perfume on the air. Trotter stared after her. Sometimes, he thought resentfully, that woman imposes on her position.

But he couldn't refrain from looking at Miss Chapin on his way out to lunch. He hurried through the office and glanced sidelong at the desk in front of Clark's door. Miss Chapin was still there, bending over the typewriter. She had on a tight black crepe dress and her hair was very dark and shiny around her shoulders. She was quite full-breasted, too, in the eager, bursting way that is the despair of women over thirty, and the highlights glinted alarmingly on the dull plump crepe. She looked up suddenly as Trotter passed and a slow, disturbing smile, crammed with implication, crossed her smooth round face as she bent, her head tilted, over her typewriter.

Trotter never stopped moving. But he glared at her as he swept by and he was morosely pleased as he reached for the door that the girl dropped her eyes and hastily, and he was sure guiltily, applied herself to her work.

"I got the idea from a tea bag!"

Rudolf did not look well. His eyes were worried, his complexion quite grey, and he merely played with his lunch. His clothes, which were always very proper and handsome in a neat, dull way, made his haggard, worn face more noticeable and disturbing than otherwise, and Trotter felt a pang of anxious regret as he glanced across his London broil at his battered friend.

"You look fine," he said, with false cheeriness. "I guess you're over the operation completely by now, Rudy."

"I'm over the operation all right," Rudolf said, pushing away his plate, "but I look awful. Don't kid me."

"I'm sorry," Trotter said humbly. "I didn't want to alarm you."

"That's all right," Rudolf said dully. "It's nothing physical. It's all in the mind."

At least, Trotter thought, he realizes it. That's the first step to recovery. But he did not press Rudolf to talk. All in due time, he thought, it will all come out. He ordered a cigar and leaned back, smiling in what he hoped was a simple, confiding, reliable manner at his friend.

"I suppose," Rudolf said flatly, "Fannie has been around telling you what a horrible man I am."

"Well," Trotter said, "to tell the truth, she hasn't said a word to me. But she has said one or two things to Sara."

"She's right," Rudolf said darkly. "I am a horrible man." He shook his head, like a man who has fallen and is wondering if he will be able to stand up. "I just can't help it," Rudolf said. "Finally, there was nothing else I could do."

"Look," said Trotter. "If it's too painful, don't talk about it."

"I don't care," Rudolf said haggardly. "I can talk about it. I've kept it bottled up for so long it may do me good to get it out."

"I suppose," Trotter said delicately, "it's a woman."

"Well," Rudolf said, obviously trying to phrase it precisely, "yes and no. That is, not exactly."

Trotter looked obliquely at his friend.

"It all started in the hospital," Rudolf said, speaking not across the table to Trotter, but to his own inward confessor. "I was in a weakened condition and for three days after the operation I thought I was going to die."

"Yes," Trotter said, his voice reflecting a hospital gravity. "We all did."

"I lay in that bed looking up at the ceiling, telling myself, now it is going to happen. I felt . . ." Rudolf paused, "annoyed." He shook his head pensively. "I didn't know what I was annoyed about, but I was annoyed. As I lay there thinking this is the end, I felt that I'd made a complete mess of my life."

"Now, Rudy," Trotter protested, half in his own defense, because his and Rudolf's lives had been startlingly similar, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that. You've been pretty successful, by most standards. You've got a good job, a fine family, two fine children . . ."

"A mess," Rudolf said crisply. "Then on the third day, when I was at my worst point, when I could hear the worms chewing on my coffin, the nurse came in and gave me an alcohol rub." He stopped and looked over Trotter's head, lost and reflectful, thinking of the low ebb of his days.

"Yes?" Trotter said helpfully, puzzled.

"First," Rudolf said softly, "she bathed my forehead. Then my face. She poured the alcohol into her hands and rubbed it on my skin. Sitting here right now I can smell that alcohol. Alcohol has the most perfect smell in the world. I couldn't see her face because it was pretty dark and my eyes weren't functioning very well. But I felt her hands on me, curing me, and, well . . . maybe you'll think I'm vain, but it's what I felt . . . curing me and . . . *appreciating* me."

Trotter put his chin on the back of his hand and looked gravely down at the tablecloth.

"Then," Rudolf said finally, "I knew what had been annoying me as I lay dying. Women."

The waiter padded over to the table and Trotter carefully signed the check. The waiter went away.

"Women," Rudolf said. "I realized then that what I had been thinking about all those three days, which I thought were going to be my last three days on earth, was women. The women I'd had, and more often than that, the women I hadn't had."

Trotter took a small sip of water. Deranged, he thought, cracked as a Civil-War chamber pot.

"I know," Rudolf went on softly, "it sounds immoral. Even frivolous. A dying man, who should be composing his soul and making his peace with his conscience. Remember that waitress, the fat one, in the Hotel Garde in New Haven, in 1925?"

"Yes," said Trotter, thoughtfully.

"I remembered her," said Rudolf. "And old man Noonan's daughter. The Greek professor."

"Yes," said Trotter.

"Then I remembered the girl who worked in Lord and Taylor's in 1926, and that big, loud girl who was always coming home from France."

"Yes," said Trotter, faintly.

"Then I remembered a lot of girls you never saw. Lying there, in that stiff bed, in the hospital, with everybody coming in to watch me die, the different colors of their hair, the soft ones that were like silk cushions and the athletic ones with legs like steel springs and the artistic ones downtown who made a big production of it, and the Chilean girl I used to meet in a speak-easy on 45th Street."

Maybe, Trotter thought weakly, maybe he is not really cracked.

"Since 1931," Rudolf said, "since the birth of the girl, I have been faithful to my wife. I don't like to say this about Fannie. She is a fine woman in many ways. But the truth is, making love to my wife in the last ten years has been like

(Continued on page 143)

Jazz has a way of beating back at you unless you know what it's all about

The Fall of Flatbush Smith

by MARTIN GARDNER

I'M the guy who discovered "Flatbush" Smith. I discovered him in Flatbush. The subway had dropped me off sooner than I expected, and I had a half-hour to kill before showing up at Brooklyn College for a jam session sponsored by *Blue Beat* Magazine. I stepped into the nearest tavern partly to get a beer and partly because I heard jazz inside.

It was hard to tell which was worse—the beer or the jazz. Behind the long bar a small platform held up two Negroes and a white man who were making noises with musical instruments. The sounds coming from the colored drummer and piano player had a resemblance to jazz, but the blasts from the white trumpet player didn't resemble anything.

He was a fat, greasy man of fifty or sixty with a head as smooth as a bowling ball, and a row of crooked gold teeth. He needed a shave and a bath. His battered horn was patched in six spots with adhesive tape and one of the springs was broken so he had to keep raising the key with his finger. To save himself trouble, he played most of the time on the other two keys.

He had an amazing ability to hit the wrong note. His timing was bad. His tones were flat. A dozen standard riffs were repeated over and over, with accidental variations.

I called the bartender over. "What's the name of the horn player?" I asked.

"Smith," he said, "but everybody calls him Flatbush."

"Did you say Flatbush or Flatnote?" I said.

The bartender didn't laugh. He just looked sad and tired. "Ain't it awful?" he sighed.

I stood it as long as I could, then drained my glass and left. I would have forgotten about Smith if it hadn't been for the *Blue Beat* party.

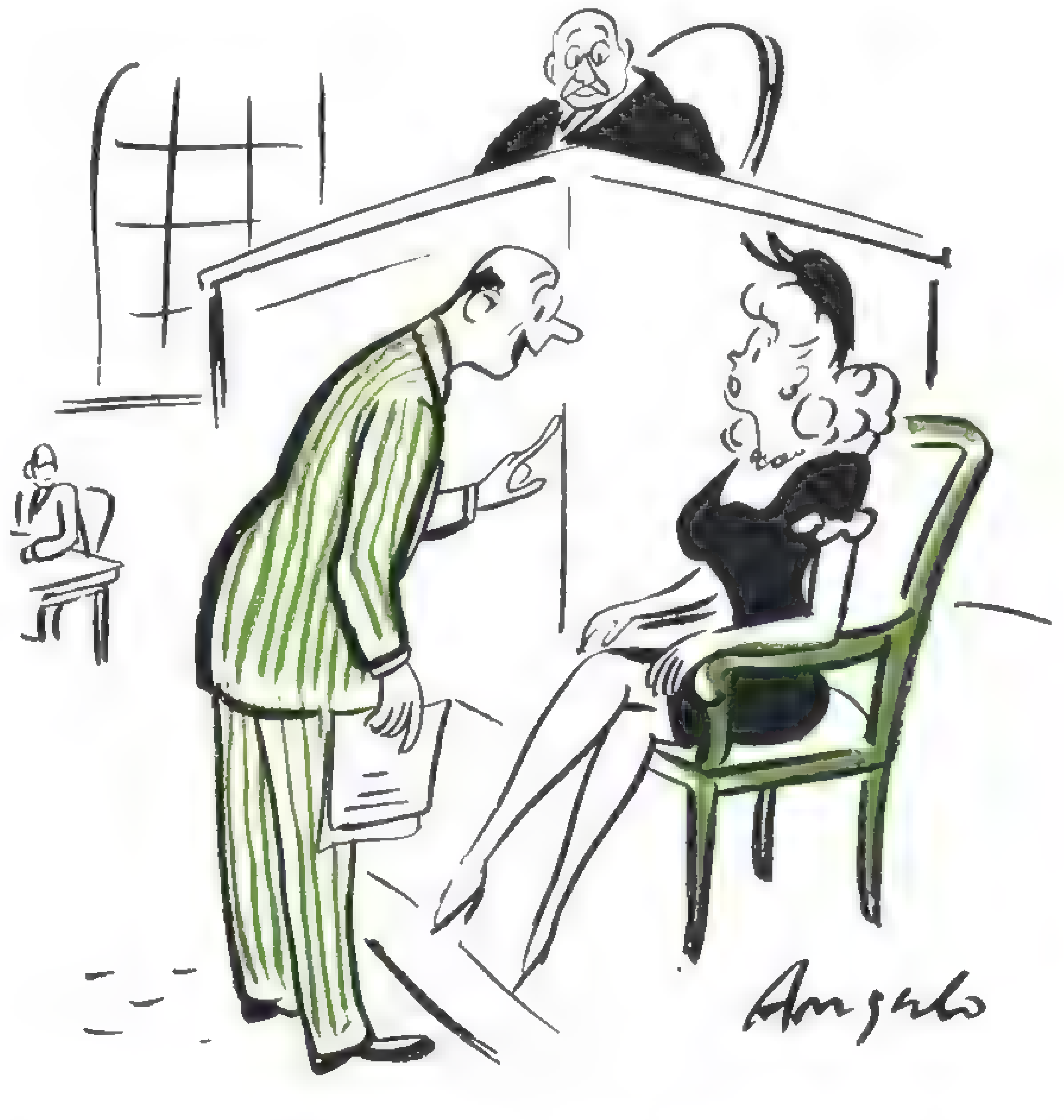
Blue Beat, as everyone knows, is the leading jazz magazine of the New Orleans cult. According to the editors, jazz reached its peak before the first World War, in New Orleans, and has been on the skids ever since.

I'd been invited to the jam session because I edit a rival magazine called *Hot Beat*—dedicated to be-bop and other modern heresies. The *Blue Beat* boys said they wanted me to hear the "real thing."

Actually, the session wasn't bad at all. I enjoy New Orleans jazz when it's played well. I like Bunk Johnson. I like Kid Ory. But after the session I got into a heated argument with the editor of *Blue Beat*. Before we finished it took six men to keep us apart.

In my apartment, later, cooling down, I remembered the horn player in Flatbush and a fiendish idea popped into my head. The next issue of *Hot Beat* carried the following paragraph:

> "Some of my New Orleans pals [I wrote] have been urging me to listen to Flatbush Smith, now blowing trumpet with a small combo at Blackie Ryan's, on the corner of Nostrand and Flatbush Avenues, in Brooklyn. Take it from me, he stinks. For one thing, he can't play on pitch. He claims, of course, he does this deliberately, for weird tonal effects. Don't believe it. How can you expect a musician to develop technical skill when he can't even read music?"



"Now tell the jury in my own true words just what happened the night of the fourth!"

The *Blue Beat* boys fell for it like a ton of bricks. Their next issue had Smith's picture on the cover and a long biography inside. Flatbush, it turned out, in his youth had been a shipfitter in the Merchant Marine. At the age of 18 he bought a secondhand horn and taught himself how to play. His ship made frequent trips to Africa where, according to *Blue Beat*, he listened to native music and unconsciously absorbed the rhythms and off-key tones of the African diatonic scale.

Not only was Smith unable to read music—he couldn't read anything. With effort he could sign his name. This illiteracy, the editor pointed out, had been a major factor in isolating him from the world of modern jazz—permitting him to develop his own free, relaxed, uninhibited style.

Smith's rise was unprecedented. Every group of jazz purists in the East lionized him. He played exclusive little jam sessions in the Village. He made trips to Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Finally, he was featured in a concert at Carnegie Hall.

"How do you know when to play a flat note and when not to play one?" I asked him at a press conference on the day before the concert.

He took a cigar stub out of his mouth and squinted at it. "It's accordin' to how I feel at de time. I play de African system."

The concert was a great success. Critics hailed him as the modern master of the off-key note. A dozen record companies began to bid for him. His waxing of *Flatbush Wobble* broke all sales records.

Then a remarkable thing happened. Smith began to improve. It was due I suppose to several reasons—he was getting lots of practice, he had a better horn, and he played constantly with top musicians.

The first hint I had of Smith's downfall was a paragraph in *Blue Beat*. It viewed with alarm the fact that he was beginning to "go commercial." Several weeks later the same magazine accused him of having abandoned New Orleans style altogether for wild, meaningless riffs that completely obliterated the melody. He was even indulging occasionally in suggestions of be-bop.

I went to hear him one night on Fifty-second Street, and it was true. His technique had improved enormously. His timing was excellent and he was playing squarely on the note. His musical ideas were fresh, vigorous, and original. He was wearing a flashy green suit and a dark brown toupee.

"How come you quit playin' those off-key blue notes?" I asked him between sessions.

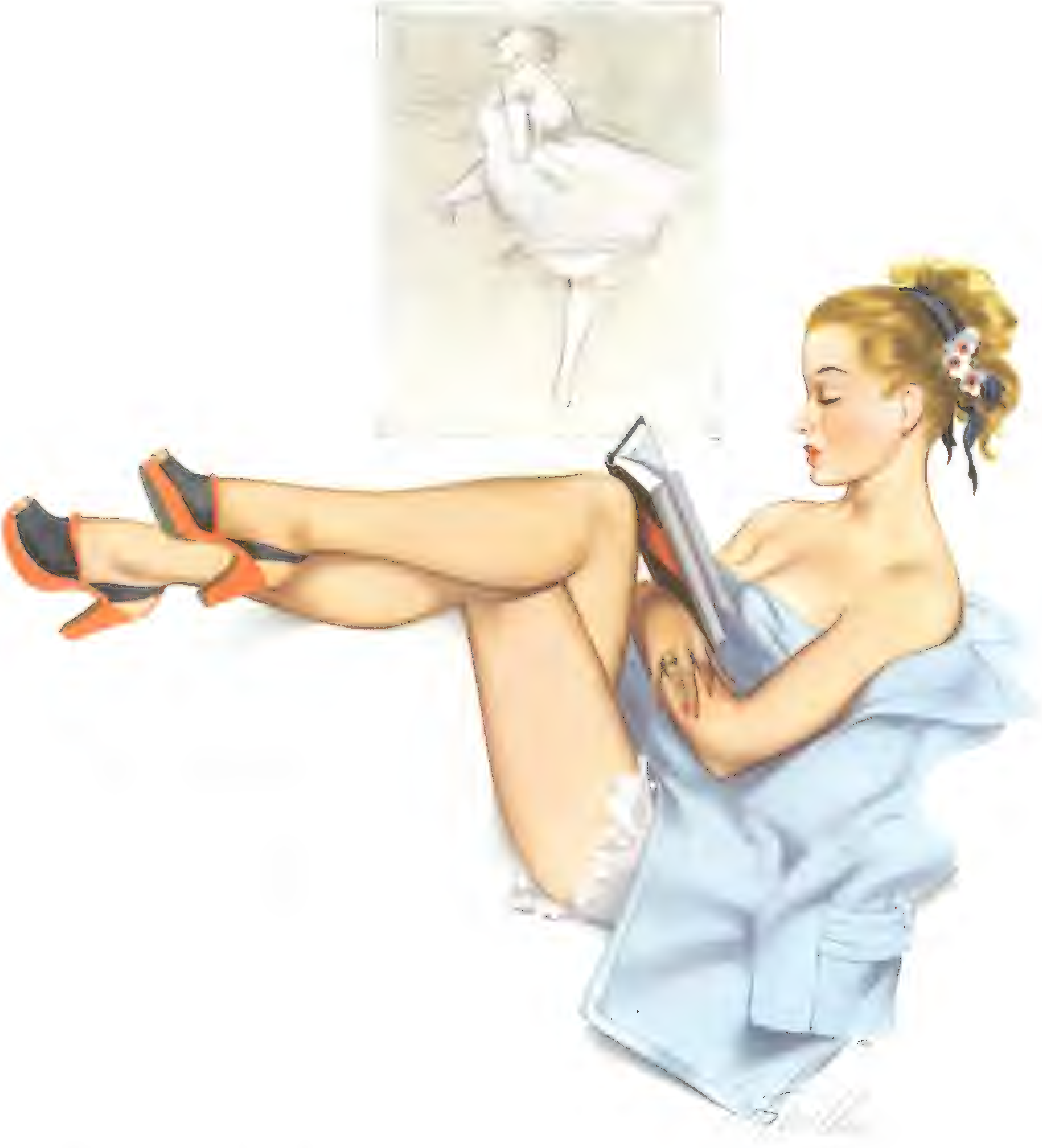
He mopped his forehead with a sleeve and flashed a big grin of gold teeth at me. "I got tired a' de African scale," he said.

A few months later he disappeared suddenly from the Street. The following week Guy Lombardo hired him as a sideman.

The New Orleans crowd gave him up, of course, but they still collect his early platters. I heard one the other day at a party in the Village. At first I thought the turntable was warped, but it turned out to be an old Flatbush recording.

It was a collector's item. In fact most of the early Smith discs are collector's items. The reason they're scarce, I'm told, is that Flatbush buys them up for his three-year-old grandson.

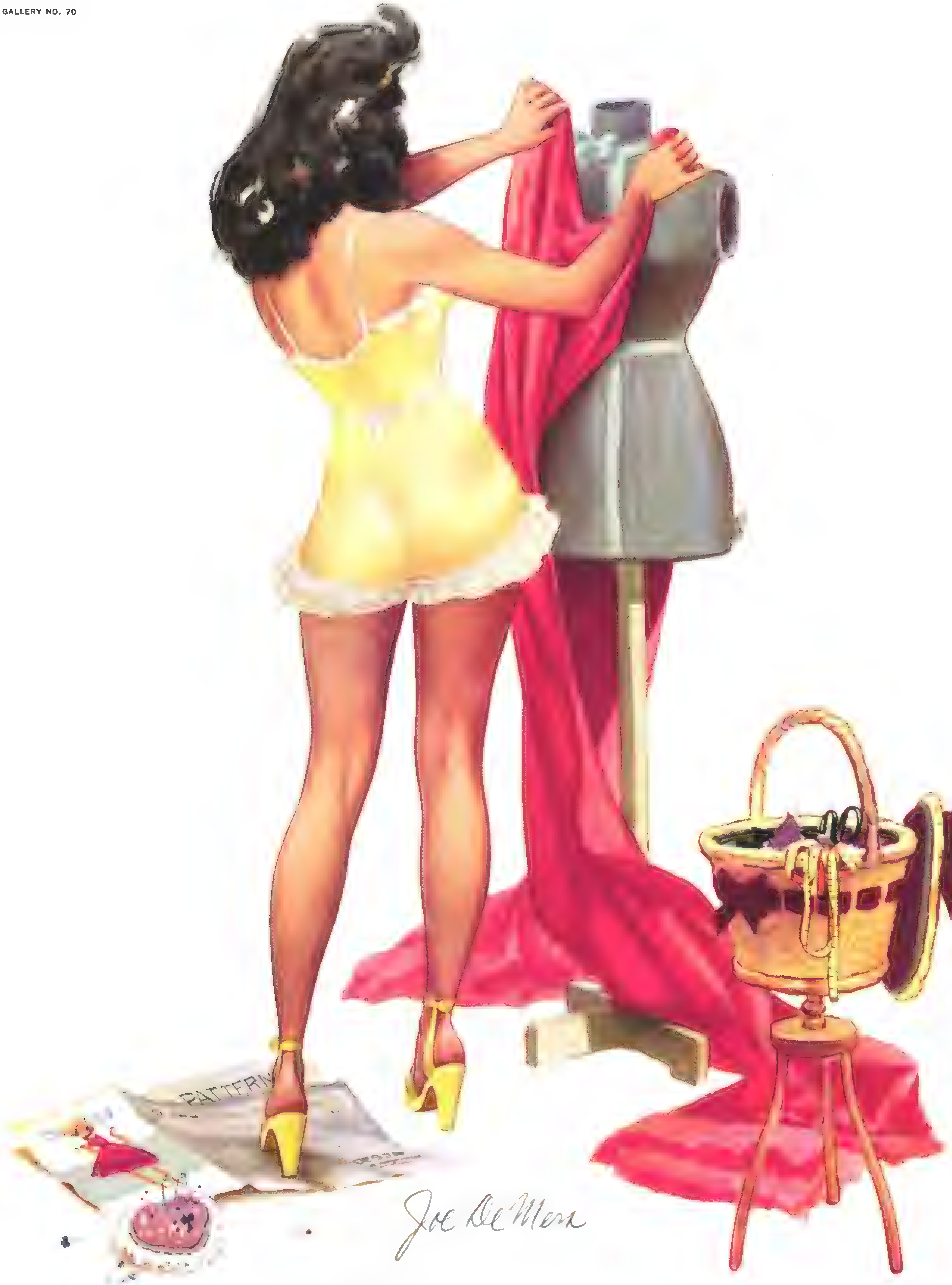
The kid likes the noise they make when he bops them with his wooden mallet. ##



Understanding by FRITZ WILLIS

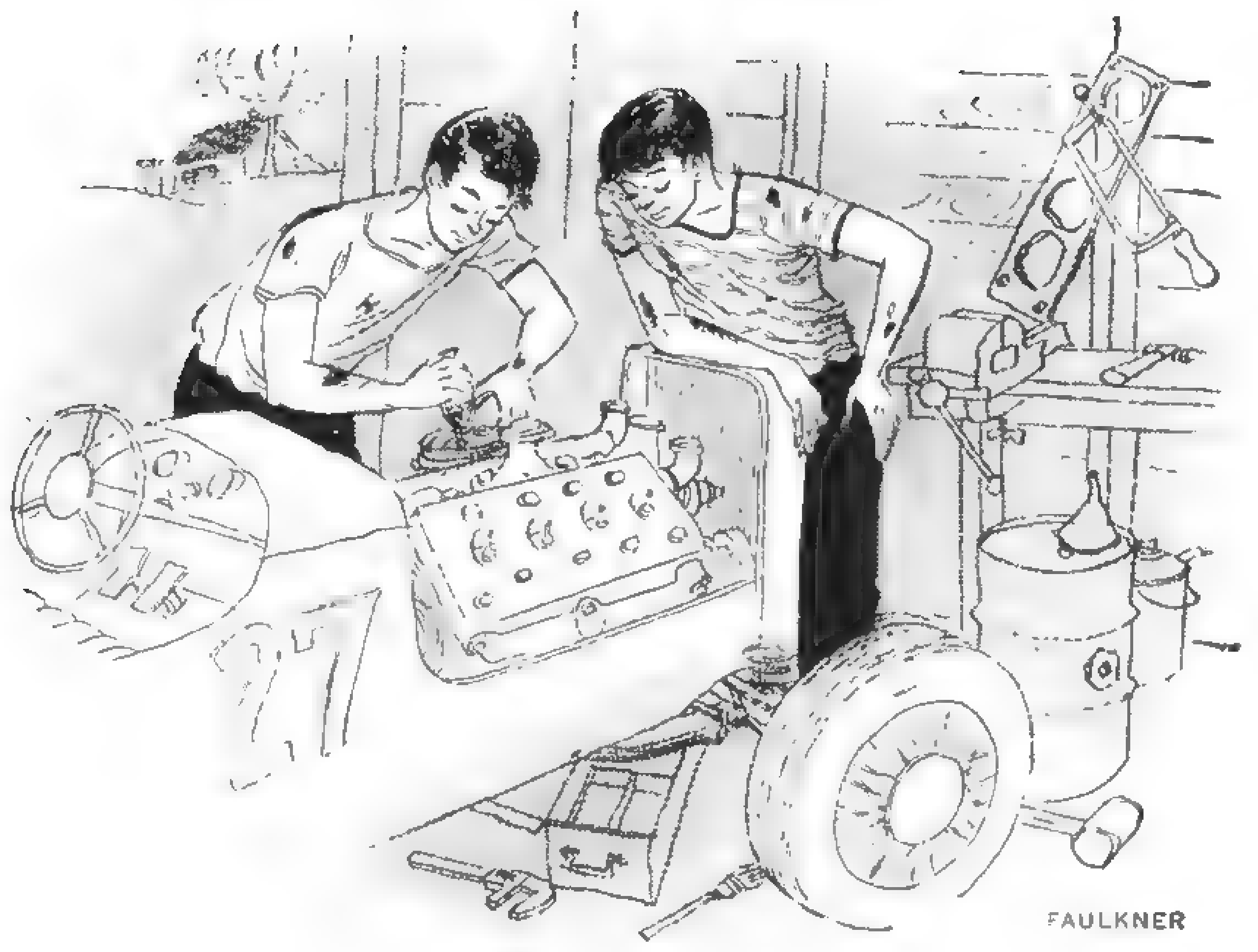
Science, which invented the atom bomb and the ball-point pen, has turned to the study of the American female. It has been discovered that she is five-feet-four-and-a-half-inches tall, wears a size seven-and-a-half shoe, has a body temperature of eighty point six Fahrenheit, eats two thousand calories a day. Compared to her mother she is five pounds skinnier, broader-shouldered, hippier and longer-legged. She cries less, is more intelligent, less prudish, marries more and is a better cook. Pictured above is an American female—Esquire Girl model. Basically, she hasn't changed a bit, and if you think that science has done anything to make her more understandable to you, you are vastly mistaken.

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 70



Procrastination by JOE DE MERS

Now she's *making* her dress. The fact is that although her closets are crammed to bursting with gowns of every shape and color, she hasn't got a thing to wear. So she just tore up an old drape and shortly, well, pretty shortly, she'll have an evening dress with built-in décolletage. What matter if it's almost eight-fifteen and the curtain is scheduled to go up promptly at eight-thirty? She isn't bothering her pretty little head. In fact she didn't even consider dressing until you arrived on the dot of eight, white tied and anxious, and clutching a blond orchid. So maybe you will be lucky to catch the second-act curtain. When you get a look at her tonight you won't care what's happening onstage.



Coast youngsters are scaring their elders off the highways with souped-up jalopies

Hop-Ups in the Hot-Irons

by J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

California is breaking out in a teen-age rash of fireballs who use a language that pales the jive jabberwocky into something resembling a 5-A Reader.

Chances are that you never heard of a Gook Wagon, Hot-Iron, Mills and Slugs, but these tell the story of ancient jalopies that have been needled by young'uns into highball cars that shoot the California highways while the indicator skitters around 120 or 130 miles an hour. And this without misfiring a Slug, known to the more pedestrian as an ordinary, workaday-world piston.

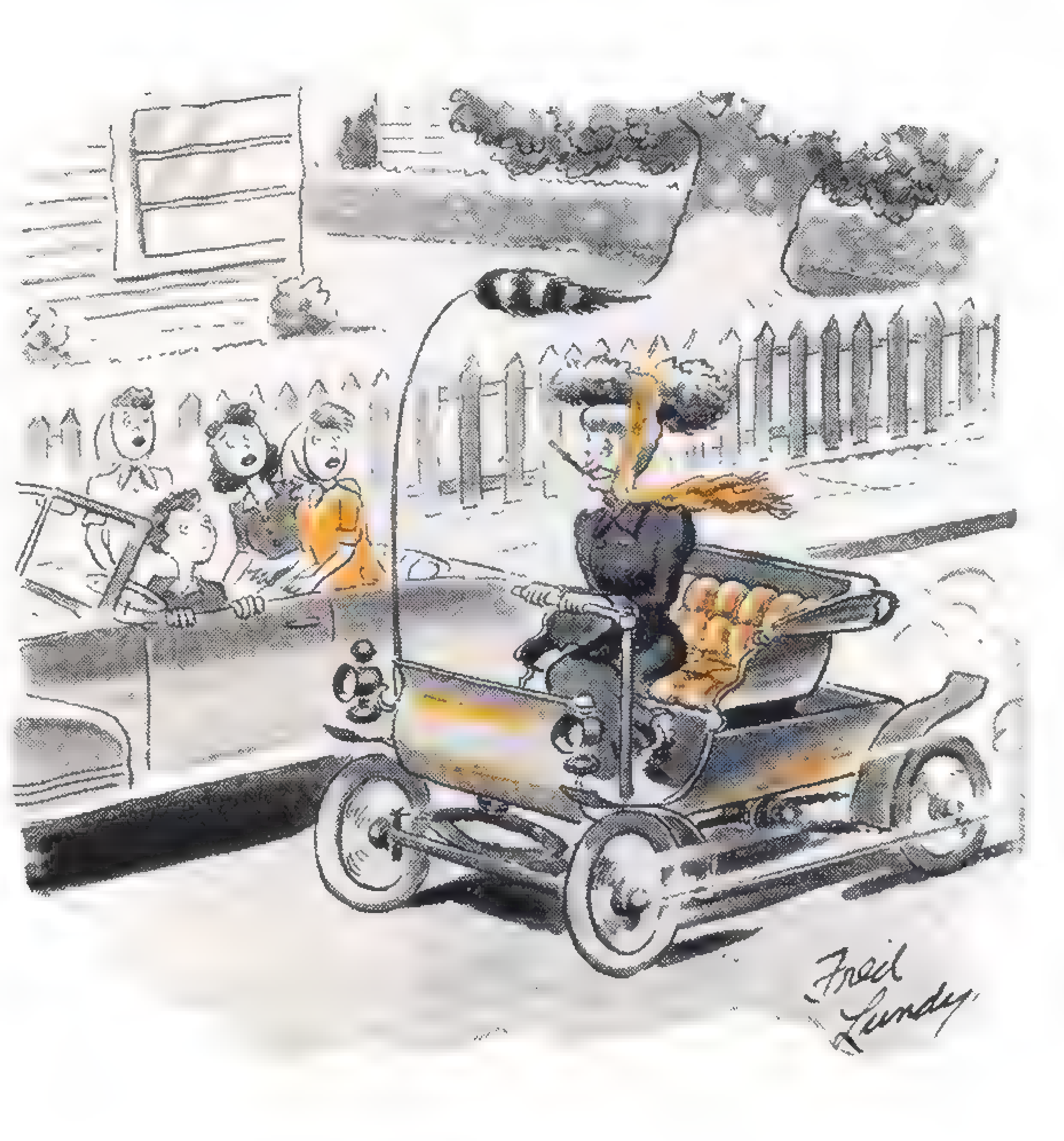
No one knows how and where it all began, but Parent-Teachers Associations, the police, safety councils, and the auto manufacturers are displaying great concern over the growing number of hot-irons on road and race track, and each for different reasons.

The cops are worried about speed laws; parents about life and limbs; teachers about absenteeism; and, this strangest, the automakers are gazing with admiration at what kids have been able to do to creaky hulks once moldering in used-car lots.

For more than two years the kids have been meeting on Culver Boulevard, just outside Culver City, swapping their new hop talk and trading refinement secrets. The community was aware of this, but attention wasn't concentrated on the hot-irons until a crash killed four of the goggled drivers and sent seven others to the hospital with concussions and broken ribs.

Various probing groups found that regularly scheduled races were held each Sunday and holiday by more than 1000 kids throughout Southern California, with Culver City as the hub. The kids would buy a roadster, anywhere from ten to twenty years old—knock off the frame, rig it with airplane struts and build up a powerful cowl. Then they'd step up tremendous cylinder heads to effect terrific explosions as the slugs would pump downward. The camshaft would be honed down and the valves hesitated so that gas would linger and create a delayed-action but horrendous bang, giving the car the zoom of a rocket.

Automakers boggled when they heard what the kids had done to the manifold. Sometimes as many as three carburetors would replace the lonely one, and a flood of gas released to go to work in a once decrepit but now high-compression engine job. The gears would be ripped out, and cams similar to airplane improvements substituted. Weight, wherever found, is boiled to a minimum, even in the flywheels, which are handmade of aluminum. The better hop-ups own cars lean and spare as greyhounds. Nothing nonessential to speed is retained. No fenders, no spares, no bumpers. Even fan belts are stripped to obviate friction.



Hot-rod shops, run by truant amateurs, were opened wherever the speed fiends gathered to suck Cola bottles, spout their new lingo and look dashing as hell with goggles resting atop their brows. They moved swiftly from shop-talk to quarrels to the inevitable challenges, and then the rush to the starting point.

The crowd gathers, and two hop-ups burst away with a lurch that gives the impression of jet propulsion. The kids, crouched behind the oversized wheels, chewing tobacco, swing a leg over the low curving side and down the straight California roads they go, with other motorists just shuttling offside against the embankment. (Only a few of the hop-ups take their cars out on the regular highways and run them at terrific speeds, for if caught, the penalty is forfeiture of the car.)

Not every driver is bent on suicide, of course. Investigators found that there exists too a more sober group of hop-ups. This, composed of old-timers of twenty-one to thirty, calls itself The Southern California Timing Association, and is petitioning the legislature for experimental, traffic-free roads.

The association has also erected a codex of rules that includes not only car specifications and speed records, but gentlemanly behavior to offset the waves of arrests by the police. The association is trying to lend dignity to the sport and get it out of the juke-box-minded younger set. Members also refrain from using the weird language or from consorting with what is known as a squirrel, the synonym for a sixteen-year-old owner of an imitation hot-iron, as the thirdhand speed jobs are known.

Kids with rich parents or with defense-plant money have spent as much as $6000 on an old heap, what with special tires, fancy gas, rebuilt motors, and amazing dashboards with dozens of needles that flicker, glow and signal like the panel on a B-29. Most of the superior heaps are tabbed by the association, which claims a substantial membership reaching out into other states.

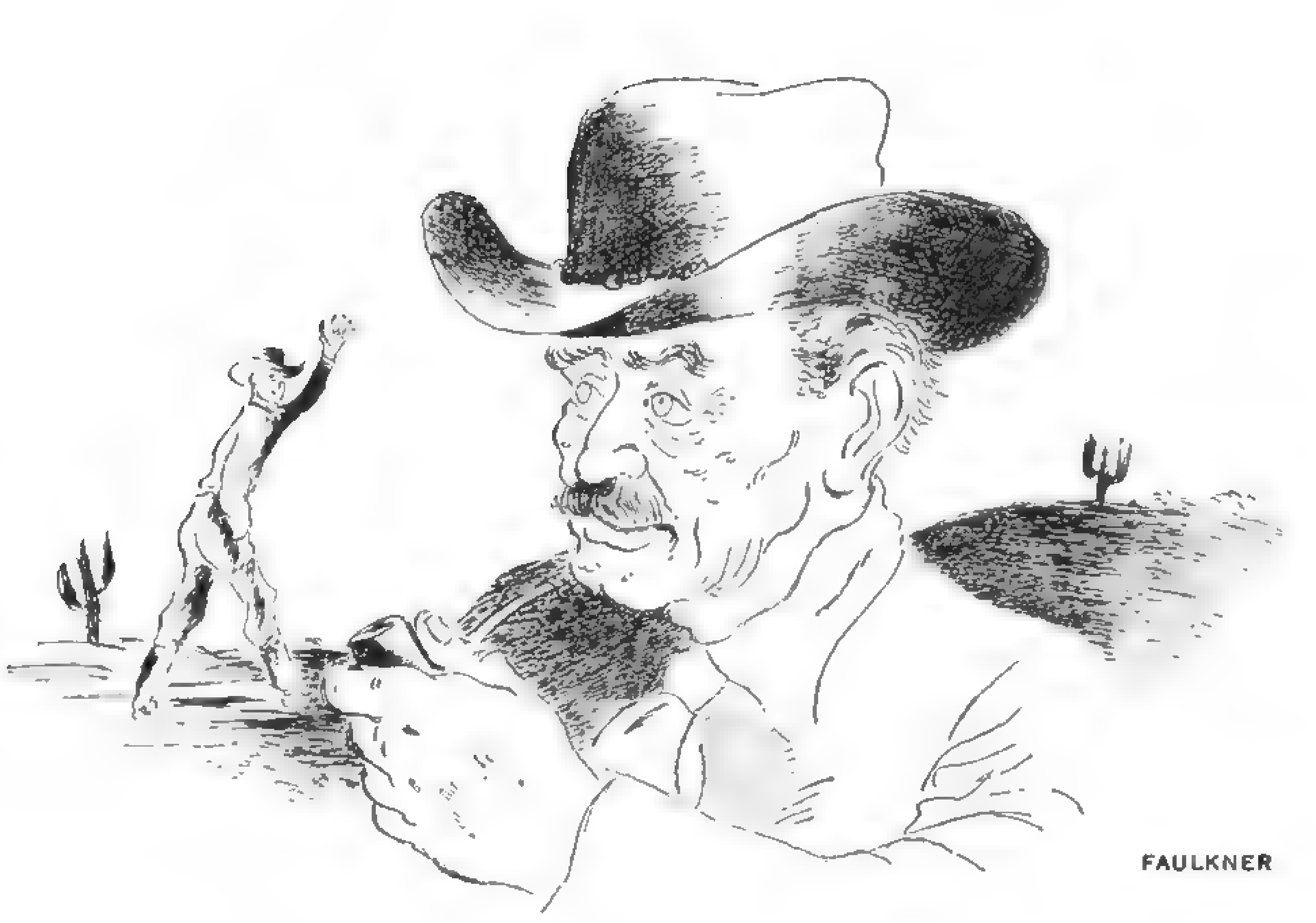
Many of the older boys have had one form or another of mechanical training in the Army, and emerged with speed mania. It doesn't matter to them what model is bought originally. With time, most of the hot-irons absorb sections of almost every known make ranging from a Ford to a Rolls and even to parts from Stanley Steamers and the venerable Peerless.

Their weird vocabulary stems from the difficulty of naming things that had never before existed. For example, the exhaust pipes that are used are unknown in the world of exhaust pipes. They look like stacks, and so Stacks they have become in the hop-ups' lexicon. And when high speed first began to shred the tires as friction literally burnt them off, naturally there was nothing to do but name them Skins. Don Blair of Pasadena, who has been tinkering steadily for almost two years and is one of the original hop-ups, did as much as anyone to enrich Americana with words, but he'd rather talk about a supercharger he installed in his heap that can hurtle him along at 134 miles per hour. Don Brown of Los Angeles took an old Ford and knocked it up to 107 miles an hour, a speed that would have made the Model T draw its genteel skirts aside.

People who like to live quietly are asking that the hop-ups be granted a right-of-the-way road away from civilization where they can zoom themselves out of gravity. Unquestionably, the Thing can't be stopped, and something will have to be done to assure that the national spread of hop-ups doesn't make this a nation of people who prefer to stay indoors.

In the meantime, a hop-up in a hot-iron yells "Crutch" at our conventional streamlined cars, vintage 1947, as they limp along just within the legal speed limit, and sneers "Goat" at the drivers as he phfts by them. ⌗

No matter how desperate a deputy can be for a pinch, there's a time when he must decide between duty and sentiment



Two in the Bush

by ROBERT WALLSTEN

HOLDUP MAN WANTED: *White, age 18-20, about 5′9″, 140 lbs. Hair brown. Eyes hazel. Complexion sallow, with scar running from left nostril to right corner of mouth. This man, hitching lifts on main highways, has stolen several hundred dollars from unwary motorists. Thought to be unarmed, he has been identified recently in the vicinity of Folsom County.*

As if mocking him, the notice fluttered on the seat next to old man Collins—Deputy Sheriff Collins—as he drove through the town in the dark blue sedan and turned off at the wide macadam state highway. The tourist cabins and gas stations thinned out and the two-hundred-mile ribbon of road that led emptily to home began. A whole night of driving, of staying awake, of thinking.

About nine o'clock it began to rain. He rolled up the window on his left and set the windshield wiper into motion. He swore under his breath. He'd meant to have it fixed. Its rubber, old and dry, spread an even film of water over his field of vision. Headlights came at him, blurred and magnified. He slowed and watched for the right edge of the road.

A hell of a distance to travel, he thought—and then have the book thrown at you—and by a younger man. All the way from Tanesville Junction to the county seat at Folsom—and now, all the way back.

The new sheriff, he thought resentfully. "Keen," he'd been called during the campaign. Determined now to be a new broom. "We've been taking things too easy," he'd said this afternoon, showing old man Collins the editorials, the letter from the governor. Oh, yes, it was easy to sit in Folsom and pass the blame to an old deputy, a leftover from thirty years of different administrations, a scapegoat.

And then the sheriff had handed him the shiny paper, HOLDUP MAN WANTED. "Where is he?"

Collins shrugged.

"Identified in your area two nights ago."

"I know."

"At least give us something to show—so we can keep these people quiet." He pointed to the newspapers.

"Give me the men," Collins answered. "I can't patrol two hundred miles of road by myself—and take care of Tanesville Junction also."

"Perhaps a younger man . . ." There it was. The threat of replacement. He, Collins, would be put out to pasture. An old man in an unbuttoned sweater, on a back porch, whittling. After thirty years of service, a has-been.

Now something *was* wrong with the wiper. It still ticked, but the arm was motionless. He stopped and opened the door to investigate. For a moment he just stood there, holding onto the handle. Something was wrong with the mechanism, and he was helpless. "Perhaps a younger man . . ." the sheriff had said.

Newspaper, he thought—the ink oils the glass, the rain rolls down and you can see. But he had no newspaper. Then he remembered the police notice. He crunched it into a wad and scrubbed the glass.

He was just stepping back into the car when he sensed something—suddenly knew he wasn't alone. Then near him he heard a quiet cough and a chuckle. He wheeled around and saw a white blur of young face, and below it a pair of hands.

"Scare you, mister?" The voice rasped.

At least now he could see the whole figure: a limp cap, soggy with rain; no topcoat.

"Wiper on the fritz?" The tone seemed a little mocking.

"Yes."

The boy leaned powerful shoulders over the fender and examined the wiper. "Slipping on the bolt." He rubbed the rain out of his eyes. "Got an end wrench—or a pair of pliers?"

Collins got pliers out of the dashboard compartment. In a few minutes the wiper was working again. "Thanks. Couldn't have done it myself."

The boy pulled his collar closer and shrugged. "How about a lift, mister?"

Something about him made Collins uneasy. "Well, I tell you . . ."

In the boy's eyes he saw irritation, or worse. "How far you going?"

"Tanesville Junction."

The boy chuckled. "That's on my way."

Collins knew he was tired. Maybe someone to talk to would keep him awake. And then too the pliers—the boy dangled them carelessly as if weighing them. Impossible to ask for them and go on. Then he caught himself. Why was he acting like a frightened old man? He was still a police officer. He was armed. "Get in."

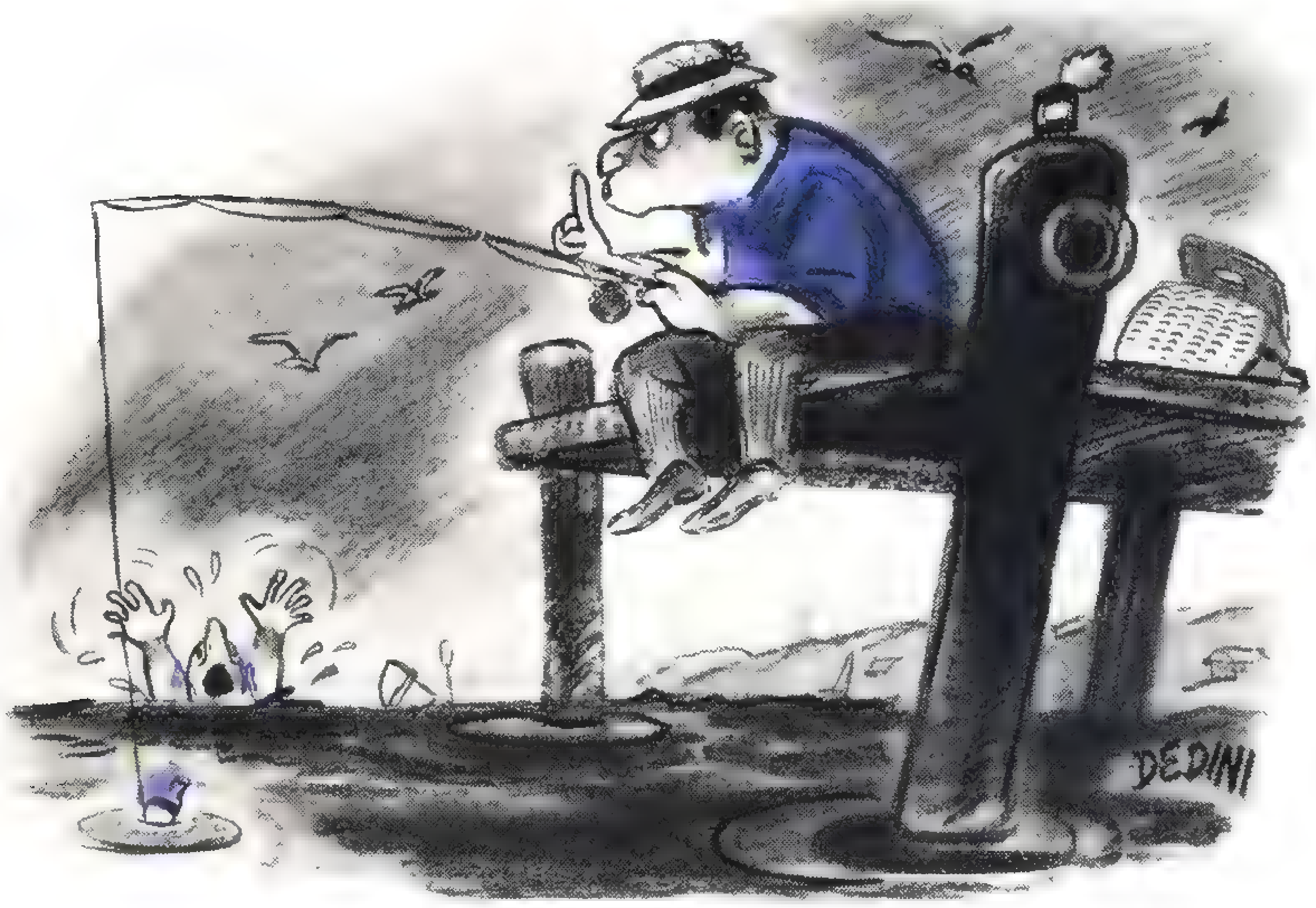
Now it was like driving through a deserted world—the rain unceasing, the tires hissing. In the glow of the dashboard light he got a good look at his passenger. Skin stretched tight over jutting cheekbones. A narrow mouth set at a skeptical angle. Hazel eyes that darted warily. A hard face, but a young face. And a hungry one.

"There's a sandwich in back in a paper bag," said Collins. "Eat it."

Without a word the boy turned, reached in back, tore the bag and wolfed the sandwich. The pliers still dangled from his hand. He rolled down his window and threw out the wrapping when he'd finished. "Thanks." And as he turned, the light showed up a jagged scar that ran whitely from one nostril to the opposite corner of his mouth.

Collins smiled. Two hundred miles of empty road! By God, he'd show them. He wasn't too old yet. He could hear himself announcing it to the new sheriff: "See, I don't have to go look for them. They come to me."

"See this?" He handed the boy the crunched notice. "Open it up. Read it." The kid spread the notice on his knee. Collins felt him go tense, knew



"Sh—sh—sh!!"

nothing needed to be said. Casually, Collins pulled his coat aside, so the boy couldn't help seeing his badge. A moment later, he felt the tenseness go out of him.

"Would you believe it if I said I want to go straight?"

Collins chuckled. "I never knew a one of you that didn't, after we caught up with you."

The boy didn't answer. He sat there with a hopeless look on his face.

"Pulling up for gas," Collins said. "Lock your door." His passenger stopped beating the pliers against his palm and obeyed. "Under arrest, you know. Don't try anything."

The boy smiled, without looking around. *Might* make a break, Collins thought. Easy enough to run for the dark while I'm paying the bill. He reached back and patted his holster.

Then he discovered it. His .45 was gone.

He clutched his hip, groped on the seat behind him. No, it was gone. He looked at the boy. Could *he* . . .? No. How—without his feeling something, knowing it was happening? But he wouldn't be fool enough to ask. Had he had it on the trip from home, he wondered. While he talked to the sheriff? Yes—he *thought.* Or had he strapped on the holster this morning and forgotten it? He couldn't remember. He didn't know. "Perhaps a younger man . . ." the sheriff had said. Yes, perhaps. A younger man with a clearer brain.

USN
Eric Ericson

"Heavencopter would be a more appropriate and nicer name"

The horn fell on the rustling night like a wail. There was no answer. "Give it to them again." Collins looked at the boy. Was there a new note of assurance in his voice? Did *he* know too the gun was gone? Presently, through the misted window, he saw someone approach—a large man in a shiny black raincoat. He wound the window down and looked up at a fleshy face.

"Fill her up."

The man laughed, flashing an off-center gold tooth. "Stranger, you got me wrong. I'm just a guest here. Name's Frankie McFadden. Boss said he'd let me hang around till a car come along."

"Where is he—the boss? Can you get him?"

"Simple. You watch me." He lumbered to the gas station, knocked, yelled, finally kicked the door; then turned and grinned triumphantly as the old attendant emerged, knuckling sleep from his eyes, and shuffled to the car window.

"As much as she'll take."

The attendant nodded and stumbled off.

McFadden rested a foot on the running board. "Duck weather. The traveler's joy. I been waiting for two hours now, maybe more."

When the old man returned, he mumbled: "Two forty-six."

Finding no change, Collins reached for his wallet, took out three one-dollar bills. The boy on his right was quite still, but his eyes moved to the wallet and stayed there, speculatively. That's it then, Collins thought. He knows I haven't a gun. He'll take my wad and get away—maybe beat me up into the bargain. The sheriff was right. Too old, too old. Soon they'd be alone again, and then . . .

Grinning, Frankie McFadden peered at the back seat. "Don't suppose you got room in there, pal? Broad-beamed, that's me—good ballast."

The boy spoke very quietly, before Collins had a chance to answer. "No, Mac. No room."

Frankie McFadden gurgled happily. "That's all right. I'll wait. There's other cars—one every three hours." Collins turned to his passenger and saw a glitter of amusement, of mockery even, in his eyes. I'll fix that, he thought.

He turned to McFadden. "How far you going?"

"As far as you'll take me."

"Get in then."

"Thank you, thank you. That's real friendly of you." He sat heavily in back, and Collins felt safe.

They moved on to the highway, a threesome now.

Wonderful, what Frankie McFadden's presence did. He poured out a happy monologue, about the weather, makes of cars, kinds of gasoline. The boy said nothing—sat stiffly upright, his eyes darting here and there. But that didn't matter, now there was someone else in the car. Collins felt easy. Everything was going to be all right.

Soon Frankie McFadden stopped talking. In the east the sky paled and they rode suddenly out of the rain. Collins turned off the windshield wiper and rolled down the window on his left. In the back seat, Frankie McFadden, out of range of the rearview mirror, snored with a quiet, rhythmic wheeze.

The .45, Collins thought. Where is it? What did I do with it? Over and over he asked himself. And forgot the other two . . .

Until a new voice snapped him back—insinuating, low. Frankie McFadden's voice.

"All right, pal. Pull over and cough up what you got." Collins felt the prod of metal in his back. Involuntarily, he moved. The metal jabbed him. "Don't pull nothing." Then the prod lessened—was turned probably on the boy, because McFadden said: "Don't you neither of you pull anything."

Collins looked down the road. Perhaps a car—but there was none in sight. "Pull up." He slowed. All right, he'd give him everything he had. Just so he'd be allowed to get to Tanesville Junction.

But then he heard something. *Put-put. Put-put.* Almost immediately a farm truck came into view.

"Don't stop here. Keep going."

Collins put his finger on the horn and kept it there. "Cut that!" Frankie McFadden shouted. There was a cautious movement from the boy. The truck was about to pass. Collins pressed on the horn, trying to signal his desperation. The metal prodded his back again.

The truck answered with a high toot and drove on. Next to him, the boy was turning like a cat, controlled, sure, ready to spring. Collins caught the flash in his eye, and then the flash of something else in his upraised arm—the pliers. Metal cracked on metal. The revolver thudded to the floor. Frankie McFadden swore and leaned over to recover it. The pliers crashed down on his skull.

McFadden slumped there heavily, propped against the front seat, unable to fall. But the next time the pliers hit him, he fell.

The boy was kneeling on the front seat as they drove. He looked intently into the rear of the car. "I seen in the mirror what he was up to," he said and, leaning down, picked up McFadden's Luger. He examined it briefly and handed it to Collins.

"Loaded?"

"Sure. Meant business."

Then, Collins thought, why—why had the kid given it to him? There was a groan from the back. "How's he doing?"

"Out, but alive."

"Good."

Collins switched off his headlights. Neither spoke. Collins couldn't. Impossible to know what to say, or how to say it. An old man and a kid, he thought. An officer of the law and a criminal. And the kind of gratitude that made those distinctions unimportant. The kind you couldn't measure. At the least, his reputation and his money had been saved. At the most, his life.

Running his finger along the barrel of the Luger, he chuckled as he thought of a telephone call to Folsom. "Hunting was pretty good, Sheriff," he'd say. "I bagged two."

Gas stations, lunch wagons, motels grew denser. They were close to Tanesville Junction. And now Deputy Sheriff Collins knew what he had to do.

At the second traffic light he pulled up. "I turn left here."

The kid looked at him, dull-eyed, hopeless. "Yeah, I know. The jug's two squares down."

Collins jerked his head towards Frankie McFadden. "The jug's for him." Then he pointed with his thumb. "County line's two miles that way. Railroad's there too. You get off here."

The boy held his breath. Disbelief narrowed his eyes; then they grew bright as he exhaled. "Golly . . ." He slid out. "Thanks, Mac."

Collins smiled. "Thank *you.*"

He'd already turned when the boy shouted and came running back. "Maybe you'll want this. *I* won't."

Deputy Sheriff Collins' .45 landed on the seat next to him. ##

Can American movies be as bad as critics say, or are SRO signs nearer the truth?

In Defense of Hollywood

by ANDREW A. ROONEY

THE TIME KILLER
WM. DuBOIS

There are three kinds of amateur and professional moving-picture critics in America and I wish they would all join the same club and stay away from the Palace one night a week so that I and a silly, uncultured little handful who believe that Hollywood movies are great entertainment could get in without standing in line.

The three types of critics who jam theatres all over the country every night of the week, presumably just to make sure they still don't like them, are: first, the people who think that all movies are terrible; second, the ones who think that the worst Broadway stage production is better than the best Hollywood movie; and third, those who believe that foreign films are better than the West Coast product.

These same types and their crossbreeds may be moved to tears, cheers or laughter during the course of a picture, but the minute the lights go on, or as soon as they step through the door into the lobby, they think of half a dozen reasons why they didn't enjoy the show. The point is that it is getting pretty tiresome listening to smart remarks and reading clever columns about how bad Hollywood pictures are from a nation of people who, through their patronage, have made the production of motion pictures one of the five greatest industries in America. It is apparent that as a business it comes as close as any other American industry to filling the quantitative and qualitative demands of the public for its product.

Were there more good books published in 1946 (in proportion if you like) than there were good pictures produced? More good plays? Was there more good American music written and played than there were good movies? Was the work of U. S. painters superior to the work of U. S. producers and directors?

Because of the diplomatic immunity accorded some of the arts from the sophisticated wisecrack school of criticism, you'd think so. The same critics may give as many "bad" reviews to plays or to concerts, ballet, books or anything else, but they reserve a special type of criticism for movies. Their movie reviews, or in the case of amateurs, their movie conversations, assume a huge joke about the whole industry. The exact nature of the joke is never suggested. It may have something to do with the fact that Sam Goldwyn came from Gloversville. I don't know. At any rate, the pictures which come out of Hollywood are what the U. S. people want, as evidenced by box-office receipts, and if by any flaw in fundamental economic theory they aren't, the public should put the supply and demand law back into effect by expressing their displeasure through nonattendance, not by pseudo-sophisticated remarks.

The lopsided picture of unrestrained and constant criticism on one side and heavy attendance on the other is not too difficult to understand. Professional critics find it easier to condemn a picture than to praise it. There seem to be more amusing ways to say a picture is bad than there are ways to say it is good, and for that reason most critics condemn more entertainingly than they praise. The exact function of a newspaper or magazine critic is a little vague, but from their writing it would seem that their first aim is to entertain. As a secondary purpose they have in mind giving people some idea of what the show is about and a professional opinion of its enjoyability.

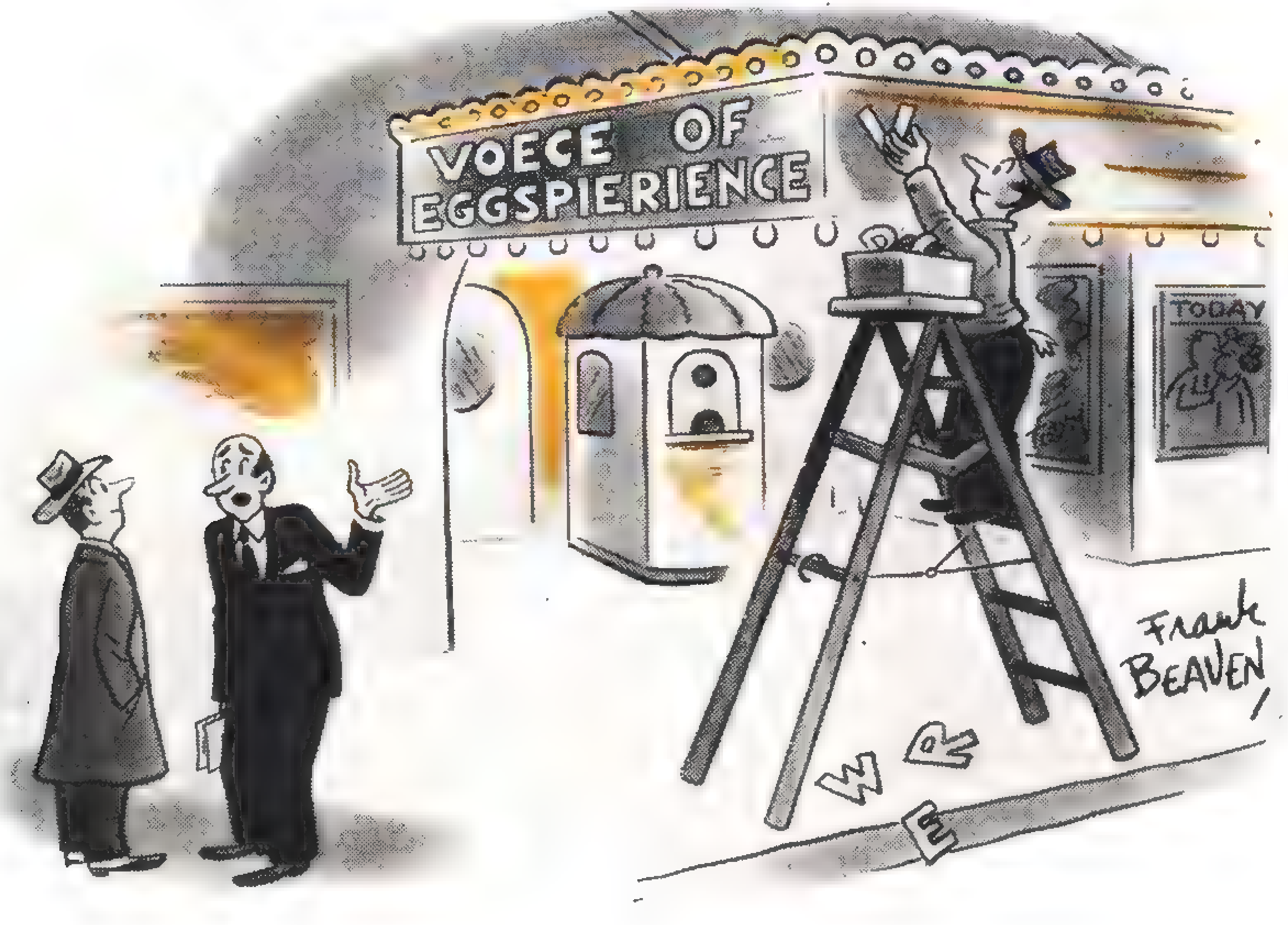
If critics felt their only job was to steer crowds towards or away from shows, their job would be unbearably depressing and eventually self-defeating. On the recommendations most of them give, few people would go to see shows, theatres would fold and critics would go back to legwork at City Court. Thus critics must feel that their work is a self-sustaining operation based on their ability to entertain and only in a vague, degrading way connected with the movie business.

A good example of the critic who is primarily an entertainer is Wolcott Gibbs. During the war, when everyone had it tough, Gibbs reviewed movies as well as plays for *The New Yorker*. His reviews were almost entirely "bad" reviews and when he did find something "good" to say he buried it under several paragraphs of "bad." His pieces on current shows were at least as entertaining as any of the magazine's other features, but they had almost nothing to do with whether or not the movies concerned would have been enjoyable to *New Yorker* readers. He worked hard at the business of being funny and made the grade easily.

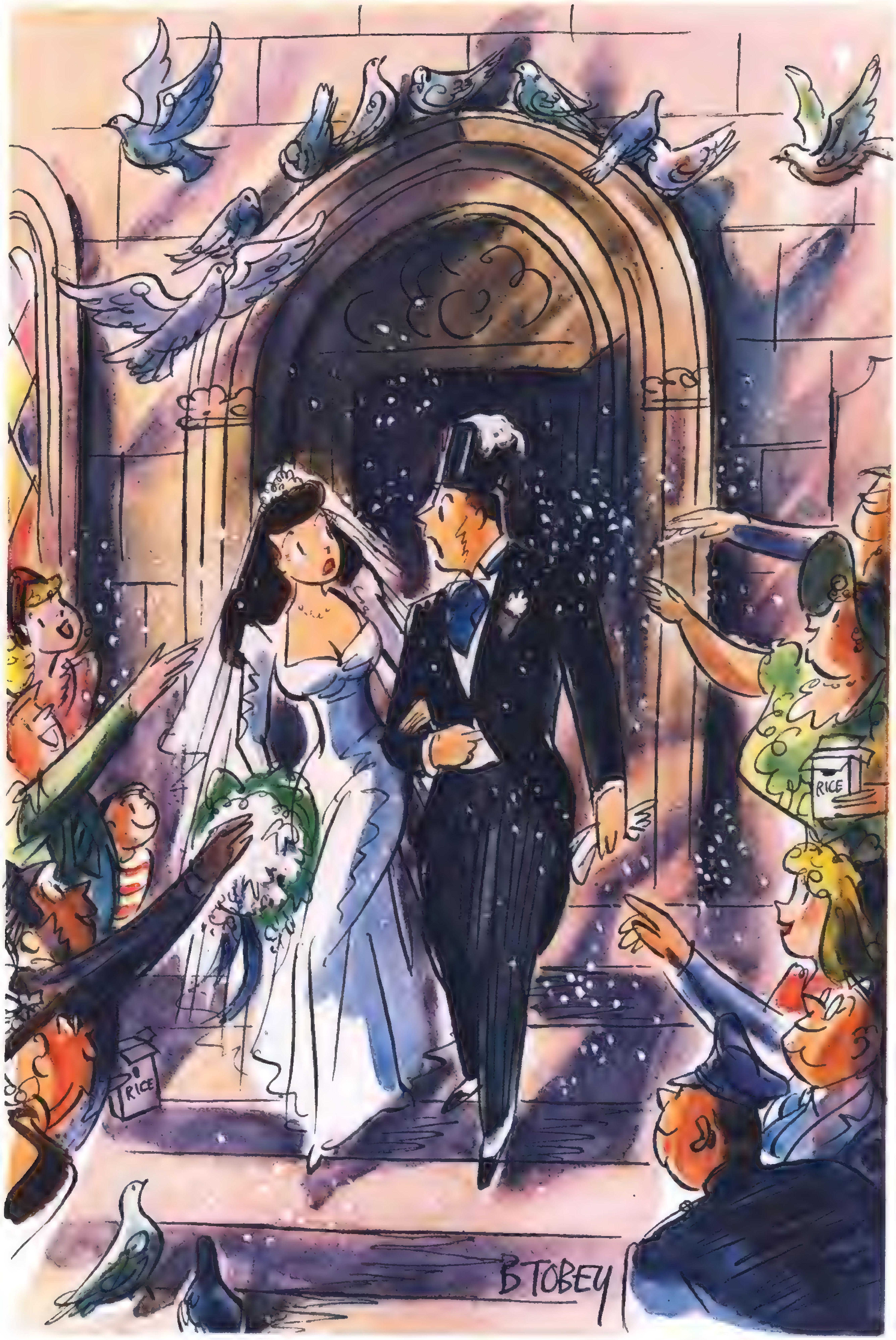
The amateur critic who professes, usually in a loud voice, a dislike for all Hollywood films is as annoying as the professional and a good deal less entertaining. Part of the standard equipment of the American pseudo-intellectual these days is a contempt for motion pictures. He is very often the have-you-read or what-plays-have-you-seen type. In addition to this type, whose conversational repertoire includes the shortcomings of the latest pictures, always with that unwritten joke, which the critics don't mention either, lurking in the background of his chatter, there is the clan which professes to have seen "only two talkies" or no movies at all "since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell played in *Seventh Heaven*."

The man who reads extensively or who sees all the plays that show on Broadway has a social standing that a man who sees movies has not. For instance I once knew a man who went to the theatre around the corner from our house every night in the week and sometimes on his afternoon off. The picture only changed three times a week, but that didn't seem to matter to him. This fellow was neither proud nor ashamed of his record, but I remember everyone used to laugh at him when they'd see him trudging around to the Madison about six-thirty every evening.

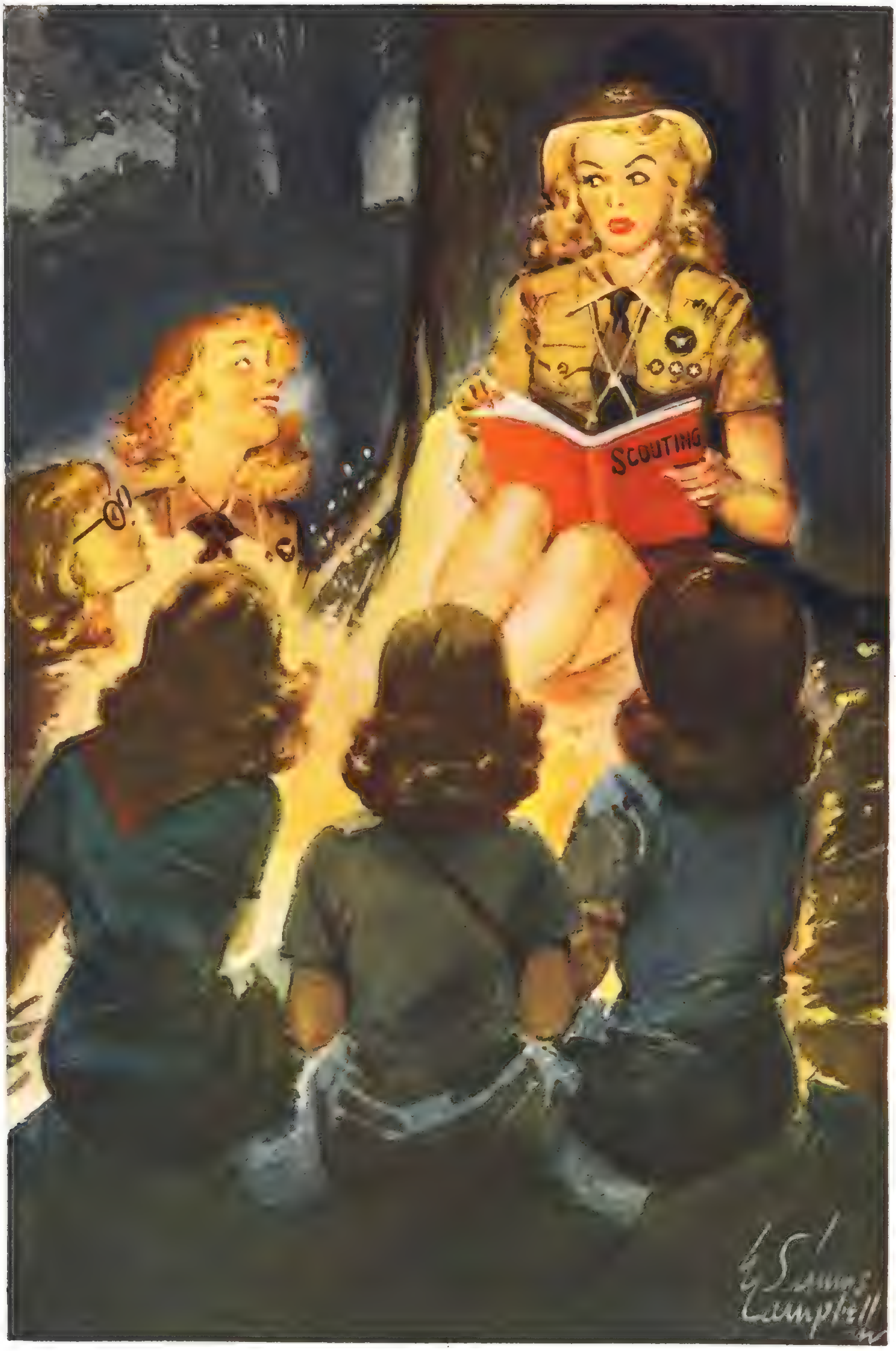
On the other hand, I had a roommate at college whom everyone respected because he was so well read. He read all the time he wasn't in a class and if the class was dull (*Continued on page 178*)



"The union won't let me fire him—they want me to hire a proofreader"


RICE
RICE
B TOBEY

"Somebody's throwing rice pudding, dear"


SCOUTING
E. Simms Campbell

"Oh please, Miss Heller, tell about when you were in the Navy"

HANSEN

Statistical proof, scientifically arrived at, demonstrating that the average woman spends a fourth of a lifetime on glamour

Beauty Is Her Duty

by WALTER SORELL

I HAVE not yet met the man who did not, at least once in a while, complain about having to shave. To have to erase something today that will, with certainty, be there again by tomorrow is a downright nuisance to which we males resignedly succumb as to one of those compulsions in life.

The average man wastes 10 minutes a day smoothing his cheeks and chin and does not even mind bleeding occasionally for his folly. This Sisyphean work takes 70 minutes a week, or 2 days, 12 hours and 50 minutes out of a year. Most of us loathe to go shopping, but since fitting shoes and suits are such personal chores and we do wish to have at least two nice ties (others are always presents of thoughtless friends) we'll lose another 48 hours a year kowtowing to convention. Add to these figures:

1 minute a day for combing hair	6 hours 5 minutes
Several times a day (3 minutes altogether) for adjusting tie	18 hours 15 minutes
10 minutes a week for cutting nails	8 hours 40 minutes
2 hrs. a week for gym, steam bath, or massage	104 hours

But how do these 10 days, 5 hours and 40 minutes spent yearly on our looks compare with the same efforts of the average woman? Let's see:

Hair

Permanents, twice a year, 3 hours each	6 hrs.
Shampoo, set, once every second week, 2 hours each	52 hrs.
Combing and patting, 45 minutes a day	273 hrs. 45 min.
Brushing at night, 100 strokes, 10 minutes	60 hrs. 50 min.
Looking for grey hairs, 20 minutes a month	4 hrs.
	396 hrs. 35 min.

Face

Cleansing, 6 minutes a day	36 hrs. 30 min.
Make-up, twice a day, 6 minutes each time	73 hrs.
Powdering, 10 times a day, 30 seconds each	30 hrs. 25 min.
Lipstick, 5 times a day, 1 minute each	30 hrs. 25 min.
Mascara, twice a day, 5 minutes each	60 hrs. 50 min.
Eyebrow pluck, twice a week, 30 minutes each	52 hrs.
Facial, twice a week, 1 hour each	104 hrs.
	387 hrs. 10 min.

Hands

Manicure, once a week, 35 minutes	30 hrs. 20 min.
Removing and renewing nail polish, three times a week, 10 minutes each	26 hrs.
Application of hand lotion, twice a day, 30 seconds each	6 hrs. 5 min.
	62 hrs. 25 min.

Feet

Pedicure, twice a month, 35 minutes each	14 hrs.
Removing and renewing nail polish, once a week, 15 minutes each	13 hrs.
	27 hrs.

The Skin

Smoothing elbows and knees, three times a week, 5 minutes each time	13 hrs.
Shaving armpits, once a week, 5 minutes	4 hrs. 20 min.
Shaving legs, once a week, 5 minutes	4 hrs. 20 min.
	21 hrs. 40 min.

Shopping

Window shopping, 10 minutes a day	60 hrs. 50 min.
Shopping for clothes and jewelry, 1 hour 30 minutes each week	78 hrs.
Shopping for beauty articles, 1 hour a month	12 hrs.
Exchanging of articles purchased, 30 minutes a month	6 hrs.
	156 hrs. 50 min.

Miscellaneous

Massage or gym, 2 hours a week	104 hrs.
Studying fashions, reading folders about beauty aids, worrying about diet, 10 minutes a day	60 hrs. 50 min.
Talking about clothes, 30 minutes a day	182 hrs. 30 min.
Foundation garments, removing superfluous hair, looking at other women, etc.	20 hrs.
	367 hrs. 20 min.

Sum total: 1419 hours or 59 days 3 hours or 8 weeks 3 days 3 hours, which is more than 2 months out of a year. If one is a stickler and would figure the day as having 16 hours only (giving us an average of 8 hours for sleep), it would amount to 88 days 11 hours or 12 weeks 4 days 11 hours which makes it a good 3 months out of every year.

No comment necessary. ⧺

STONE

The Lady of the Legs

The very Russian Lubov Roudenko, in common with her melancholy countrymen, revels in the sadness of being alive. She would like to devote herself to love—but then, does such a thing still exist? Now in her second season as prima ballerina of Rodgers and Hammerstein's Annie Get Your Gun, *she nightly performs a cancan which she says expresses all a woman's frustrations. It also shows off her entirely admirable legs. Born in Bulgaria, she first danced in Paris at the age of fifteen, became the favorite model of Henri Matisse, joined the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Previously she was on Broadway in* The Merry Widow *and* Rodeo.

The Man with the Rubber Legs

Leon Errol was just another comic until he began to do his famous wobbling walk

As comics go, Leon Errol was never really one of the greats. If you were ranking the funnymen of his time, you would put him toward the middle, perhaps a shade this side of mediocrity, because after all he was a professional with a dexterity you find in professionals. But he lacked greatness in the true sense, in the sense you find it in the studied insanity of Groucho Marx, or the endless frustration of Durante or Fields. Most of his life he was a man making his living trying to be funny, the way some men make their living behind a counter in a bank or counting oranges in a grocery store.

Even for men of genius instinctively able to make people laugh, it is a nerve-wracking life. But for those to whom it is simply a way to make a dollar, the business of amusing people when your mind is full of the problems of survival is a cruel and unrewarding livelihood. There are times when you would gladly exchange it for a ditch and a shovel.

But no one quits. Call it show business, say it gets in your blood. There is something that keeps even the most inept from really giving up in his heart.

That something is what happened to Leon Errol, who was far from inept, but by no means a genius. It changed him from a little guy struggling to make people laugh into a big star, just as surely as if a fairy godmother had touched him with her wand. Maybe he would have gotten to Broadway anyway, but this one thing put him in that glittering costume you see in Joe De Mers' painting, surrounded him with those lovely girls, put him in lights along the Great White Way for two decades, and made his name a symbol and a part of the language.

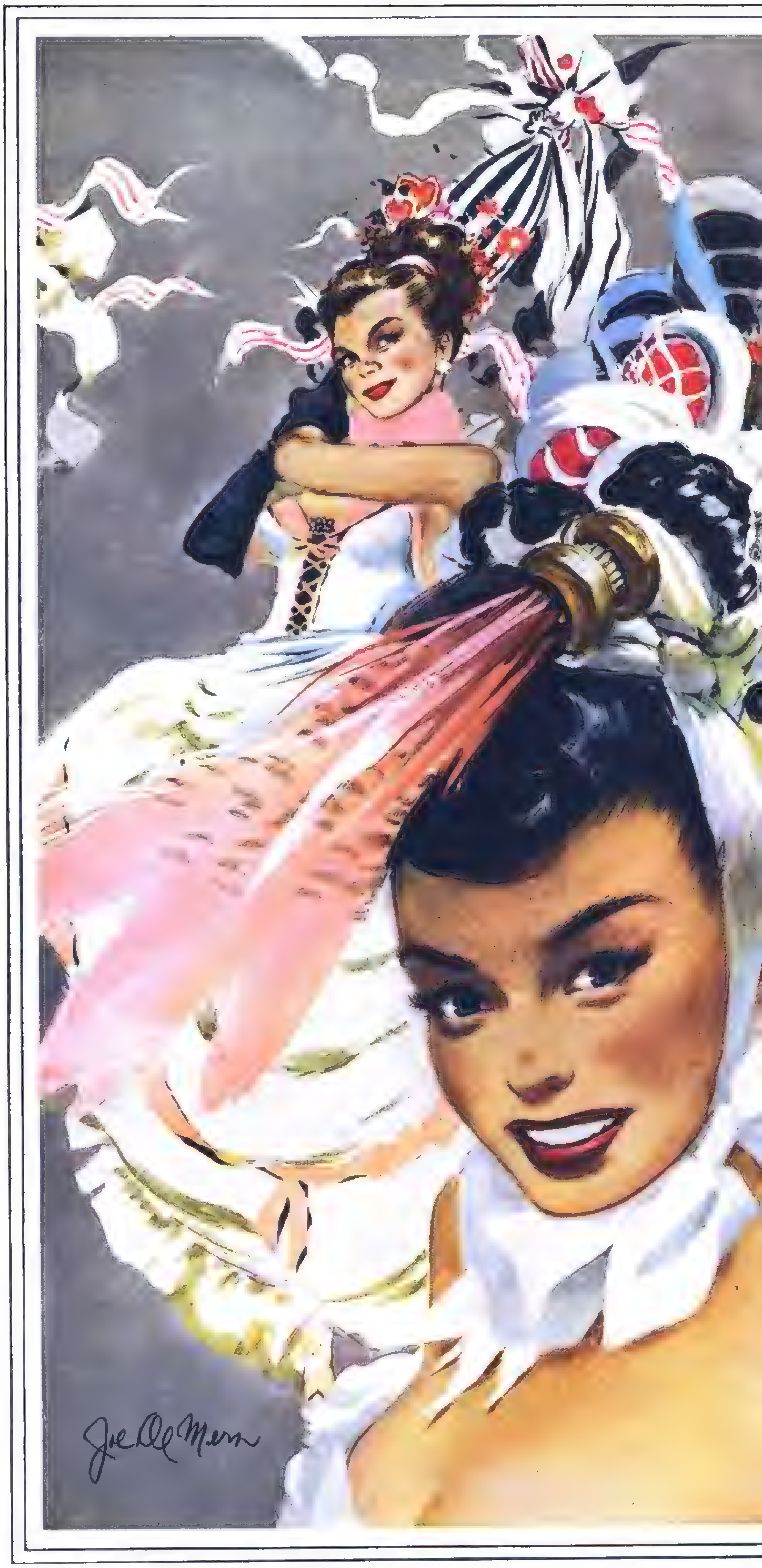
It wasn't a very big thing, just the way he walked, but when he went into that stuttering, rubber-legged motion, Leon Errol suddenly became excruciatingly funny. He was just another put-upon comic, and then he moved across the stage and he was touched with genius. It was a walk that was half punch drunk, half plain drunk; it was a stagger, a wobble, it was both legs seeming to give way at the same time but never quite buckling completely. He walked across the stage and people laughed the way they laughed when Chaplin shuffled onto the screen swinging his bamboo cane and tipping his battered derby. It was something they came to see and they waited to see it knowing what was coming, having seen it a dozen times before, but wanting to see it just once more.

Eventually it came to have a universal meaning and a man broadcasting a fight could say that a fighter was doing a Leon Errol and his listeners would understand the fighter's legs were rubbery under him.

And this was the fame of Leon Errol and his immortality. He was born in New South Wales and was going to be a doctor. But he was stage-struck, and when he was seventeen he got his first chance. After that there was nothing else for him.

In 1910 he got to Broadway. Not as a star but to Broadway. With a man who is just good it is a long pull. For twenty-six years he played New York, London, the provinces. For Earl Carroll, for Ziggy, and in vaudeville. People came to watch him walk.

When vaudeville died, his act almost went with it. Those were the bad years for the men and women who played the circuits and the Palace. Then RKO picked Leon Errol up and now he plays in the short comedies that appear just after the news and before the feature. If you're lucky some night at your favorite theatre you can catch Leon Errol moving across the screen that same jerky impossible hilarious way he did years ago when he was a star of the Ziegfeld *Follies*. #



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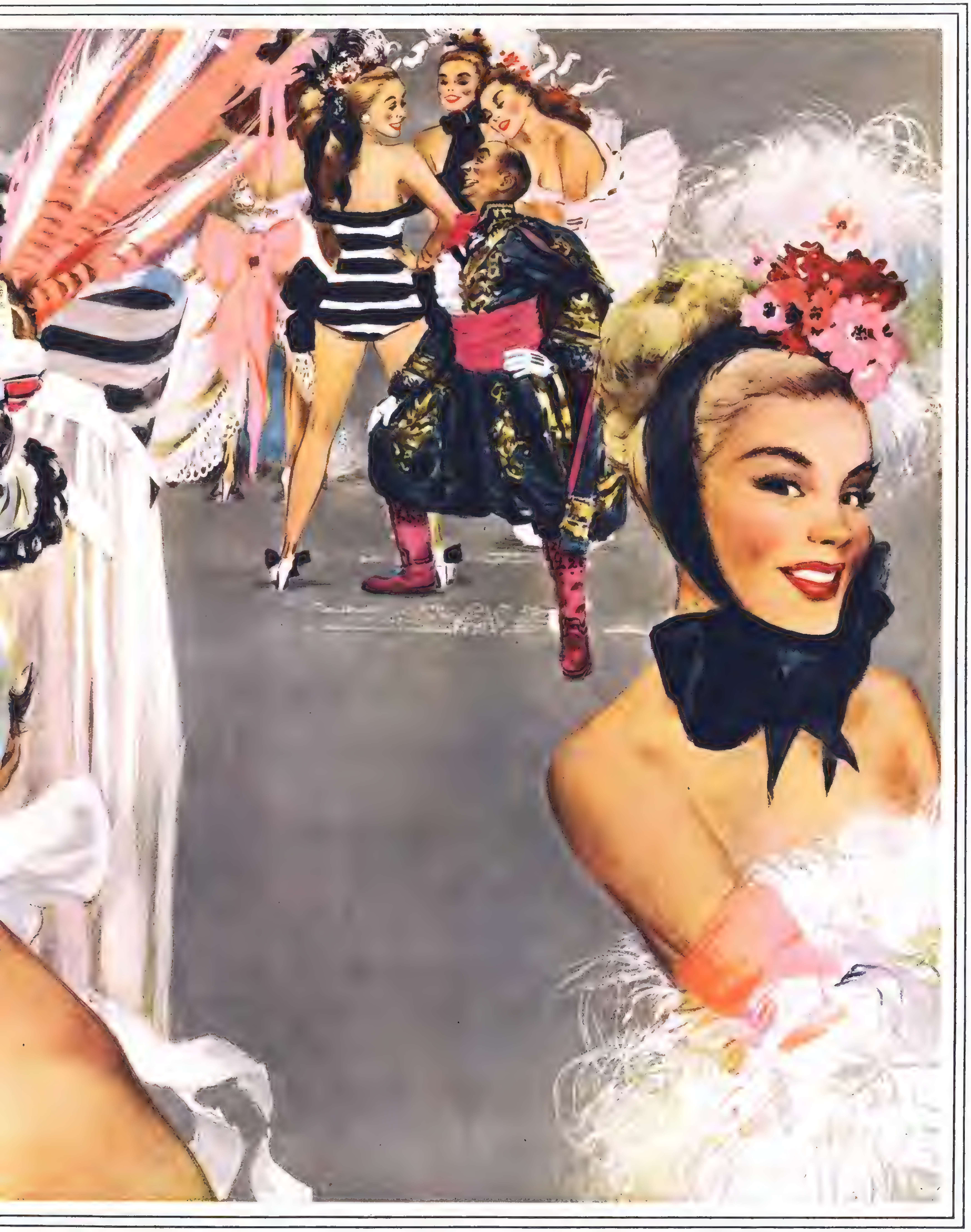
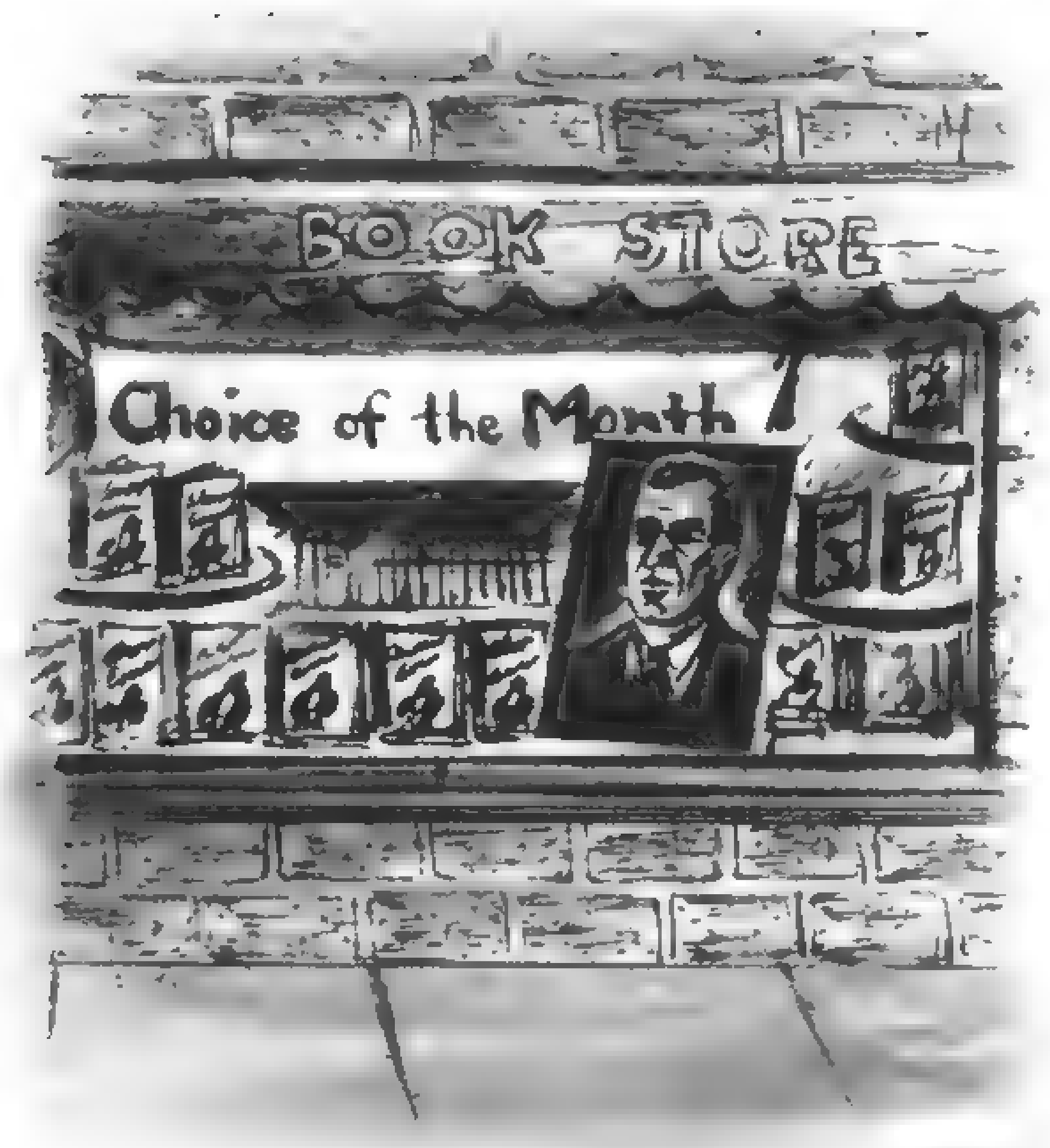


PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY JOE DE MERS

According to this observing scribe, a book publisher has a split personality; half shrewd broker, half wishful artist

Pity the Poor Publisher

by A. J. LIEBLING



HANSEN

I WAS just sitting down to my typewriter to knock some other writer's brains out, when it occurred to me that this would be fratricide. Most of us are only battlers anyway. (According to *The Australian Language* by S. J. Baker, a battler is a cobber who is battling for a crust, on the edge of the subsistence level.) Why should one writer put the blast on another writer's book? The guy will probably starve to death anyway.

The fellows who really water me off are the publishers.

I have been resigned, since my first gleams of literacy, to the thought that book publishers, like bookmakers of the other variety, leave estates, while writers, like horseplayers, die broke. In the half of my two-room apartment which I write off on my income tax as an office, I have an engraving by Hogarth called *The Distrest Poet.* My copy is dated 1740. The scene is a particularly small garret. The Poet, sitting on an end of the only bed in the room and writing on the only table, is pretending to be so absorbed in his work that he hasn't noticed the marketwoman in the doorway, who is dunning his wife for the current score. A score was a tab marked on a piece of wood. This one looks as long as a Louisville Slugger bat. The Poet's dog has sneaked up on a mutton chop, the only article of food in sight, and is eating it off a plate on a chair. The Poet had probably shifted it there when he cleared the table for writing. The cupboard on the wall is open and empty, and you can see from the marketwoman's face that there isn't going to be any more credit. The Poet's coat is lying on the floor—there is a shortage of hooks to hang things on—and the Poet's cat is having kittens on it. The Poet is wearing a dressing gown, which is fortunate, because his wife is mending his breeches. The wife is wearing a loose dress; her underthings are hanging up before the fire to dry. A baby is crying in the other end of the bed the Poet is using for a writing chair.

Whenever I make a gesture of unwonted extravagance, like ordering Pinch Bottle instead of Five Star, my wife yells, "Joe, think of that garret!" I can't figure how we've kept out of it.

Hogarth did a companion print called *The Enraged Musician.* But he never did any about a publisher. In fact he published his prints himself.

Every other time I pick up a book supplement, it seems, it contains a respectful review of a book issued by a British or American publishing house to celebrate its centennial, listing the famous authors the house sponsored, most of whom strangled to death on lumps in the almshouse gruel.

I never used to resent this. I even developed a feeling of superiority that compensated for my relatively parlous economic state. "After all," I used to think, "if one is interested only in money—"

But now I am watered off. The only thing publishers had left to authors was their poverty, and now, it seems, they want to share that!

The piece of writing which prompts these remarks appeared on the front page of the *New York Times Book Review* a couple of months ago and was entitled *The Literary Market Place Today*—although it might better have been called *The Book Publishers Make a Poor Mouth.* The author is a Mr. Harvey Breit. Mr. Breit says that book publishers are not making as much tease as during the war, due to the regrettable circumstances, among others, that gas rationing has now ended so that many wartime readers spend time in their automobiles, and that the toy industry is going again so that children get toys for presents as well as books. Also "Government buying, which accounted for about 10 per cent of wartime book sales, began to dry up." I had always been told that publishers patriotically abjured profit on this business, so I could not see why they should miss it. At any rate, Mr. Breit says, they feel that the market has contracted by 10 per cent and that "manufacturing costs have gone up from 70 to 80 per cent over 1941, with the end of the cost rise not yet in sight." I could understand this, since authors' manufacturing costs have also gone up. One I know has to pay 110 per cent more rent since he came back from the war, and look at the prices in restaurants.

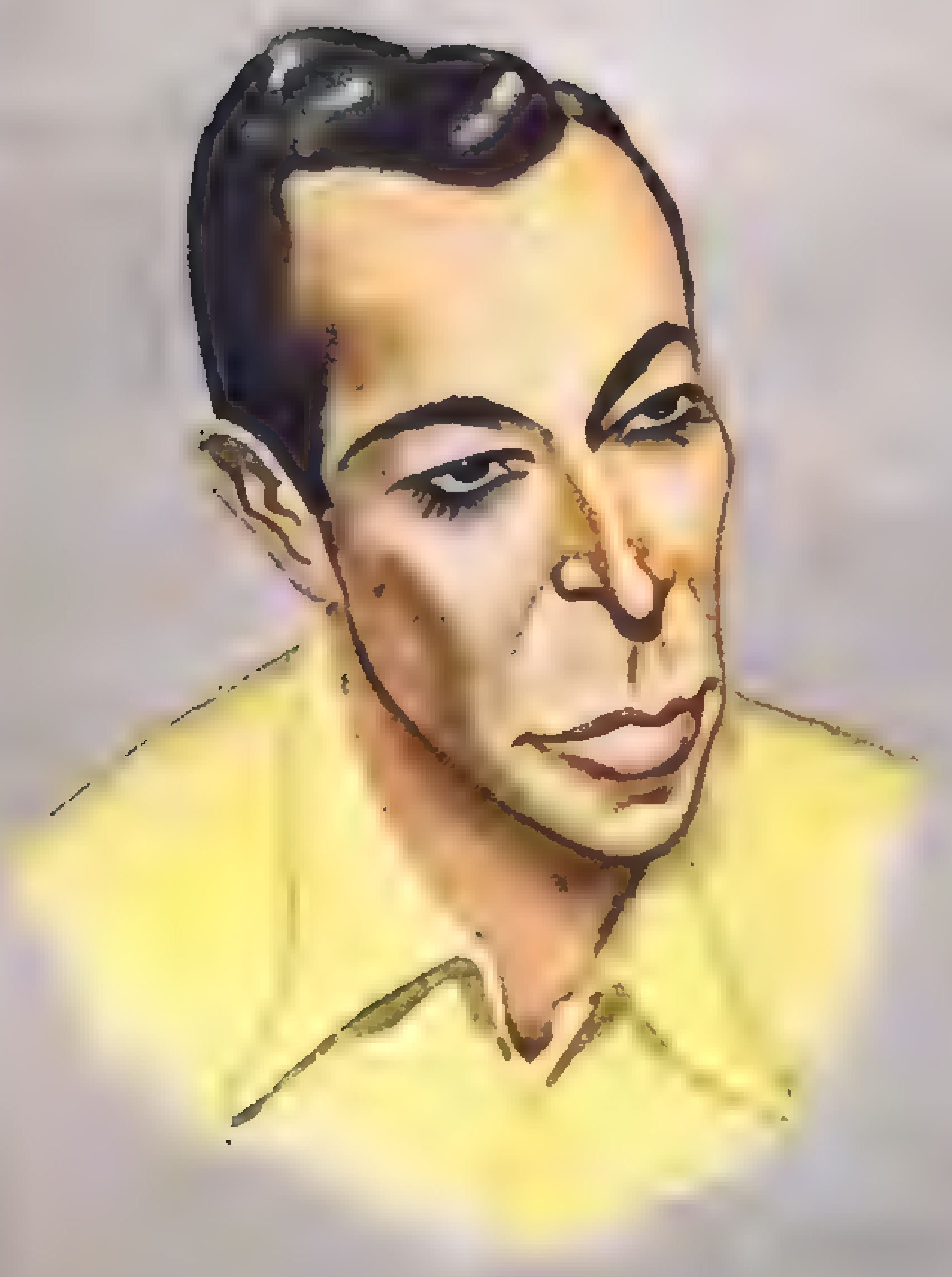
The publishers are facing up boldly to the situation, Mr. Breit says, by issuing many less titles—7700 in 1946 instead of 11,100 in 1941—although they are selling many more books than in 1941. This is hard on new authors, but it seems obvious that an unpublished author has had more experience in battling than a publisher, and is therefore better equipped to absorb the shock of the publisher's diminished profits. One could hardly expect a book house to bring out a memorial volume called *A Hundred Years of Losing Money.*

The head of "one old, distinguished house," told Mr. Breit, "We used to break even on a sale of 5000 copies. Now, due to increased costs all along the line, we need 10,000 (*Continued on page 157*)

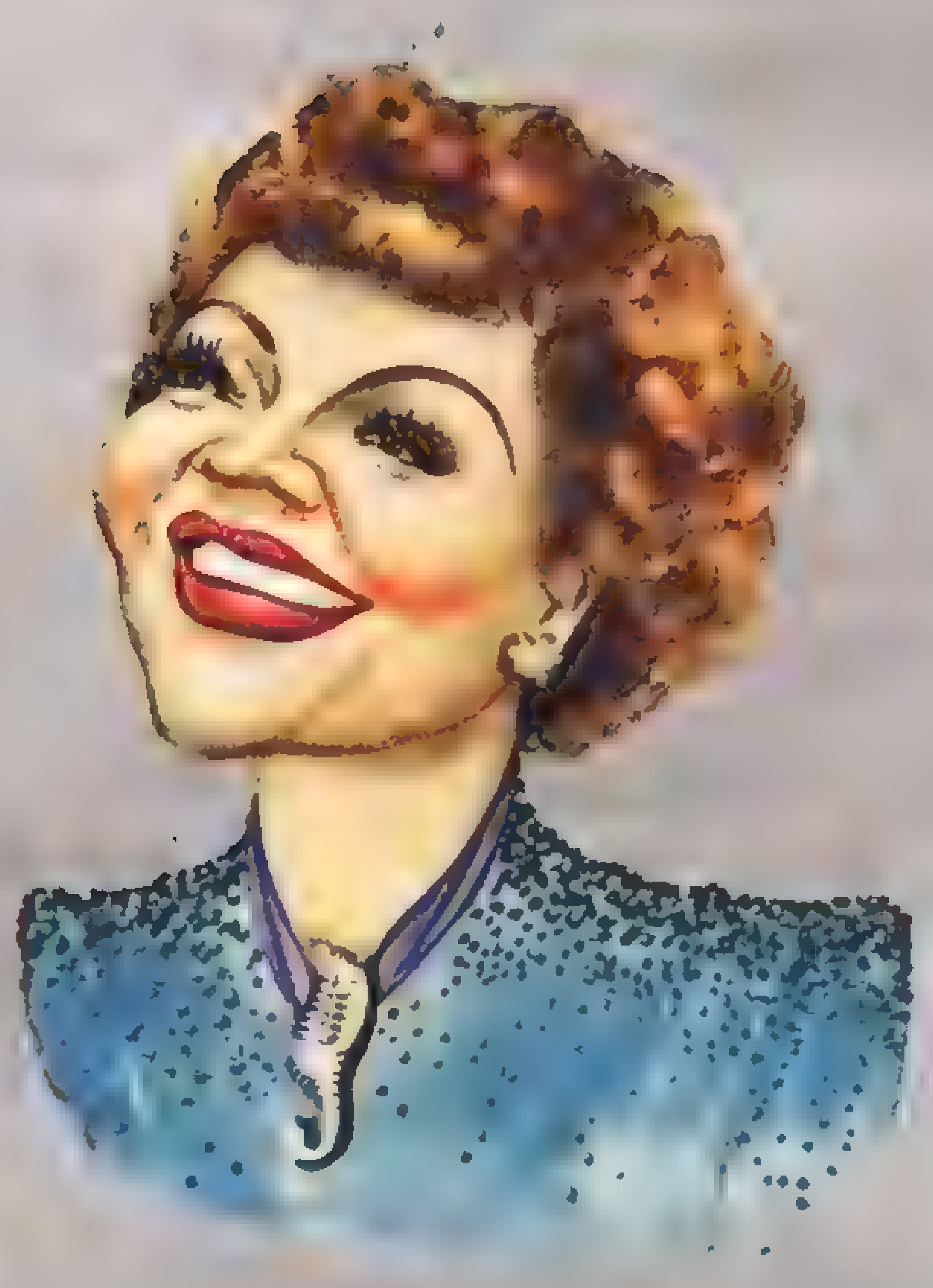
GLANTZ

Working Press: John Crosby

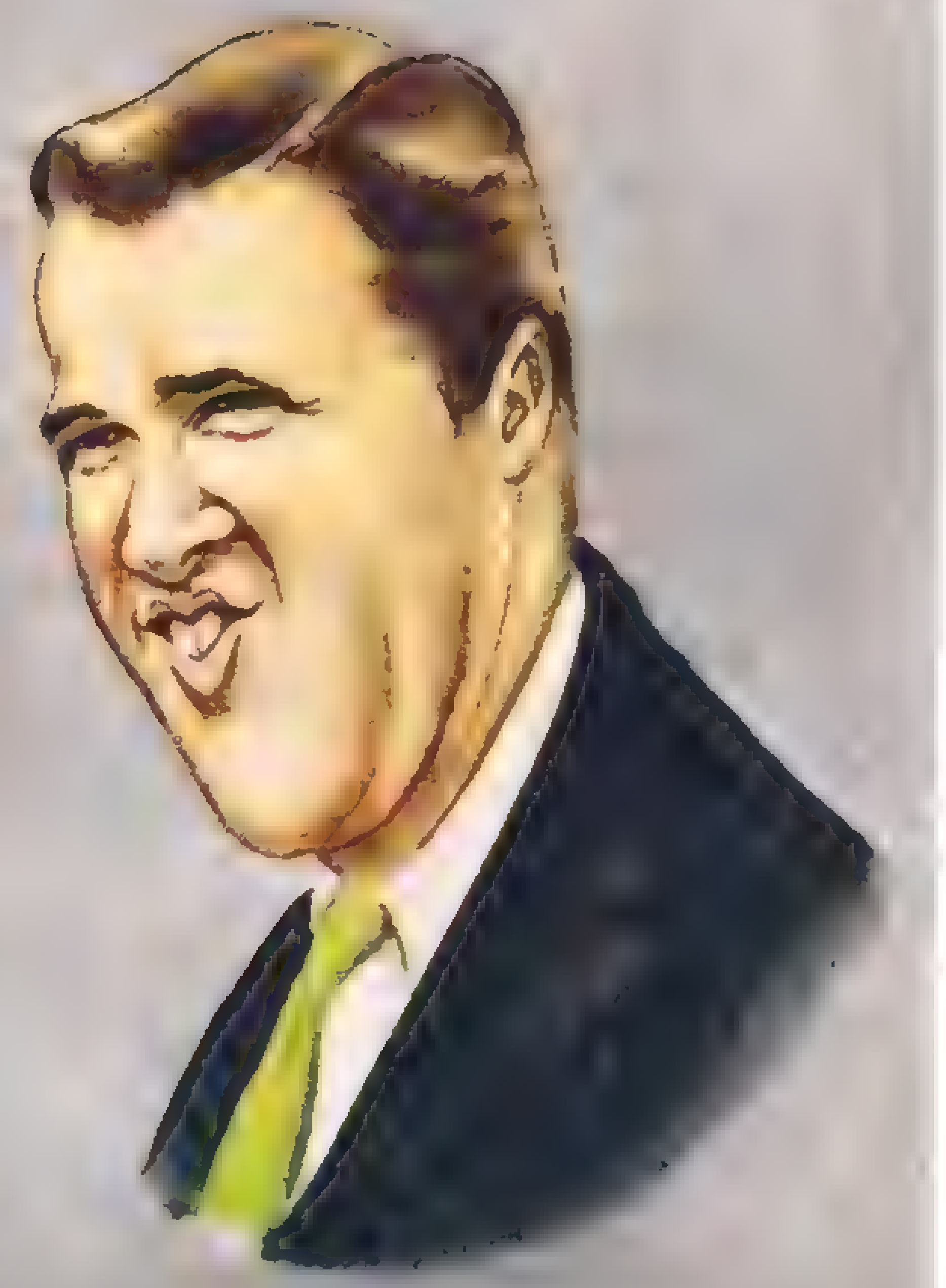
When he wrote his first column about radio for the New York Herald Tribune *in the Spring of 1946, John Crosby didn't even own a set. Now he does, and he is far from sure that it is a good thing. "The pleasure you can get from turning off a radio," he once wrote, "doesn't begin to approach the bliss of not turning it on in the first place." Nevertheless, thirty-four-year-old Mr. Crosby is not unhappy extracting acid from his typewriter five days a week. It is, after all, a chance to say what he thinks about censors, giveaway programs, Mr. Anthony, soap operas, and especially his old* bête noir, *Gabriel Heatter. While it is true that Mr. Crosby is forced to listen to the radio all day, it is not without compensation: a Peabody Award, national syndication, even an offer of a radio show.*



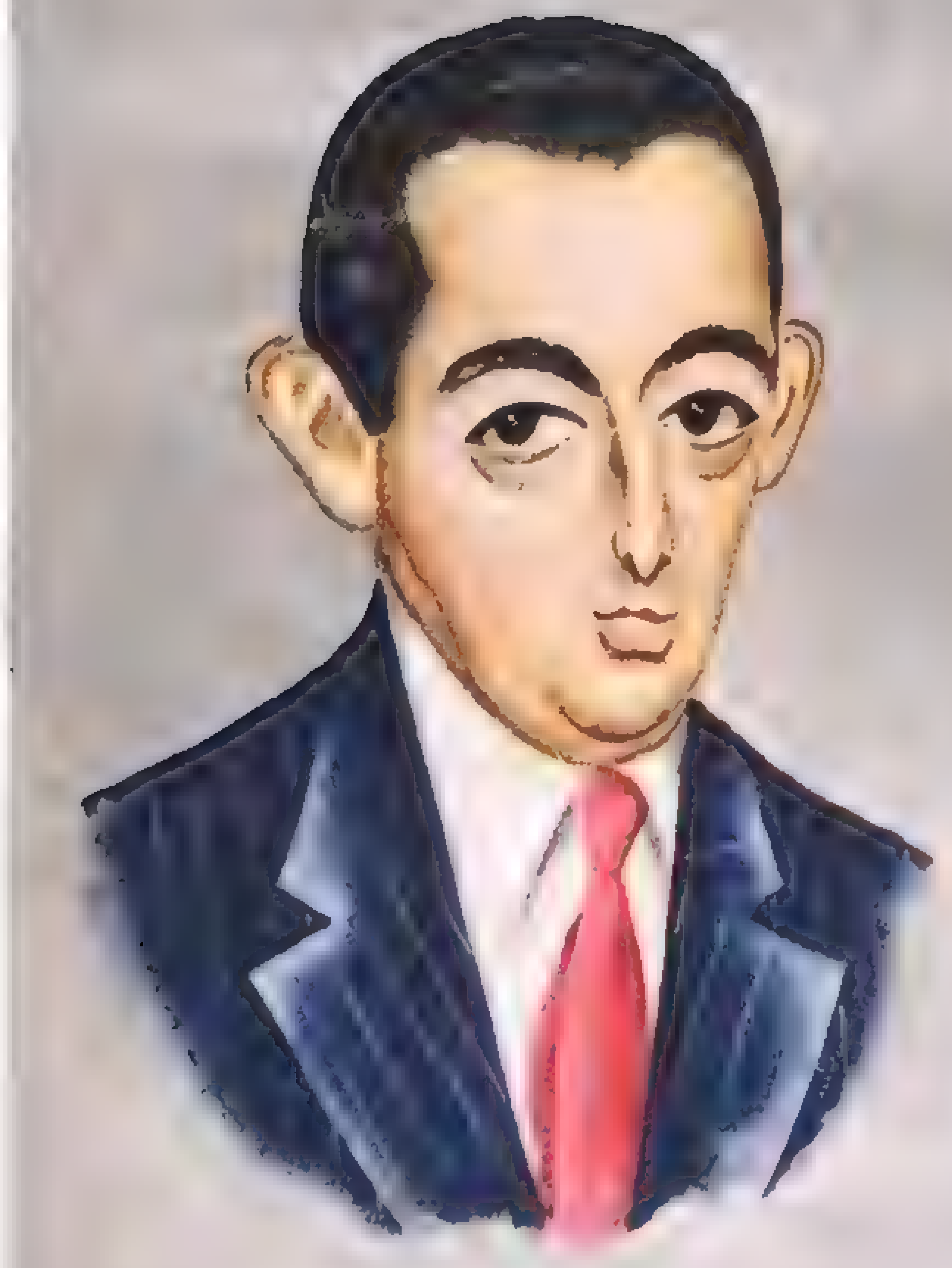
1. Flip of a coin
(SEPT. 27)



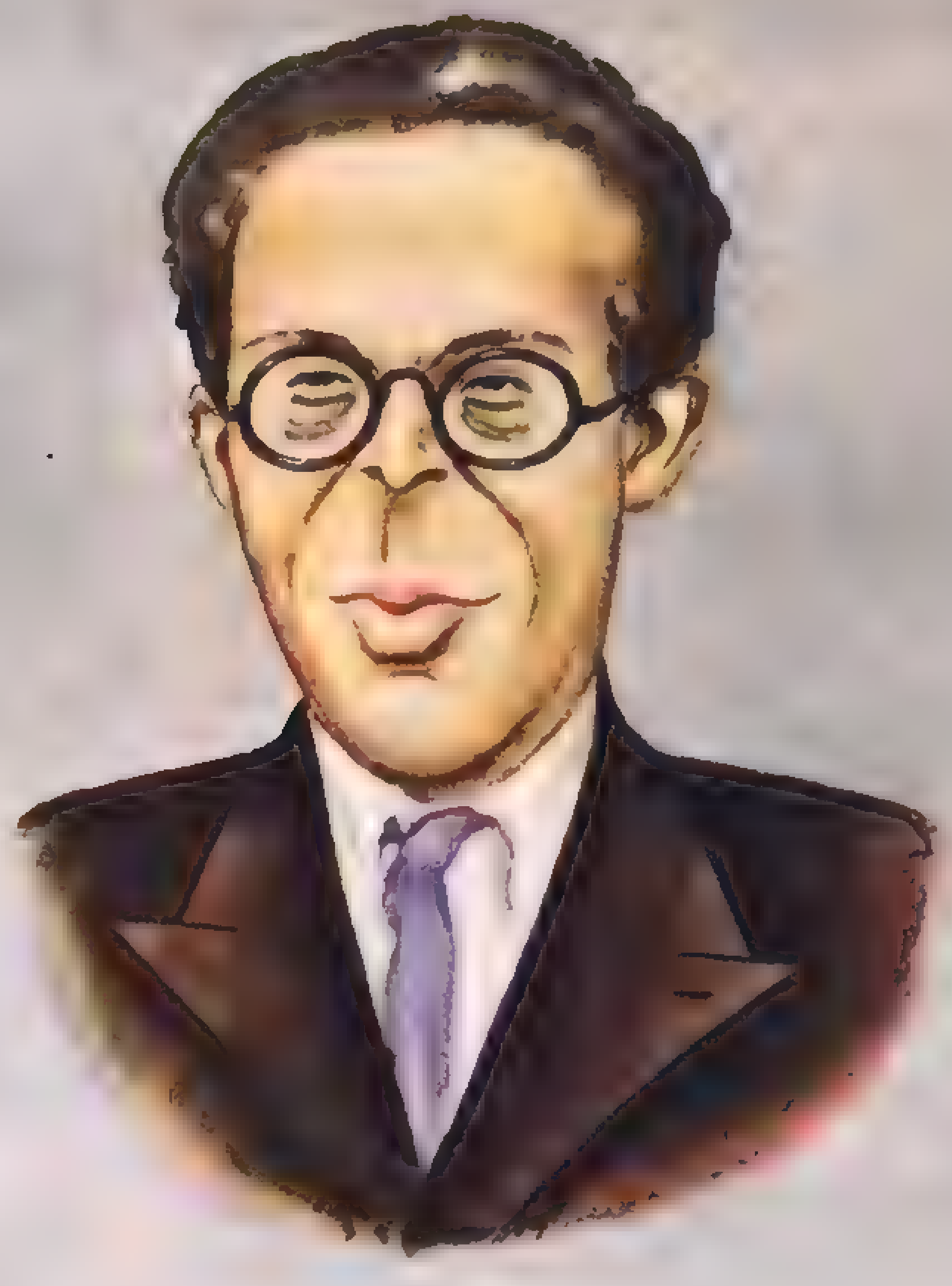
2. She and the egg
(SEPT. 13)



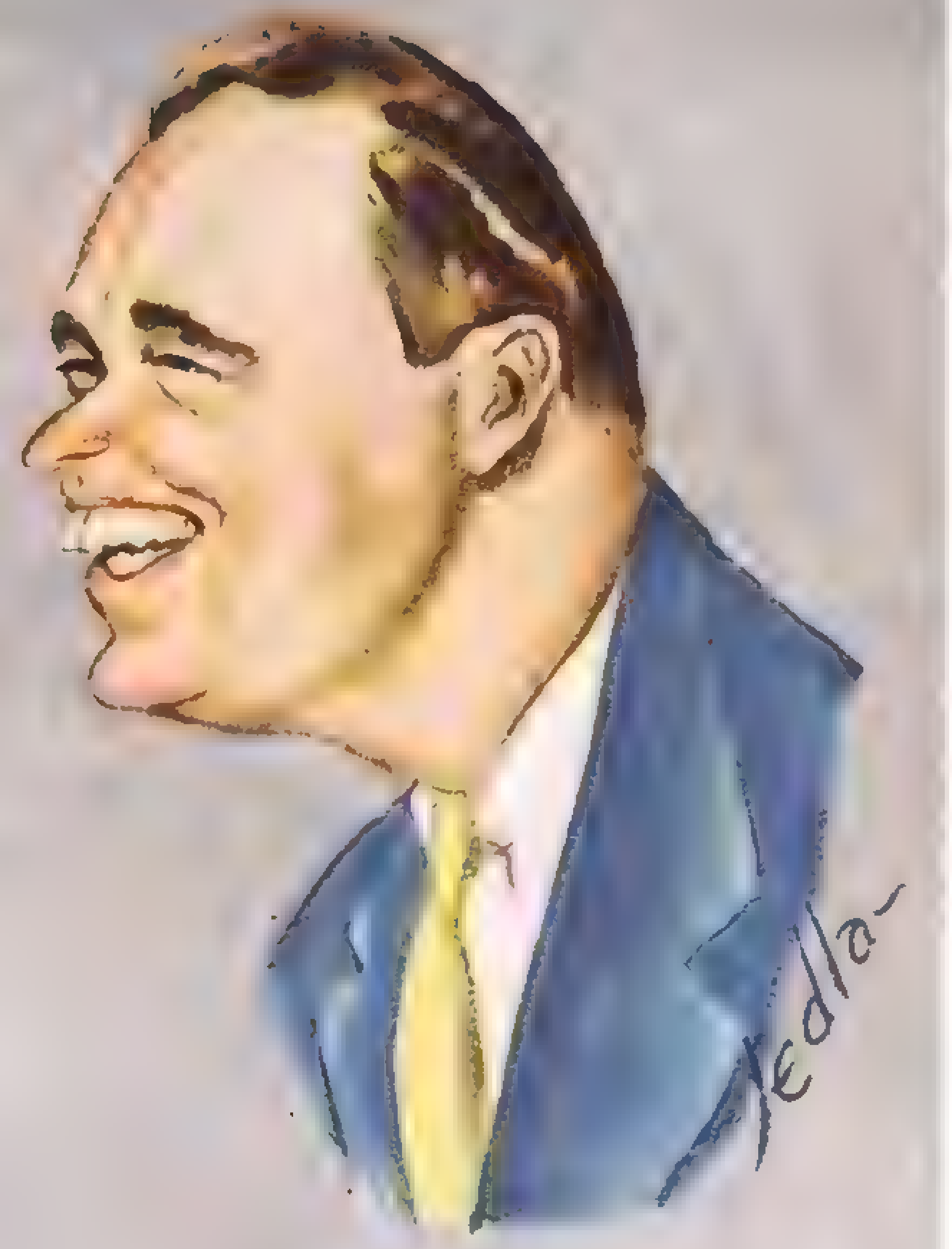
3. Sells cars
(SEPT. 4)



4. As read by any name
(SEPT. 6)



5. Knighthood's flower
(SEPT. 16)

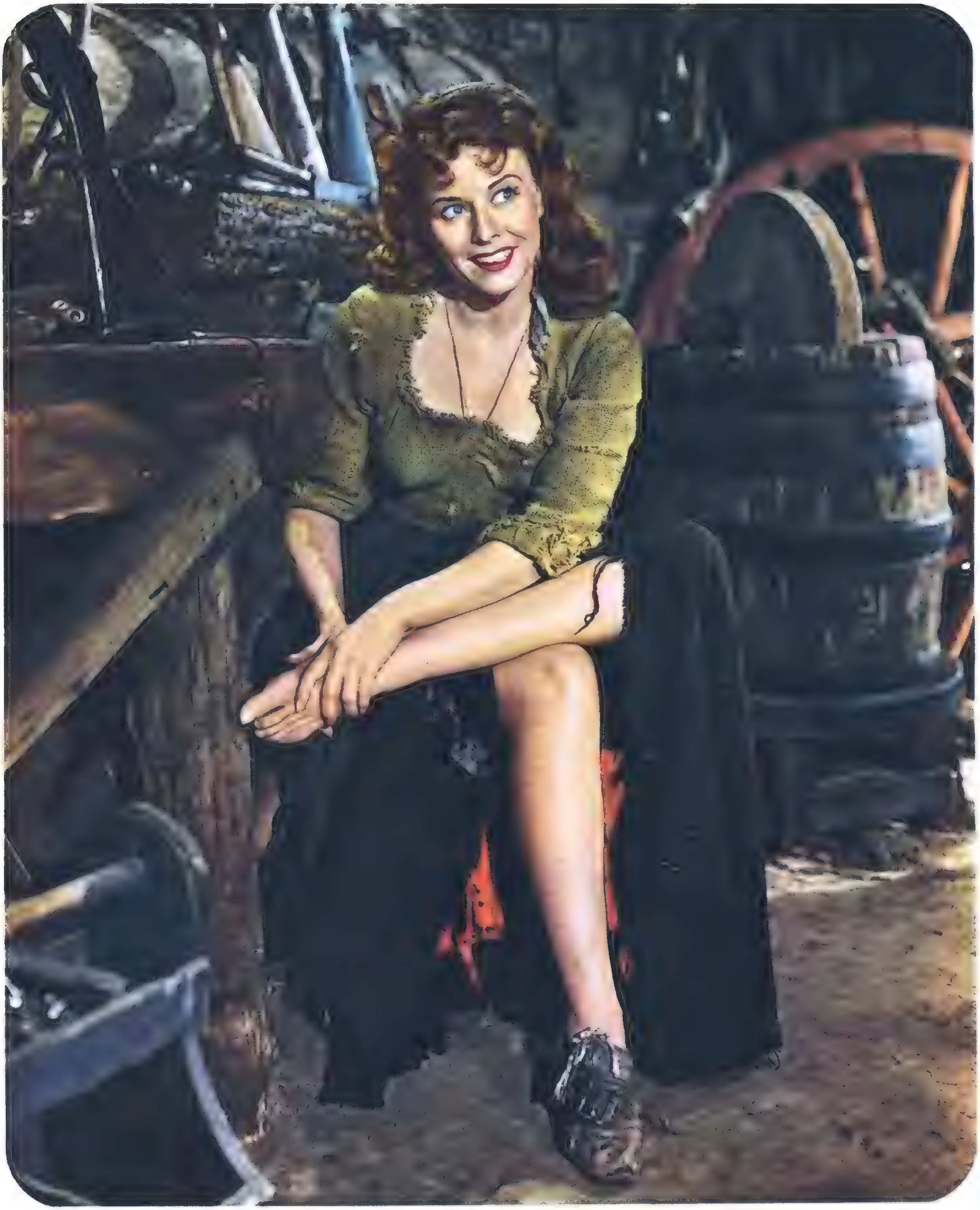


6. Frank's boy
(SEPT. 23)

SEPTEMBER'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Alan Jedla

September is the nut-brown month marking the arrival of Indian Summer and the return of football. On the calendar of the ancients it was the seventh month. The Julian calendar pushed it back two months and under Emperor Charlemagne it became known as the Month of the Harvest. Later the Saxons called it the Barley Month or *Gerstmonath*. Down on the farm it's still the Month of the Harvest, but among the city's canyon dwellers it is the time for losing summer's tan and taking on the subway pallor. It is also the time of the stretch drive in the pennant race and of ladies turning from slacks to chic. People born in September under the sign of Virgo, which prevails until the twenty-third, are logical, precise, and analytical; make scientists and welfare workers. Libra arrivals after the twenty-third are artistic and idealistic, inclined to love not wisely but too well. Check this against these fortunate children of September above: 1. George Raft; 2. Claudette Colbert; 3. Henry Ford II; 4. Billy Rose; 5. Sir Alexander Korda; 6. Elliot Roosevelt.



SACKCLOTH AND MASHERS

Photograph by G. E. Richardson

Paramount's Miss Goddard as a lusty but misunderstood lady in Cecil B. DeMille's Technicolor supercolossal *Unconquered*. In essence it is the old settlers-and-Indians story done up brown again by the Old Master—the better to display Gary Cooper's lank virility and luscious Miss Goddard, garbed once more in most becoming sackcloth. This time Mr. Cooper is a Virginia militiaman and Miss Goddard is just off the boat and doesn't know a soul, except blackhearted Howard DaSilva, who devotes himself mostly to rousing the noble Red Man against the brave settlers when he is not pursuing Miss Goddard with the worst intentions. After suitable gunplay the Indians bite the dust, Mr. DaSilva is dispatched, and Mr. Cooper does the proper thing by Miss G.

WM. DuBOIS

Hollywood fulfills the feminine daydream in *The Unfinished Dance*, adds character value to the cinema version of *Life with Father*

Of Rice and Men

by **JACK MOFFITT**

This is a man's magazine but we must be fair. In an effort to serve a masculine reading public, your reviewer during the past two years has endeavored to consider all romances of life and love from the standpoint of the romancer who spreads cigar ash on the love nest's carpets and who leaves his undershirt lying on the boudoir floor. To thwart the sly plots of female stars whose leading men are not permitted to face the camera, we have developed a specialized technique for praising the acting ability of the backs of David Niven and John Wayne. Crusading bravely for man's equality among the sexes, we have thrown a strongly appreciative and retroactive light upon the extra who portrayed the father in that great drama of American home life called *Little Women*. In all matters concerning the cinema we have fought for the underdog as well as the gay dog, as long as he is masculine.

But we have no wish to be narrow-minded. Word has just reached your critic that the Council of Macon in 582 A. D., after deliberating several months, decided that wives are human beings, with immortal souls. This cannot be taken lightly. If wives are human beings they are entitled to wages and since most wives work for their husbands from the honeymoon to the grave, they probably deserve portal-to-portal pay from the church door to the entrance of the mortuary chapel. But they haven't been getting it.

Way back in some dim cavity of history, some slick male put an unfair deal over on the fair sex. On a fateful day when his mother-in-law was out of town (precluding any chance of collective bargaining) he managed to sell his wife on the idea that all her connubial labors should be paid for with a sliding scale of hopes and illusions. Soon the scale slid so far out of sight it practically was out of existence. Men, particularly married men, are prone to forget the little niceties. A bridegroom, in the first bloom of his nuptial bliss, will be apt to say, "Where did we get that new automobile?" after his wife has washed and polished the family car. Such little gallantries make a wife happy and encourage her to cut the grass, fill the coal bin, and perform many other useful labors. But, as the honeymoon wanes, many a careless benedict starts piling into the family tallyho without even pausing to kiss the helpmate who has pumped up the tires.

It is then that the sensitive woman starts turning to Humphrey Bogart. He may be a little rough, but he at least knows how to beat a woman up in a manner that proves to her that she is noticed and appreciated. This helps. After a few months of listening to her Romeo snore, the average woman begins to know that her only earthly paradise must be achieved in celluloid where lovers' breathing is accompanied by a musical score conducted by Leo Forbstein or Nat Finston. So they turn to the movies. Thus, by proxy, Clark Gable and Van Johnson become the paymasters of the creatures who darn our socks, cook our meals and bear our children. Under such a system the "woman's movie" becomes important, not only to women, but to every fair-minded male who believes that the worker in his kitchen is entitled to a guaranteed minimum dream. Therefore it behooves us to consider such movies and to encourage the production of more of them. We must either supply our wives with romantic entertainment, performed by experts, or we must become romantic ourselves. This last is impractical as well as impossible. For what husband, after a hard afternoon at the glue factory, is in condition to don white flannels and come bursting into the family apartment through a window or a French door? This would be particularly tough on a guy who lived on the seventh floor. And, after a man begins to put on weight, it is a strain for him to perch on the edge of the living-room table while waving a tennis racket and striving for chitchat that compares well with Noel Coward's.

No, no! Let us leave all that to Gregory Peck and Guy Madison. They are paid for it. Theirs is a heavy responsibility. May God grant that they be paid well.

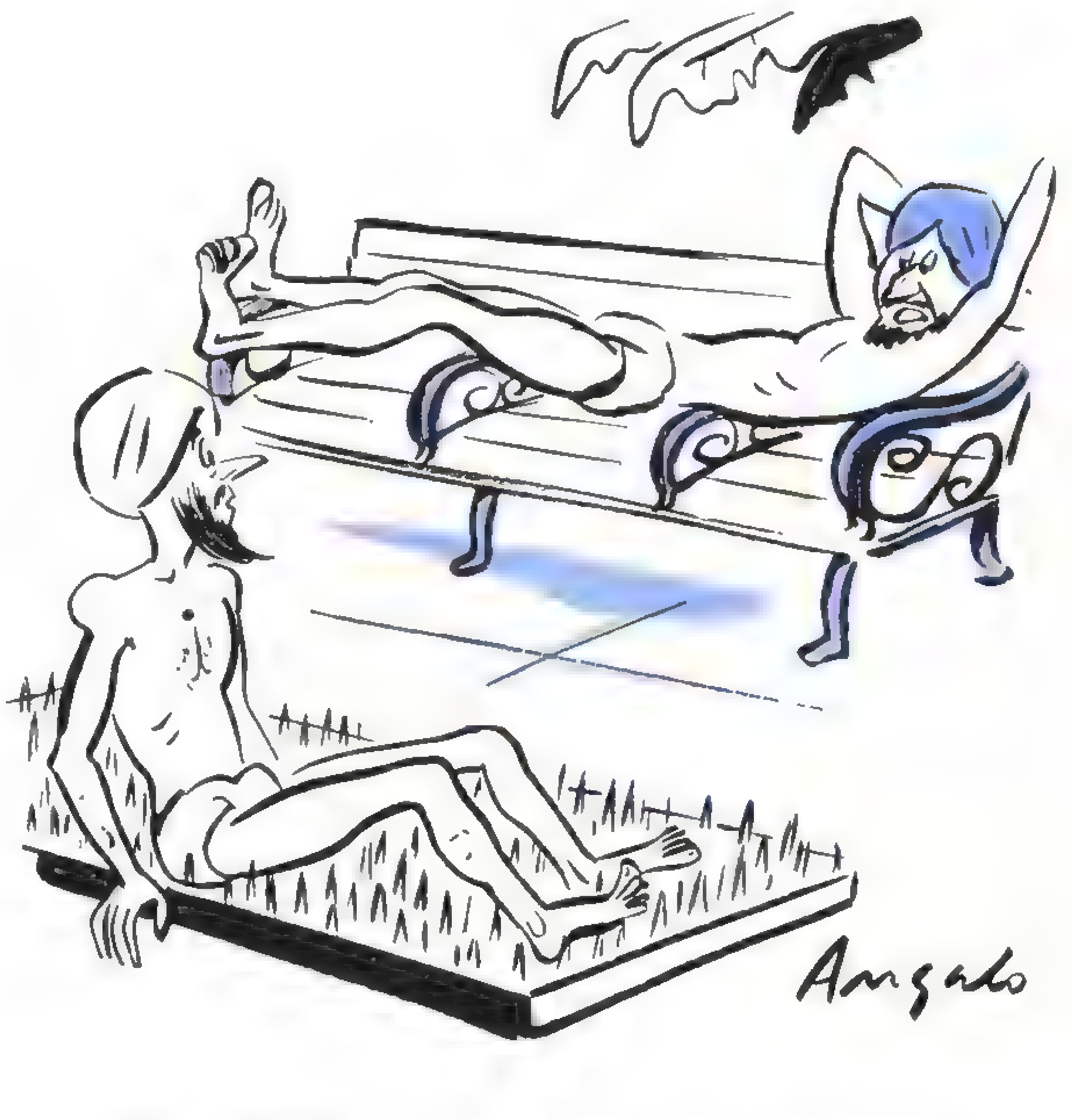
Unfinished Dance

We should be particularly grateful to Joe Pasternak and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for making *Unfinished Dance*. It is just the thing to please women who are in a mood to feel blue without knowing why. It contains much beauty and it is as full of vapors as the Finlandia Baths. Like the house rules at the Y.W.C.A., the story is completely devoid of male psychology. And with one notable exception, the men in the cast are about as important as a sand flea in the Arctic circle. This is just the picture to send your wife to if you have kissed her and she's said, "Oh, go away—"

It's the kind of thing a woman loves to think about between the time when she's sandpapered her nails and started working out a new way to fix her hair. With a sort of cloistered wistfulness it ponders on how nice life might be in a world where women could admire their own prettiness in a neat and orderly manner. In such a dream world a girl could look at etchings without getting her Hattie Carnegie rumpled or having to clutch at her girdle. In actual life, man's admiration usually is accompanied by such hurly-burly that no woman can experience it without losing hairpins. This can be fun but not when one is in one of those, "Please! Must you paw me!" attitudes. In *Unfinished Dance* all men keep their distance. They remain in darkened auditoriums while female loveliness gallops pensively around a ballet stage. They can admire, but from afar. As in the case of the Elgin Marbles, they are not to handle the exhibits.

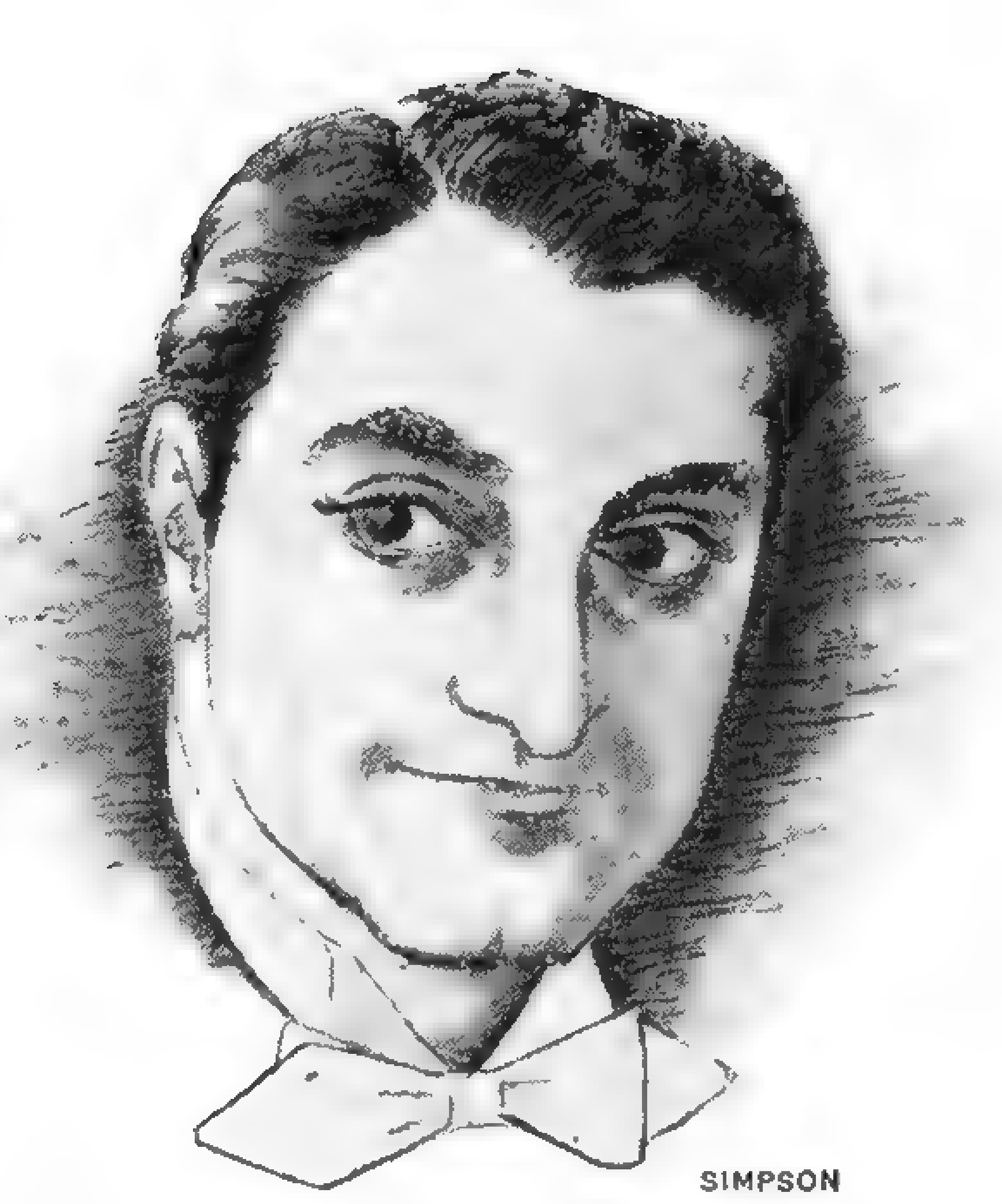
The actresses wear heaps of pretty Technicolor froufrou, not to catch the eye of the predatory male, but because they love pretty things. A man is permitted to pay for some of the heroine's wardrobe but never to explore it. This is very damaging to the masculine ego. Most of us like to think that women dress to decoy men. We boast that if it were not for the desire to hook us, the modiste's art would have stopped in the fig grove. Putting on a low-necked negligee, when there are no men around, seems to most men a little like baiting a fishhook on the banks of a dry lake. But in *Unfinished Dance* the girls love adornment for its own sake. The décor abounds in intricate corsages and bustles. Sometimes you wish the ladies had Adam's apples—just so you could see how they'd decorate them.

The plot is taken from a story called *Mort* (*Continued on page 134*)



"I had this one imported from America"

The Astounding Syrian



Weirdly mixing *schmaltz* and smartness, dialect and pantomime, the sad-faced Danny Thomas tops the night-club comics

by SIDNEY CARROLL

The name is Danny Thomas. He is five-feet-eleven-inches tall, has black hair, a pair of sad black eyes, and a long nose. He gets up on a night-club floor, sings, dances, says funny things. He makes the people laugh.

Now, none of this is extraordinary. There are approximately 1,354,672 night-club comics answering the same general description.

But Danny Thomas has one extra effect upon his audiences—a wild one. They come, they see, they get hysterical; then the extraordinary thing happens. They pick themselves up and go out to shout the name of Danny Thomas from the roof tops.

Danny doesn't have devotees. He has howling fanatics. Certain cash customers, once they have seen Danny, feel an uncontrollable impulse to beat their brains out about him. To a portion of the populace, he is a kind of religion—the new Messiah of what is laughingly called the upholstered cellars.

Baseball players have fans who collect their pictures and remember their batting averages. Movie stars have worshipers who form clubs and cults in their honor. Stage stars, of course, have their armies of the faithful. Mr. Thomas, who is merely a self-styled "saloon entertainer," goes all of these one better. *He* has people who follow him around from city to city.

He made his first real name and fame as a saloon entertainer in Chicago. When he outgrew Chicago, and his handlers figured he was ready to move into New York, Danny opened in one of the most glitteringly upholstered cellars of them all. It was a night club called the Martinique. Danny had played to Chicago audiences for three years, but he had never before pleaded his case before the most notoriously hard-boiled jury of them all—the New York night-club audience. Famous he might have been in the Midwest. In New York he was one more Joe.

All this Mr. Thomas, a sentimentalist in many ways, but a good sound businessman in just as many others, was aware of. On his opening night in New York, therefore, when he stepped out onto the floor of the Martinique, he expected to be greeted by nothing but silence. Instead, to his astonishment, there was a tremendous burst of applause. He shielded his eyes from the spotlight and peered into the black abyss of the night-club floor, and saw there a sea of familiar faces from Chicago! A group of his fans had hired a special car from Chicago to New York, in order to be present at the debut of their boy Danny, and to see to it that he got the proper send-off.

That is the sort of thing that happens to him . . . and to his followers. Those who don't have time to follow him around console themselves by sending him gifts and telegrams and mentioning him in their prayers, and buttonholing strangers in the street to sing their praises of Danny Thomas.

Everywhere he goes he is sure to hear a voice from Chicago, or New York, or Hollywood, shouting, "Show 'em, Danny!" or "Let's hear Toledo!" or "Do the Jack!" These latter yells are references to special bits of material he sings and recites, so familiar to his fans that if you watch one closely while he watches Danny you can see his lips reciting the lines along with Danny—word for word. They've seen him so often they know his stuff like a catechism.

There was a time in the history of popular entertainment in this country, during the heydey of vaudeville, when the good performers, the great ones, had precisely that kind of camp follower. When Osterman, or Faye, or Richie Craig would open at the Palace in the old days, he'd give the customers a new routine or two for the money, but it was the old stuff the customers would holler for. They'd want the familiar routines, though they knew them by heart. These days, when radio is the new vaudeville, and the essence of radio is new material for every appearance, that kind of thing has almost disappeared. The last holdout is the night clubs, where the stars like Joe E. Lewis or Sophie Tucker still continue to appear every new season with new lines, but never fail to oblige the customers with some of the old. For that—as the shouting will show—is what the customers really want. Danny Thomas is in the great tradition of the old-timers in at least this one respect: his stuff gets better with age, and the customers keep calling for it.

It is impossible to say why any man makes other men laugh. When you take all the words that are meant to define the great secret—words like "personality" and "style" and "timing"—you discover that they have no specific meaning. Danny Thomas has a vivid personality, a style of his own, and a sense of timing like a piece of high-precision machinery. But so have a hundred other comics who are nowhere near as funny as he is. So you have to plunge a little deeper into a definition of the phenomenon if you want specific answers. All right, let's plunge.

Danny is an excellent dialectician. He can tell stories in umpty-ump accents and he can sing in a flock of languages. That sets him off from the crowd just a little. It still doesn't get through to the magic.

He is versatile. He has an extraordinarily expressive face with which he can make a variety of funny faces. He has a wonderful voice. But the deeper you keep on plunging with words and phrases and definitions, the more apt you are to reach the inevitable conclusion that in order to be appreciated Danny Thomas has to be seen. It is like the experience of hearing him tell a joke. It kills you. You take it home and repeat it to the company and it lays an egg. So you alibi it by saying, "Oh, hell, you have to hear Danny tell it."

Well, when you hear him tell it you rivet your attention upon a young man in his early thirties, with a swarthy complexion, a mobile mouth, and a nose you are not likely to forget in a hurry. Danny is fond of that nose. Time and again his handlers have begged him to have it bobbed. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him, nose and all, to a movie contract, they tried to persuade him to

"You're too close to the curb, Emma"

abbreviate it just a little bit. Danny held out, and he intends to hold out forever. The nose, like Cyrano's, is his pride and joy. "If you're gonna have a nose," he tells the people, "*have* one! I don't see how any of you people go around breathing with those perforated warts you have. You go around panting for a whole day like a bunch of hound-dogs. Me . . ." He takes a deep breath. ". . . *Once* a day! Like a camel!"

Danny also has a long mournful face. That is as it should be. The clown with the mournful aspect, according to the anatomists of humor, is supposed to touch the heart of true comedy, which always has a touch of pathos in it. Danny's eyes are dark and his brows are heavy and his skin is dark. He has been mistaken for a son of every nationality under the sun. Every time he switches dialects the loyal cohorts swear *that's* the tribe he belongs to. Actually, he is a Syrian. Bear that in mind and you begin to understand why through all his humor there beats a strangely oriental rhythm.

Danny is a natural pantomimist. The most famous joke in his repertoire is one about a little man who gets caught one night on a country road with a flat tire and starts to hike to town to borrow an automobile jack. Danny starts the story off by describing the circumstances under which he first heard the story. It occurred while he was taking a trip across the country in a bus. As he begins to describe that bus trip he begins to bounce, lightly, on the balls of his feet—up and down, up and down—all the time he is talking. He never says a word about the bouncing—its point is implicit. In a very few minutes, as he keeps on describing the bus trip, you are riding across the country with him in that bouncing bus. It is like audience participation, although the only thing the audience is participating in is the laughter. Then Danny reveals that it was on this same bus trip that a fellow passenger told him the story of the little man and the automobile jack. "For which," he says, "I shall be eternally grateful."

He starts: "There was a fellow driving his brand-new car on the highway at night. Got a flat tire. Got out of the car. Opened trunk, reached in for the jack. No jack...

"Flat tire. No jack. Twelve o'clock midnight. Pitch dark. It's gonna rain. It's a two-mile walk to the nearest garage. He's got new shoes. With a nail in the heel."

As the troubles of the little man accumulate, things happen to Mr. Thomas. His shoulders hunch. His face assumes a look of terrible despair. He pulls a black felt down over his ears. He pulls his jacket lapels up around his chin. His chin sinks deep into his lapels. And as he describes the sad night and the sad little man, Danny begins to hike into town, to the nearest garage two miles away. He does not move, of course. He merely lifts his feet up and down. The way he lifts those feet up and puts them down makes you feel those tight shoes, the rain squishing in and out of them, the nail in the heel, and all the misery in the man's soul. And all this is fabulously funny. The joke is not the greatest joke in the world, but Danny makes a production of it—a one-act play. By the time he gets through to the punch of the story you are not only shaking all over, you are wringing wet. It is a triumph of storytelling.

He is a versatile performer. There are his innumerable dialects. There is his singing, which can jump from ribald limerick to sentimental ballad in one leap. (After wowing them all night with his funny stuff, he sometimes winds up by singing Mr. Jolson's *Anniversary Song*, and you can hear the tears plop-plopping into the beer.) There is his voice, which is normally a tenor, but which has all the stops of a saxophone, depending on the joke, or the song, or the dialect. There are his hands, which are remarkably expressive.

All of this, which is an attempt to explain a little more specifically just what it is that makes Danny Thomas funny, adds up to one word that probably covers the whole situation. Danny is an actor. He is, on the face of it, the only real actor currently killing them in the night clubs. That is why a contented customer rose from a ringside table after one of his performances recently and said to the other members of his party, "I'd like to see him play Hamlet."

CHOP SUEY
DRUGS
B. TOBEY

"Let's walk around the block first—I hate hasty marriages"

Danny was born in Toledo, the son of a Syrian candymaker who raised a family of nine sons and one daughter. The family name, in the original, is pronounced *Jahoob*, which translates into English as Jacobs. When the son, later known to the upholstered cellars as Danny Thomas, was born, he was christened Amos.

Amos Jacobs started to make his living as an entertainer around Toledo at a tender age. He appeared on kid radio programs (no pay) and he appeared at local banquets ($2 a night) as a comic prodigy. "I eventually worked up," he says, "to where I was making six bucks a week." He kept working himself up to where he got a job as candy butcher in a burlesque house at a salary of $3 a day. Shortly after that he moved to Detroit, to the big time. He began playing the cabarets, the bars and grills, the joints. ("The joints, always the joints.") He acquired responsibilities. He married a girl he had met when they were both appearing on the kiddie radio program. He made a name for himself as a saloon entertainer in Detroit, earning $85 a week, some weeks.

But Amos had ambitions, and because he had ambitions he lost the $85 a week. That catastrophe came about this way. There was a night-club impresario in Detroit who ran some of the joints in which Danny worked. This impresario made a lot of money and because he too had ambitions he decided to build something out of the joint line—something classy, with chromium furniture and fluorescent lighting and a floor show in which the bumps and grinds would be strictly on the refined side. When Amos Jacobs heard of these plans his heart grew light and he rushed over to see his boss, the ambitious impresario. "Hey, boss," he shouted. "This is great! This is terrific!"

The boss asked, "What's terrific?"

"Why—the new club! A real night club! I'll have a chance to do my stuff for high-class people! All those Chicago and New York agents'll come down to see me—what a chance!"

The boss put his hand on Amos' shoulder and talked to him tremolo, with a bleeding heart. "Amos," he told him, "this ain't for you. You ain't no high-class entertainer. You are strictly a saloon bum."

Amos is a Syrian. Syrians are usually not inhibited. "After that meeting," he says, "I walked down the street for thirty blocks, crying like a girl in love. I didn't care who saw me. I blubbered out loud for thirty blocks." He went home to his wife, told her that he was through with Detroit and with night clubs, and that he was going to Chicago to try his luck.

In Chicago he tried radio work. He did odd jobs. He played character bits, he acted in all sorts of things. Chicagoans with long memories may recall a certain radio commercial for a tooth paste, in which a tough toothbrush had an enlightening conversation with a soft toothbrush on the subject of tender gums. Danny Thomas played the tough toothbrush.

But the pay on radio wasn't steady enough; it certainly wasn't enough to allow Amos to send for his wife, who was still in Detroit. So, though he had sworn off night-club work for life, he started to make the rounds of the booking agencies to see what he might pick up in the way of a little extra nightwork.

He made the rounds, and the booking agents kept him waiting interminable hours, and told him they had nothing for him. One day he showed up at the offices of the William Morris Agency, a mighty organization which had never heard of Amos Jacobs. But they asked him what he had done and he told them and they looked into their files and told him they had something.

There was a new joint opening on the north side of town. It was a former automobile showroom which had been newly upholstered and which had been given over to a series of Negro floor shows. The proprietor had decided to change his policy and to put on white floor shows. He was looking for a Master of Ceremonies. Three shows a night. Four on Saturday. Salary—$50 a week.

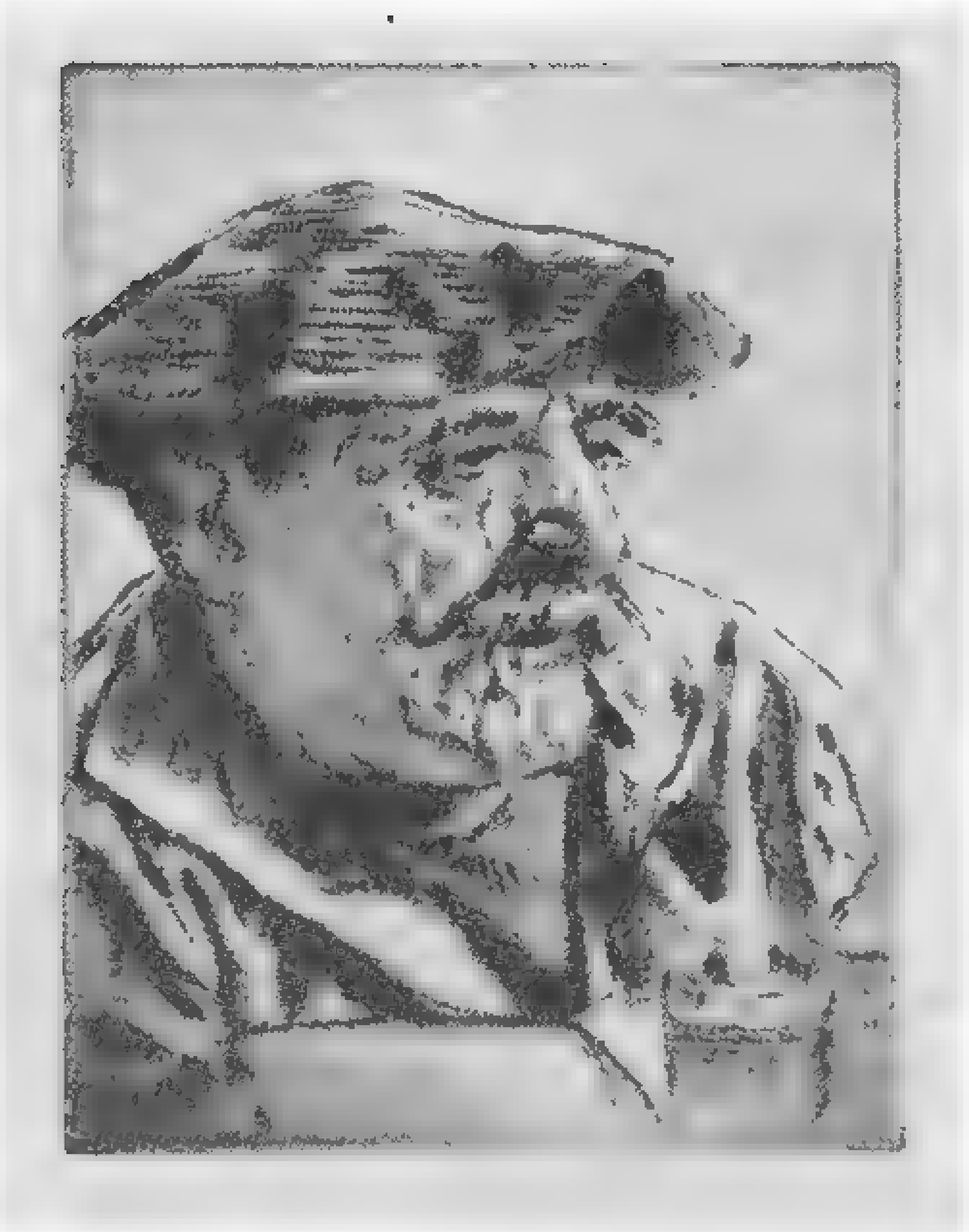
Amos Jacobs, late of Toledo and Detroit night life, thought it over and wanted to run away and hide. But he remembered his wife in Detroit and he thought of the money he

(*Continued on page 129*)

The Voice of the Oyster

Lubbers might listen to the story with a bit of skepticism, but the captain's version is worth hearing

by TOMMY O'SHANE



JOSEPH MARGULIES

You can find Captain Fyfe down around Mash Market in the two-bit-a-night flophouses near Baltimore's Long Dock. That's where the oyster boats warp in. It does little good to see him in May, June, July or August, because then he's too busy stowing his vast hold with steamed crabs and beer, watermelon, cantaloupe, and corn, peas, tomatoes and potatoes fresh up from the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia, all of which he scrounges from bay-boat skippers. What's more, in the summer the curse of the oyster is not upon him. You've got to catch the captain in an R-month.

Captain Fyfe is one of the greatest sea-food trenchermen of all times. His craving is Gargantuan. Because he could not control it, he suffers one of the rarest maladies in the book. If you like sea food, you'd better hear this out.

You might not want to believe the captain himself. Any man togged in the peaked, snug-fitting blue cap that marks the waterman, who wears six inches of cottony chin whiskers and as much white hair streaming down aft from under his cap, might not be the man for a lubber to trust. But you could trust Miles Covington, the skipper of the oyster boat who was the first to hear this strange whistling. Oystermen never lie.

Miles was putting in at Long Dock one night with a couple ton of oysters when he heard a *tweet-tweet-tweet.* At first he thought it was the wind zinging atop the pilothouse, but it wasn't. He began hunting, at last ripping off the hatch cover and climbing in with his oysters. Finally, he found it. A big oyster, Tangier variety. It was whistling.

Like this: *John Brown's body lies a'mould . . . John Brown's body lies a'mould . . .* That was all, over and over, but never finishing the last notes. Miles pinched the oyster from above and below and the whistling stopped. When he lifted his fingers, it started whistling again. *John Brown's body lies a'mould . . .*

Miles kept the oyster on ice in the pilothouse. Now oysters make noises. They slurp and hiss when they eat. This *tweet-tweet* wasn't like that at all. It was tuneful whistling, though not real loud, and Miles figured he had something.

Miles stuck to the boat, never saying anything to anybody. When he sold his cargo, he picked up the oyster and headed for Louey's Bar. That's when Captain Fyfe came along, mooching for oysters. "Sold out," Miles barked, and hurried across Pratt Street. Captain Fyfe followed him, sick to death of the oyster gnaw, an illness so severe that the best doctors at the Johns Hopkins long ago gave up ever trying to cure it. The only thing you can do is feed it, they said. If your mouth starts watering when you hear the words oysters, clams, shad, lobster, crabs, sea trout and so on, you've got the disease.

When Miles reached Louey's place he squeezed the oyster, and put it on the bar. "I got a whistling oyster," he announced. "Do I drink free if it whistles?"

Louey Deems, the barkeep, laid down his bar rag. "Do I pick my own tune like in a juke box?"

"No," said Miles. "I pick the tune."

"All right, let's hear him."

Miles released his fingers. *John Brown's body lies a'mould . . . John Brown's body lies a'mould . . . Tweet-tweet,* over and over and over.

An astonished crowd gathered around. Louey said, "Okay, name your drink."

Miles took corn. Louey started pouring it, but he pretended he wasn't too impressed with the oyster. "He can't even finish the tune," Louey said. "He needs more schooling."

"You got to have a chorus of them to be heard real well," a customer said.

"I could use a microphone," Miles swiftly answered his critics, like a guy does when he has his hands on a good thing. "I could take him all over the country, giving concerts. I could end up in Carnegie Hall, splitting a program with Heifetz."

"Would he wear a bow tie?" Louey asked. "Could you teach him to croon?"

"You don't realize this is the only whistling oyster in the world," Miles said sharply.

"Yeah?" Louey snorted. "But what does he whistle—a Yankee song! Teach him *Dixie* and I give you a thousand for him."

All the while the oyster sat on the bar, minding his own business, whistling and whistling. *Tweet-tweet-tweet.* Miles glared at Louey. "You want to make me an offer for him?"

"All right," Louey said. "I could use him maybe for advertising. I'll give you $200 for him and $50 a day as long as he whistles and jams customers into my place. Just like a floor show uptown. On the other hand, if you want to put him on the stage . . ."

Suddenly the whistling stopped. Miles swung around. Crunch! There was Captain Fyfe, water coming down over his chin and onto his whiskers, sticking an oyster knife into the whistling oyster. The captain was quick on it. Zip, he slashed between the top and bottom shell. Slurp, down it went, right off the shell, into the captain's open maw. The old guy's eyes rolled, he was so happy.

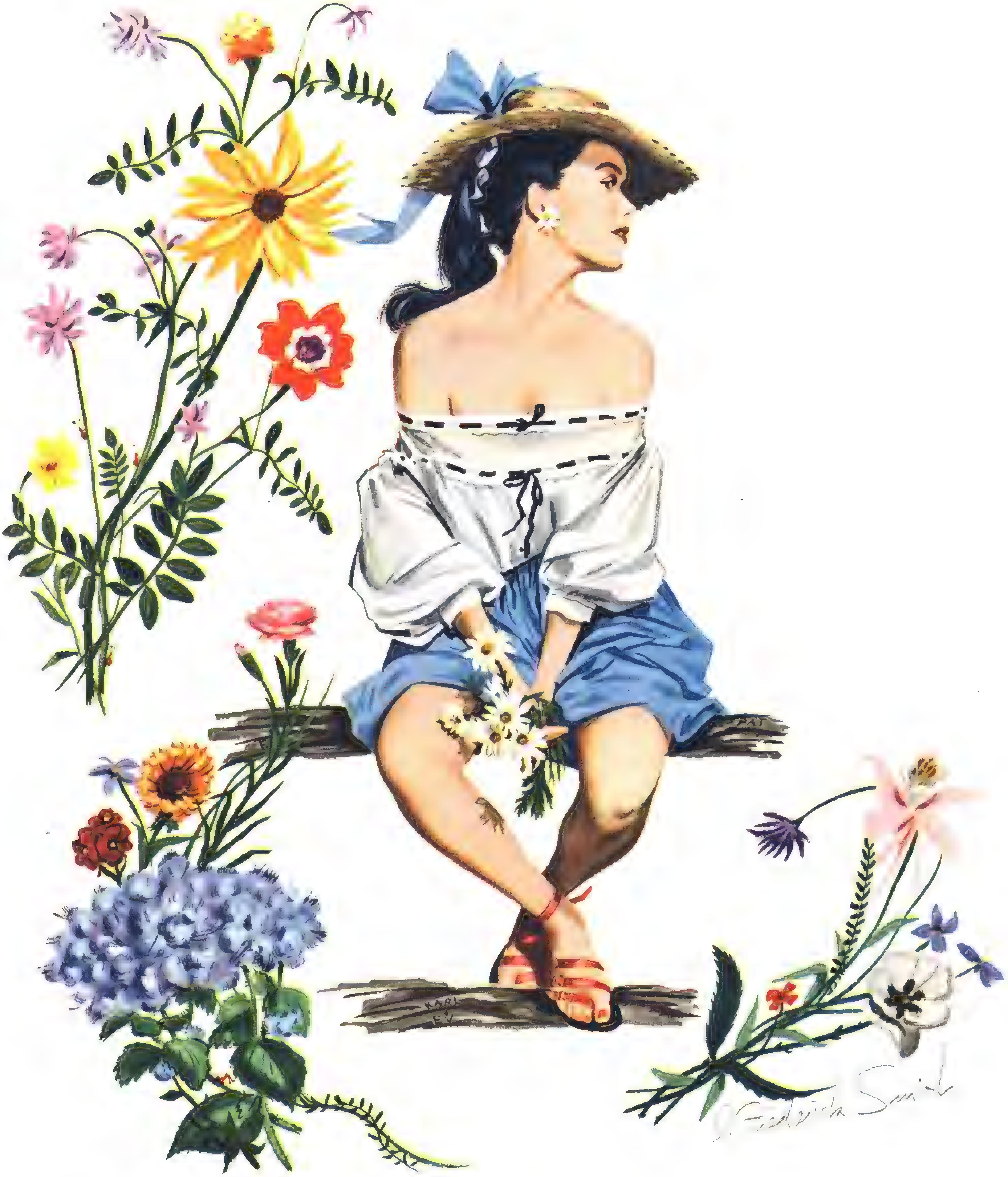
Miles grabbed Captain Fyfe by the fur under his neck and nearly choked him to death, right there on the water front where rough stuff like that is not approved. Louey ran around the bar and jerked Miles off with the help of the customers. The captain sagged against the bar, choking for breath, his face steamed crab red. Finally he got back to normal. "I couldn't *tweet-tweet* help *tweet* myself," the captain pleaded. "I *tweet-tweet* couldn't find a oyster in this *tweet* whole *tweet-tweet* town. I was *tweet* over-*tweet*-come with mad *tweet* desire."

Miles drew back to slug the old duffer, who swallowed what might have become a fortune, but Louey stopped him. "Get going," Louey said.

Captain Fyfe shoved off. "Good *tweet-tweet* night," he said at the door. "I'm *tweet* sorry."

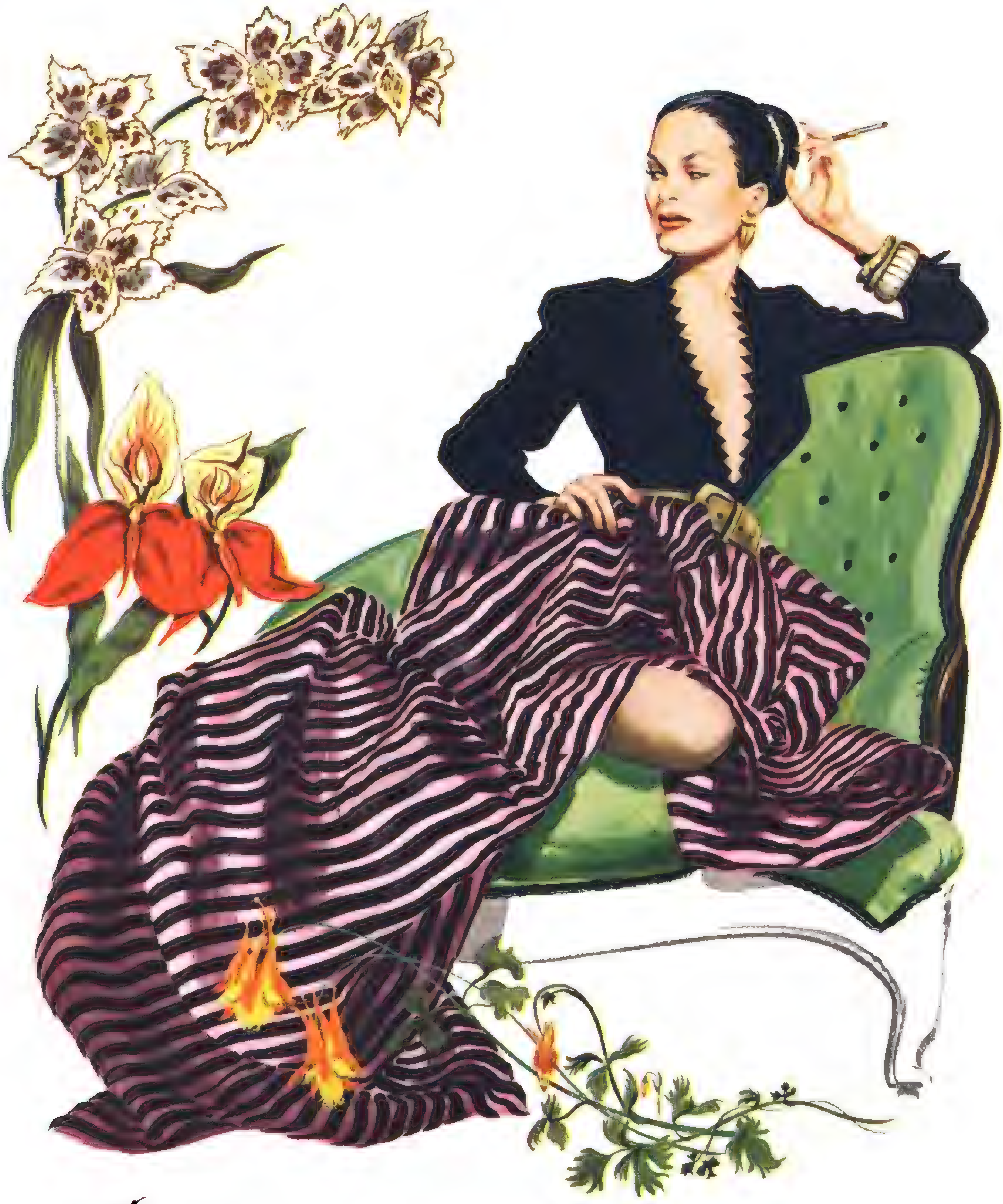
Well, that's the way it was. As a result, during September, October, November, December, January, February, March and April, the captain whistle-talks. He says, "Hello *tweet* friend, could you *tweet-tweet* help a sailor to a cup of *tweet* whiskey?" That's when you want to see him, in the R-months, when he talks like that because of his affliction, and get him to tell you the story. Miles? He's been drinking himself to death over on the Eastern Shore. He quit the oyster business. ⌗

"Say please"



Derangement by J. FREDERICK SMITH

In a spritely mood our Mr. Smith depicts a slightly deranged wood nymph, or perhaps only a city maid, momentarily intoxicated by the sweetness of a summer's day beyond the suburbs. Nevertheless it remains obvious the world is too much with this somewhat bemussed lady. All week her mind has wandered from her breezeless office in the big city. Now she's where she's dreamed of being, blown her Bendel chapeau in a woodland dell, let her hair down, tiptoed through the daisies, revisited the old swimming hole, generally come to look a sight—a delightful sight. Above, a candid shot: the poised Esquire Girl caught off guard in a moment of rusticity, lovelier than ever.



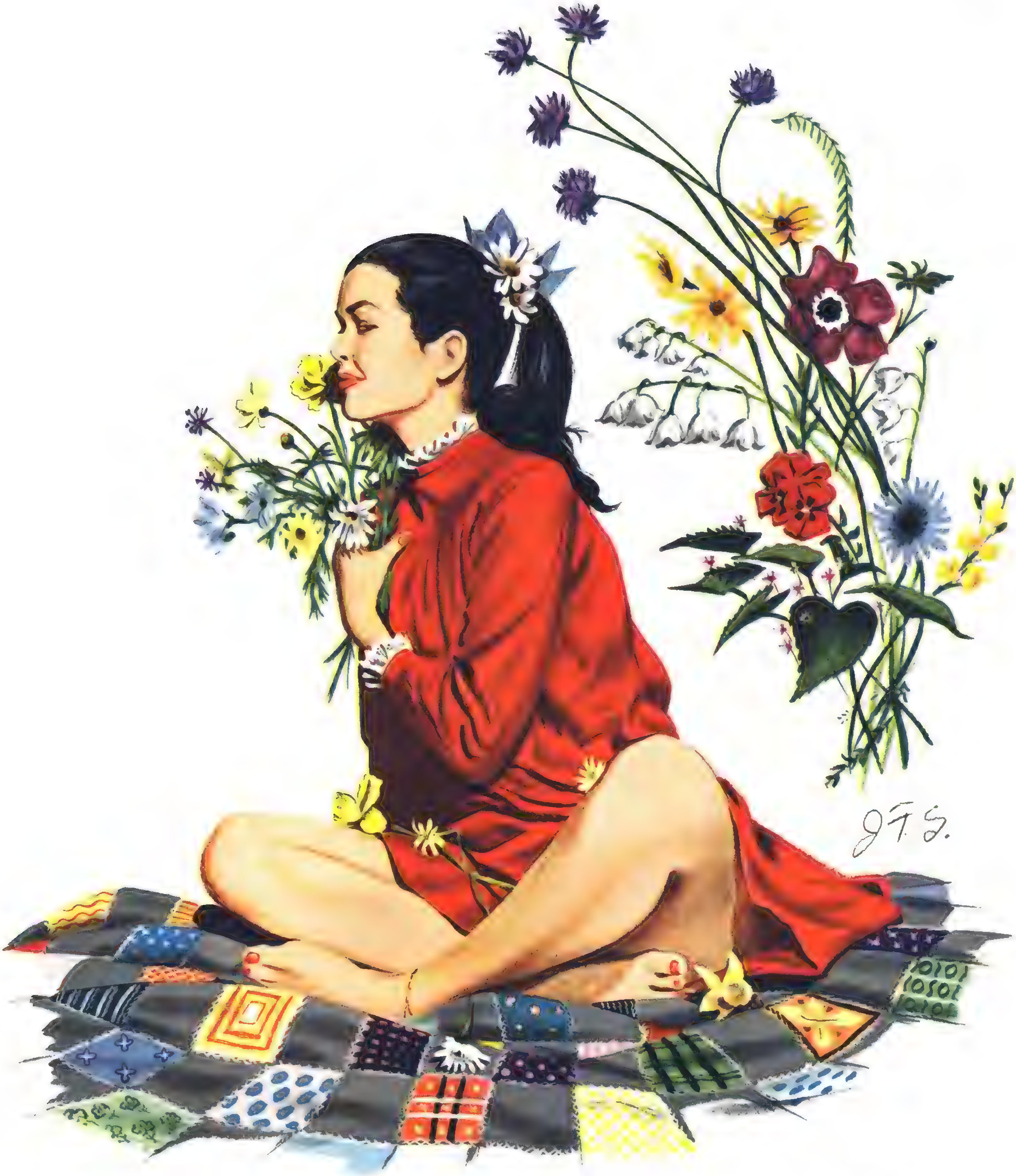
You Among Flowers

by WALTER BENTON

Floral Interpretations
by J. FREDERICK SMITH

The butterfly weed in the terra-cotta vase recalls
the Ozarks . . . Taneycomo Lake—
and above all,
its coralline sparks against the milkweed milk
　of your throat and shoulders,
storming the gentle brown
　of your eyes and hair.

You always held flowers so . . .



in the sheltering curve
of your left arm,
as a child is held—the blossoms miniature
copies of your face.

You were loveliest when your face
matched small spring flowers,
wild-grown, peasant-bonneted—
such as it hurts to pick . . .
and hurts to leave alone.

But when you blossomed out variegated,
hothouse-gardened,
your beauty troubled me—
I saw you, a jewel burning
in each stalking eye, and sensed
you were not wholly mine . . .
like a star or a people's song.

Patty Sinclair, breast stroke
CRYSTAL PLUNGE

Suzanne Zimmerman, back stroke
MULTNOMAH ATHLETIC CLUB

Ann Curtis, middle distance
CRYSTAL PLUNGE

Jeanne Wilson, breast stroke
LAKE SHORE ATHLETIC CLUB

Victoria Manalo Draves, platform diving
UNATTACHED

Brenda Helser, the sprints
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB

OLYMPIC PREVIEW

Mermaids London Bound

Photographs by C. L. Sawin

Six bright and beautiful prospects to represent you in the 1948 Olympics! Sixteen-year-old Patty Sinclair, New York born, Coast bred, breaststroke queen; Portland's Suzanne Zimmerman, nation's top backstroker; Ann Curtis, college student, 200, 400 and 1500 meter champion, only woman to win the Sullivan trophy; Jeanne Wilson of Chicago and Purdue, who dogs Miss Sinclair's flashing heels; Victoria Manalo Draves, twenty-two, part Hawaiian and married, champion from the thirty-three-foot board; finally the very luscious Brenda Helser, twenty-two-year-old Portlander, this season dethroned sprint queen by half a length, but still America's best-looking lady athlete. In the grand tradition of Eleanor Holm and Esther Williams.

FAULKNER

Trick knees, glass arms and broken heads persist in sports, but science is gaining

Safer Sports Through Science

by GEORG MANN

The third finger on my left hand is hitting the keys a little awkwardly as I pound out this piece on the typewriter. On a cold November afternoon twenty years ago somebody ground my left hand into the frozen field with a cleated football shoe during a scrimmage. I don't have to look into a mirror to check up on the fact that my nose is more flattened than aquiline. That happened when I was lying flat on my belly at the end of a quarterback sneak. The defensive fullback sat down hard on the back of my head. But my finger doesn't really bother me very much except when I type or try to play the violin. And the doctor patched up my nose and took out most of the smashed bones that interfered with my breathing.

At that I was lucky. The really good football players have a lot more trick muscles and joints than I have. And the professionals in football, baseball, and hockey seem at times to be hung together only by the ingenuity of trainers and surgeons.

Doctors, athletic directors, and equipment manufacturers have worried about these injuries for years and struggled over ways of making sports safer. New gadgets, infrared rays, various kinds of hydrotherapy, better equipment, have all helped. Rules have been made stricter to head off injuries. Coaches and athletic directors get a better grounding in the medical problems of sports. And the routine medical examinations have been a great help in weeding out those who would run extra risks before the first whistle blows.

Football heads the list of sports causing injuries as far as amateurs are concerned. This in spite of the fact that equipment has been steadily improved, that the average football team wraps itself up inside half a mile of adhesive tape during the season. One major triumph of equipment is the thigh pads that Dr. George Hauser, long connected with Minnesota football, reports have licked the old devil, the Charley horse. But the better some parts of the body are protected, the more vulnerable others seem to become. Ankle injuries are becoming scarcer because ankles are routinely taped before a game. This leaves the knee to bear the shock. As a result, the knee has become the most vulnerable part of the body. And knee injuries are increasing, compared to ten or fifteen years ago. I remember a filling-station owner in St. Paul, a brilliant guard back in the days when the Gophers really were Golden. He smiled a little in apology as he limped out to fill my tank. "Trick knee," he explained, "occupational disease of guards." Fortunately, operations on the cartilage of the knee are usually successful, and the player may even return to football.

The seven-and-one-half to nine pounds of the average football uniform can only protect so much of the body. Shoulder pads have warded off injuries to the shoulders caused by direct contact in blocking and head-on tackling. But shoulder injuries still are caused when a player is knocked off his feet and tries to break his fall by landing on his outstretched arms. The full effect of the fall is passed up his arms to the muscles and bones of the shoulder, and something has to give.

The unprotected arms and legs get most of the football injuries. Wrists and fingers are almost impossible to protect and they break easily. The nose and the face also suffer. Lightweight guards for the face have replaced the old rubber nose guards, protect broken facial bones during play, give old breaks a chance to heal. A few years back, Dr. Marcus Hobart at Northwestern discovered one startling aspect of face injuries. He found that a football player with bandages on his face seemed to arouse sheer blood lust in the opposing team. The opposing players spent a good deal of the time trying to remove the bandage and deepen the wound below. Dr. Hobart used inconspicuous collodion to cover a wound and hold it together during the game. After the game a proper bandage could be applied.

According to Dr. Hobart's latest tabulations, internal derangements of the knee are the most common football injuries, then come shoulder injuries, sprains, bruises, concussions, and broken bones. The back and feet suffer from injury, but not so much as the rest of the body.

A good many competent authorities have compiled lists of the most dangerous sports in high schools and colleges. Dr. Hobart's college list places wrestling on top, and follows up with football, basketball, water polo, swimming, baseball, and track, in that order. However, accidents happen in all sports. During my fencing days a student was killed at one Middlewestern school when a foil broke and ripped open an artery in his shoulder. And the paper the other night told of a high-school gymnast killed by an accidental fall from the parallel bars.

One sport not mentioned in surveys is remarkably hazardous. That's skiing. A few years back a doctor tabulated the season's ski injuries at a popular ski resort area. His

(*Continued on page 138*)

GLANTZ

Backstage in Sports: Herb Pennock

The whiplash left arm that spun its magic for the New York Yankees of Ruth, Gehrig, Dickey and Poosh-'Em-Up Tony Lazzeri gets most of its exercise these days at Mrs. Pennock's dinner table. Rookies like Ralph LaPointe and Dick Koecher strive to create new Ruths and Pennocks. Herb Pennock is the man behind their struggles. As general manager of the resurgent Philadelphia Phils, he bosses the farm system in which the stars of tomorrow are nurtured and tended as carefully as any hothouse orchids. The system is only a few seasons old. Already there are results: the great Del Ennis came up through the chain. Now lanky Dick Koecher seems ready for the Big Show: a pitcher who was a schoolboy when he first heard of Mr. Pennock. Mr. Pennock was something of a pitcher himself in those days.

The very thing he had fled came back to haunt the lagoon and end his dream

The Witness at the Crossroads

by DOUGLAS ANGUS

GREENHALGH

THROUGHOUT his brief earthly career there was nothing seriously wrong with Carl Henderson. He achieved death by a series of elaborate accidents prepared by many hands besides his own. But none of the people who destroyed him bore him the slightest ill will. His handsome older brother, for example, had no idea that merely by being clever and popular he was sapping Carl's self-confidence.

By the time Carl Henderson entered college the habit of avoiding reality—particularly in the form of women—was fixed. He buried himself in books and study, only occasionally raising his head to take a timid look at that other college world of fraternities and convertibles, of tuxedos, drinks, and tender, meandering conversations on the telephone.

Then he met Janet Hempstead, a creature too beautiful almost to be real. Fate had placed her beside him in the economics class, where she smiled at him, crossed her shapely legs, and enveloped him in her nerve-shattering perfume. At the end of the third class he was violently in love, and after a week of rapturous, secret torture, he gathered up all his courage and took a wild leap into life. He joined a fraternity, bought a tuxedo, and he asked Janet Hempstead for a date.

And Janet, listening to his stumbling words, serenely dissecting him, found him to be merely a soft, blundering fly in search of a mother and asking to be spun drunkenly on a shining, silver web. She discovered that the role of mother suited some obscure instinct in her complex personality. At the end of their first date she quite paralyzed him for the fraction of time that her finger tips, withdrawing from his hand, lightly stroked the full length of his palm.

For the next few weeks she fed him her indecision until he glowed like a bulb. Then, to her own surprise, she told him he could have her.

The week end after their engagement he took her home with him to meet his family, and especially to show her off before his brother George. He was at the height of his delirium, without appetite for food and filled with a vision of that condensed paradise known as the wedding night.

What happened between Janet and George happened immediately, but Carl was too preoccupied with his own pride to notice the bright curiosity in their eyes as they regarded each other. And he remained blissfully ignorant of what was going on until the last night, when, unable to sleep, he crept down for a book and, turning on the library light, found them on the big velvet couch, their long bodies outstretched on the cushions, their arms about each other, half stupefied with the languor of satiated love.

There was a second of terrible stillness, then the serene pattern of their relaxed limbs broke. Janet, lying against the back of the couch, jerked up her head like some kind of deadly serpent, her long, auburn hair tumbling about her face. George, twisting violently, stared at him awkwardly over his shoulder.

He saw every detail of the scene with terrible vividness, but what he remembered afterward was her white satin gown in a little crumpled heap on the floor by the couch. It was his last present to her. He had never seen her in it. She wasn't to wear it until their wedding night. That had been their agreement.

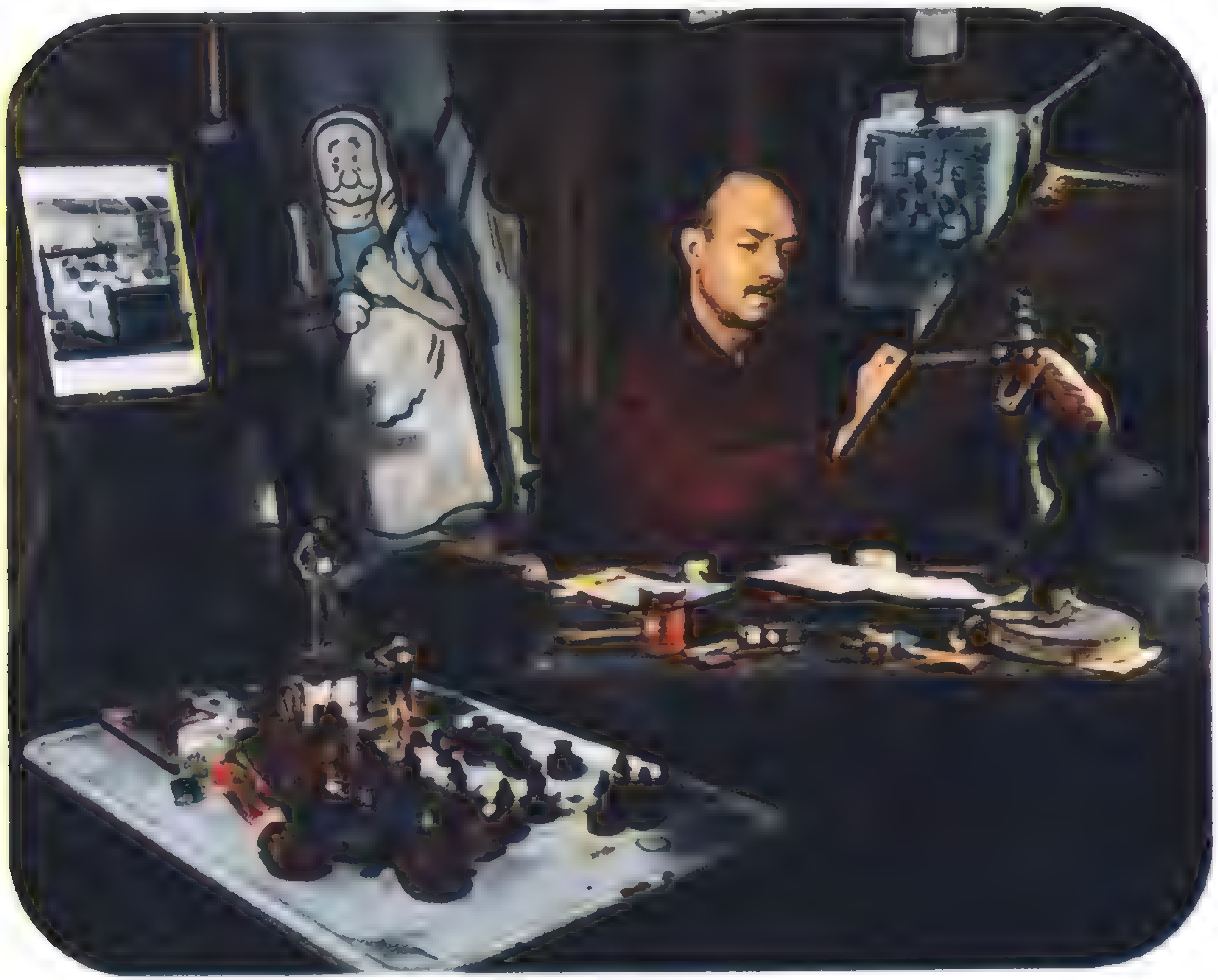
He started to say something, but the only sound he made was a rasping, incoherent whisper deep down in his throat. Suddenly he wanted to get away. He swung around, groping like a blind man for the door, but on the threshold some quaint reflex of politeness made him pause long enough to turn off the switch and leave them in darkness.

That night he packed his clothes and returned alone to the university. He felt that he could never go back to his home again. But he was too restless to return to his studies. He left the university.

For a few miserable weeks he sought wildly for some way to escape. Then, while he pondered whether to buy a piece of rope or take to the mountains, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, and he saw the perfect solution to all his troubles. He would leap into the vanguard of civilization's majestic homicidal orgy shouting his own "Banzai!" and flourishing his sword.

He joined the air force and became a fighter pilot in one of the first squadrons to engage the enemy in the Pacific area. He was determined to be killed as quickly as possible, but he defeated his own efforts by his indifference to death. His reputation for reckless courage grew. At the end of the first half year of the war he was already a major.

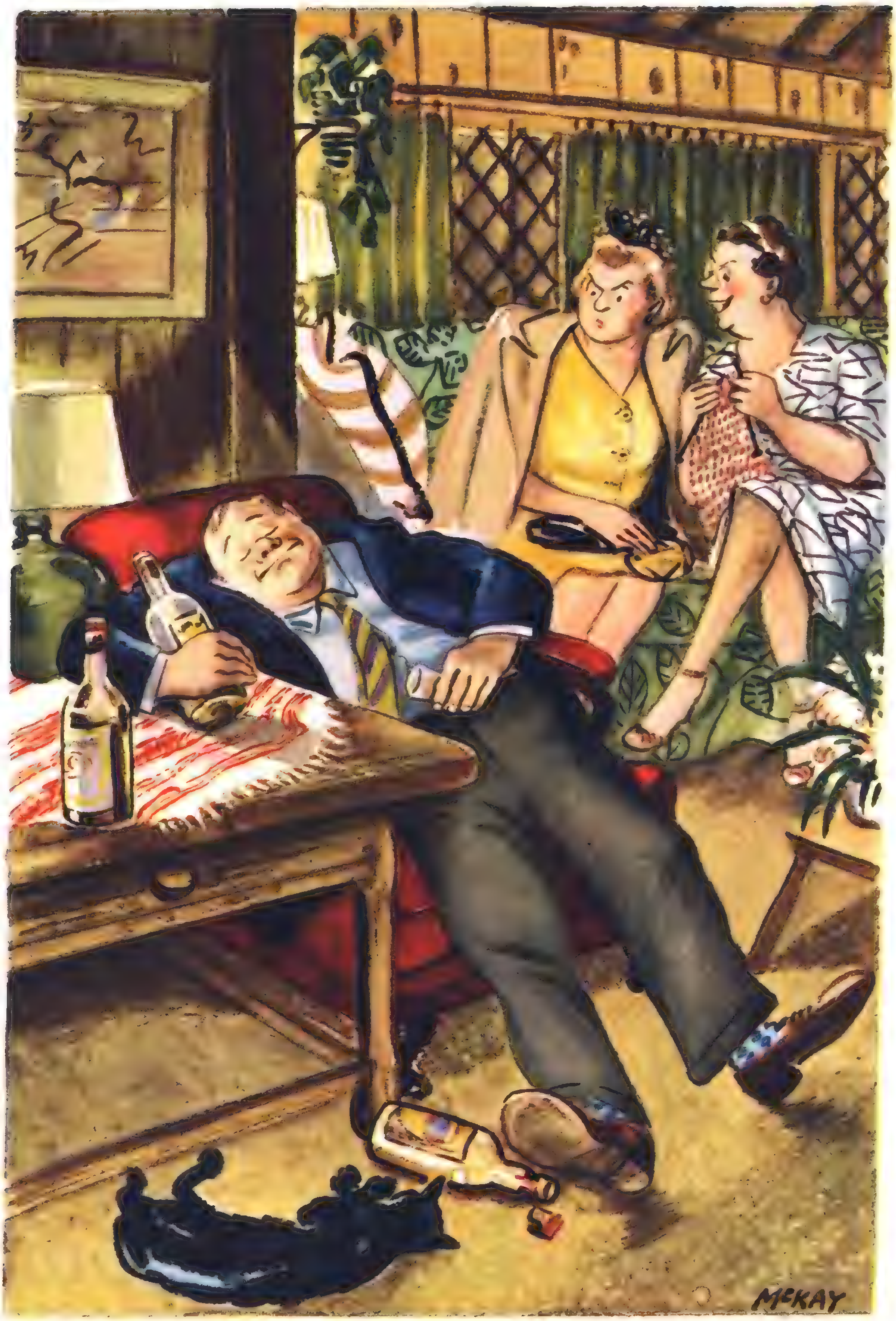
But he had no interest in either glory or victory. During the second half of his first year in the war, continuous proximity to death finally cured him of all wish for it, and he returned to the dream of retiring to some lonely, secluded spot where he could live the solitary existence of a hermit. On his various missions he *(Continued on page 183)*



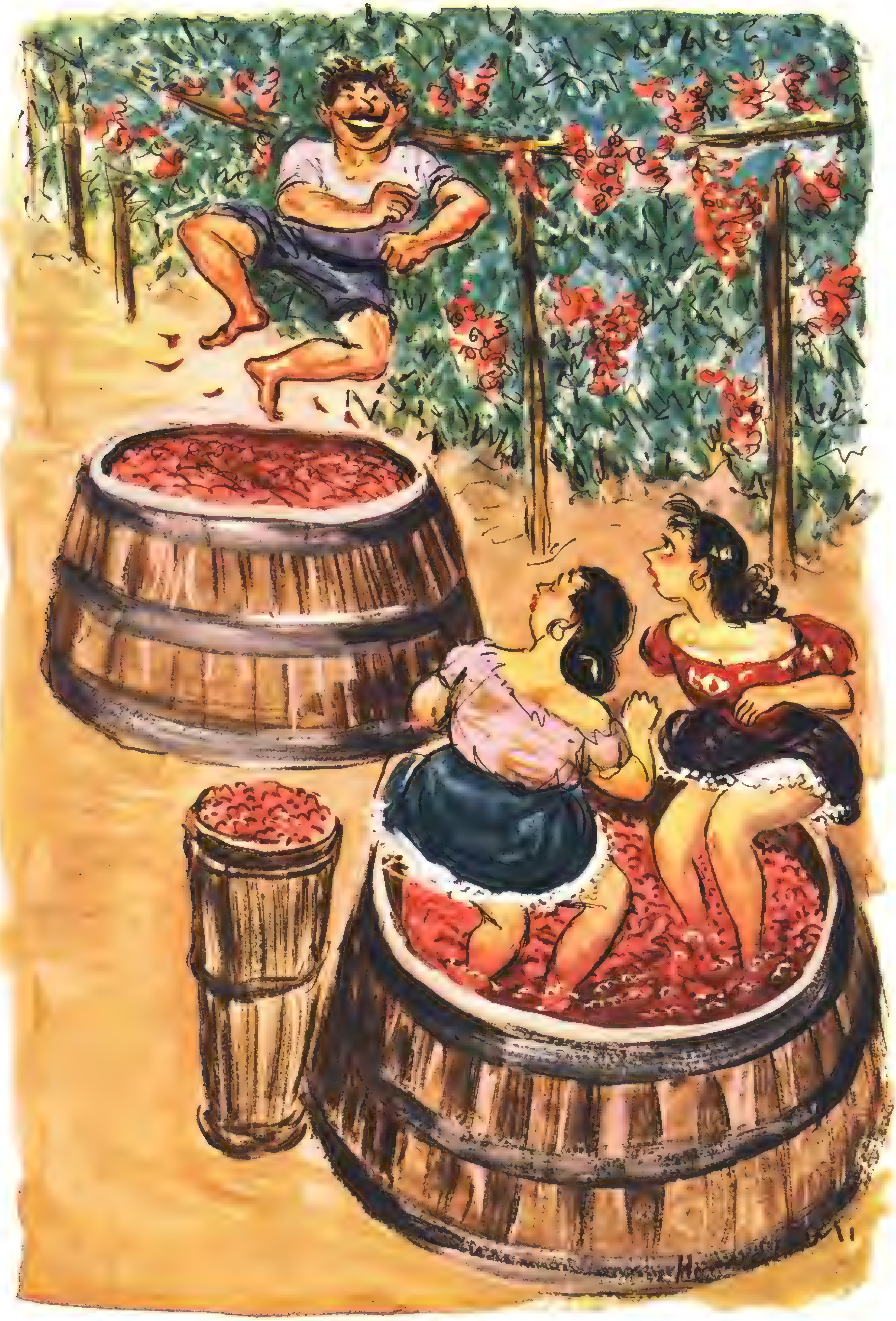
GLANTZ

Father of the Beaver Boys

One day Paul Webb was making idle passes at his sketch board when suddenly he looked down and there—for no reasonable reason—were three lanky guys with bare feet and whiskers. However they got there, Webb liked them, sent them to Esquire. We liked them too—that was thirteen years ago—and still do. (See page 75.) Pennsylvania-born, the creator of Grandma, Grandpappy, Uncle Rafe and his three bearded nephews turned to cartooning, he informs us, because of the high cost of oils, though his serious work won him two Paris scholarships. Today he lives a bucolic existence with wife and two daughters in New Canaan, Connecticut, coming out of hiding to play a wobbly shortstop for Lowell Thomas' Nine Old Men. Candid as they come, he admits most of his inspiration derives from deadlines.



"It's his answer to the atom bomb!"



"Tomasello has been sampling again"

Loudest, fieriest and perhaps best young American pianist is unhappy Willy Kapell

Pianist for a Percussive Age

by HERBERT KUBLY

In an off-beat moment an ordinarily well-mannered music critic once muttered that it was very exhaustive the way our current generation of young pianists were raping their pianos in public. What he meant was that the overcharged young men of our concert halls might well afford to exchange some of their lusty pianistic glitter for more mellowed musical sensibilities.

The reference was to two frail-looking young men with astounding decibel ratings. Pint-sized though they are, William Kapell and Eugene List are keyboard blusterers of Paul Bunyan dimensions. Their versions of the Russian concertos of Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff, Shostakovich and Khatchaturian are so untrammeled that they even overpower those of Vladimir Horowitz, the most famous expounder of the currently popular "hammer and tong" school of Russian-style piano playing.

This new school does not include a third exceptional young U. S. pianist named Eugene Istomin.

In his generation, New York-born Istomin is an anachronism. Like Philadelphia-born List, he is the son of Russian parents. (Kapell, born in New York of Russian, Polish and Spanish parentage, is also predominantly of Slav blood.) Twenty-one-year-old Istomin is rugged and powerfully built, but he plays Mozart and Brahms concertos with a soft German-style elegance. His teacher, the classical pianist Rudolf Serkin, has taught Istomin to pay as much attention to his pianissimos as his fortissimos. He is more disciplined and thoughtful in his style than either William Kapell or Eugene List. But as he has not yet achieved their technical skill, he is also less exciting.

Eugene List's amazing good fortune to be at Potsdam on July 19, 1945, has made him one of the most prosperous and popular young American musicians today. Toasted in vodka by Stalin and applauded by the music-hating Churchill, he was catapulted into such eminence that *Time* magazine called him "President Truman's unofficial court pianist." After he was discharged from the Army, the movies and radio made him a sort of bush-league José Iturbi with one advantage over Hollywood's maestro, an apparently free run of the White House in Washington. But all this time he was at a *Missouri Waltz* standstill. List, the only child prodigy of the gifted young trio, is at 29 no better a musician than he was ten years ago.

That leaves 24-year-old Willy Kapell America's best pianist under 30. That he is also the loudest is largely coincidental. Willy Kapell was born to raise hell. He might have done it as a welterweight champion or a common man's politician on a reform ticket. As it happened, he learned to play the piano.

He is short (5 feet 7 inches), dark and restless, a sullen Dead-End kid popping with repressed nervous energy. His black hair is as renegade as a porcupine's back and his narrow brown eyes dart myopically across the keyboard when he plays. His music is as highly charged as his personality. At his worst he pounds like a drum-and-bugle corps on Decoration Day; at his best he blazes with a brilliant Rachmaninoff fire. For his musical explosiveness he has an explanation. "We are percussive people," he says, "and we live in a percussive age. So I got to play percussive style."

In his short career Willy has built up an alarmingly formidable reputation. With strangers he is as pugnacious as a juvenile delinquent. He makes enemies quicker than most people make friends. For all this there's a reason. When he is pounding the roof off a concert hall or insulting an influential colleague, he is revenging a life which, for its shortness, has until recently dealt him a hard lot of deuces.

He was born in Manhattan's crowded Upper Third Avenue district and lived his first years over the little shop in which his father sold books. He was sent to old Public School 53 on 79th Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues for a short time and then to Public School 6 on Madison and 85th Street. Because little Willy Kapell was puny and sickly and especially apt in sensitive subjects like music, drawing and languages, the teachers made a pet of him. For this his classmates hated him. Each night a gang waited outside the door to beat him up.

The beatings raised psychological holy cain inside Willy Kapell. He began to hide, always with a book from his father's store. He read so much in dark corners that today his squinting eyes are tormented by sunlight and bright lamps. The books were violent and bloody, many about Napoleon, a little fellow who managed to lick a lot of bullies. By the time Willy was ten, he was an antisocial little punk. He was a good swimmer because swimming was the only solitary sport he knew. When he bothered to talk to anyone it was with a misanthropic snarl, an unpleasantry into which he still occasionally falls. Willy describes his childhood: "I grew up hating everybody because everybody seemed to have a bad smell. It took a long time for me to see the limburger cheese on the end of my own nose. There I was—making all the stink all the time."

Things were at their worst when a miracle happened. The Kapell kid met with a piano. It was his second exposure. At eight he had "taken" six months from a tired old East Side pedagogue who made him plunk through childish musical pap called *Rustling Leaves* or *Beetles Buzz*. Willy didn't like it. He caught scarlet fever and the lessons ended.

Trusting the therapeutic benefits of sun and salt water for both body and soul, Mrs. Kapell two years later took her scrawny and wayward boy to Brighton Beach on Long Island for a summer vacation. In the parlor of their boardinghouse stood an antediluvian upright piano. On it a wispy, black-haired nine-year-old summer guest named Vilma practiced Mozart rondos. "Vilma awakened love in me," he remembers nostalgically.

Vilma's mother told Mrs. Kapell that (*Continued on page 154*)

Eric Ericson

"He's nuts about Xavier Cugat"

A sure yardstick to measure the all-time golf champ is the record book on the toughest course of all

Oakmont Beats All But Jones

by HERB GRAFFIS

Why certainly The Great Jones in his time could have licked the likes of anybody who's been on a golf course since.

And the back o' me hand to you, Junior, if you say "Grandpa is dribbling into his bib again." Don't tell me: "Nelson, Hogan, Snead and the South African youth, Bobby Locke, could have given Bobby Jones strokes and made money."

Oakmont says different and the Oakmont course in suburban Pittsburgh is the one exact scale on which great golfers have been weighed.

Maybe you think St. Andrews, the Scottish shrine of golf, is the most testing of all famed courses. Well, the lowest national championship score made for four rounds at St. Andrews was the 285 Jones made in 1927. Snead won the British Open there in 1946 with 290.

But on the tough and trying Oakmont, with its 6981 yards, the lowest U. S. Open winning score was the 299 of Sam Parks in 1935. Oakmont is 409 yards longer than St. Andrews. Pine Valley, that heaven which becomes a hell when a golf shot is wild, normally plays 6446.

Jones never played Pine Valley in championship competition, but twelve of the pro stars played it in a very select invitation tournament. Craig Wood won from that galaxy with 286. Whether Wood's Pine Valley performance was the most perfect shot-making exhibition no golfer can say, but the performance proved that Pine Valley, under sharpshooters' fire, didn't stand up as Oakmont has.

The variable factor of the golf course is what makes the comparative rating of golfers difficult. The baseball diamond, the football field, the tennis and basketball courts, and the prize ring remain the same size for years. But the golf courses vary. Most of them have been so softened up in the past dozen years or so that they no longer provide the old rigors of championship tests.

Oakmont, however, has remained nearly uniformly perfect throughout its 42 years. The only changes of note that have been made in the course were the lengthening of the par 4 sixteenth to 473 yards by putting the tee back 16 yards, and the furrowing of the traps. The latter innovation for the 1935 National Open championship caused the sob heard round the world, and competing American and British professionals termed it cruel and unusual punishment.

The crying of golf pros has been answered by a considerable easing of almost all tournament courses, particularly with respect to rough, the fringe of greens, and placement of the cups. But Oakmont retains its pristine exacting characteristics and unless the moderns can meet a test like that, they can't be promoted to the Jones class.

There used to be the complaint, frequently voiced by the rest of the field, that when Jones was playing in a championship the United States Golf Association officials favored him by putting the cups to the left of the greens. The competitors maintained that the weakness in Jones' game was his uncertainty in fading a shot into a green.

At Oakmont, where Jones played in the National Open of 1927 and the National amateur championships of 1919 and 1925, the cups were placed without regard for the putative details of The Emperor's dexterity. W. C. Fownes, the founder of the club, was the gentleman who told all of them what to do around Oakmont to make it a test of golf to determine a true champion.

In 1919 Jones was only 17 years old, but good enough to go to the finals where he was defeated by Davie Herron, the home-club star. Bobby qualified at 159, one stroke back of the three who tied as medalists. In the 1925 National amateur he qualified with 147, two strokes higher than the medalist, Roland MacKenzie, and romped away with the title in four match-play sessions.

The 1927 National Open at Oakmont was won by Tommy Armour after tying with Harry Cooper at 301. In the play-off Armour took 76 blows while Cooper was collecting 79. That year Jones finished in a tie for eleventh place, the lowest he finished in all of his U. S. Open championship starts. He got 76-77-79-77—309.

And call a fellow who got 309 on Oakmont in the only National Open he ever played there the greatest of American golfers because of his showing in the test of Oakmont? That seems goofy, doesn't it?

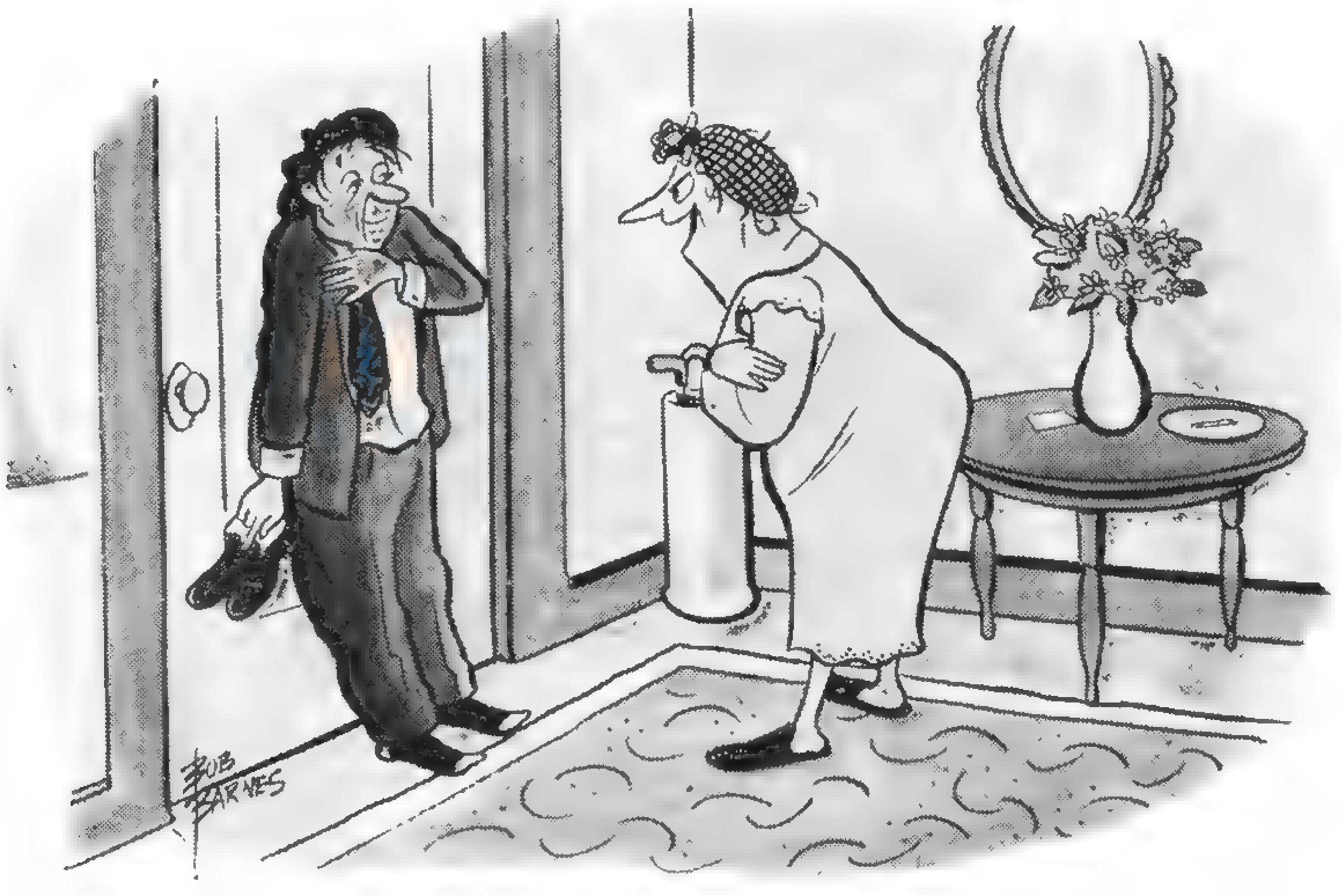
But wait a few paragraphs.

Bear in mind that Oakmont's four-round par of 288 never has been approached. The nearest anybody ever came to it was when Willie Macfarlane won a Pennsylvania State Open championship with 294. That event was played nine years after Macfarlane, a lean, bespectacled Scotch ex-schoolmaster, had beaten Jones at Worcester, Massachusetts, in a play-off for the National Open title. Willie, at the time he set the Oakmont four-round competitive record, was 44. Jones, when he retired after his 1930 Grand Slam, was 28. Despite Macfarlane's 288, the showdown of the greats narrows at Oakmont to Jones, Hagen and Nelson.

Nelson made his debut in Oakmont in the National Open of 1935. His start was comparable to the maiden flight Jones made at that course. Byron at that time was 23 and had had competitive seasoning on the winter circuit, in fast play as a young pro in Texas, and in other regional championships as well as in the national Professional Golfers Association championship. Nelson's initial competitive joust with Oakmont showed a score of 75-81-82-77—315 and a tie for 32d place.

Ten years later in the wartime benefit "Big Four" match with Snead, McSpaden and Sarazen, Nelson's winning score was 74-70-77-74—295. Tee markers were set back, making Oakmont almost 7100 yards long, but on account of the then prevailing golf-ball shortage, the rough was cut down. The first two rounds particular care was taken to set the cups in the easiest of all possible locations. The greens were made considerably slower than for national-championship competition.

Emil Loeffler, Oakmont's veteran pro-green-



"Make it good—Coronet Magazine paid me twenty-five dollars for your last one"

keeper who since has retired, Bill Stitt, the club's corresponding secretary and manager, and Dave McKay, Pittsburgh Field Club pro and dean of the Pittsburgh district's professionals, all considered that Oakmont for the "Big Four" event was more favorable to scoring than ever before when under the fire of stars.

On a strictly mathematical basis the averages of the pros and Jones over the Oakmont route don't look as good as those the amateurs made in their three U.S.G.A. championships played there. But the amateurs—except Jones—couldn't stand up under its pressure.

The 145 made by Roland MacKenzie as National amateur medalist in 1925 was a total for two rounds of medal play bettered only one stroke in all pro and amateur championships at Oakmont.

Averages of the stars rated by Oakmonters as the most proficient that course has tested over eight or more medal-play rounds, are: Hagen . . . 76.125; Nelson . . . 76.25; Jones . . . 76.875.

Macfarlane played 12 rounds—in two National Opens and the Pennsylvania Open—for an average of 77.08 strokes per round.

Then why is it Jones comes in on top by the Oakmont appraisal? The answer is by Bob's performance in the nine match-play contests he played in amateur championships on the course. He won eight of them and in those victories never had a closer call than a couple of 3 and 2 decisions he won. In match play, of course, the stroke scores for holes often are only approximate, as putts aren't always holed out. The Jones scoring average, in medal and match play, comes to an approximate 75.

That margin of more than a stroke over Hagen of the rest of the previous generation of golfers and Nelson of the current corps doesn't leave much room for doubt.

You could try to stretch out the argument with the Oakmonters by referring to Hagen's defeat of Jones by 11 and 10 in a 72-hole match in Florida, but the retort will be that the Florida affair was a social event for a real-estate promotion and not over a golf course that severely examined the players. Or you might submit to the Oakmont jury that Tommy Armour, with only one stroke over a 75 average for six rounds of competition at Oakmont, had a mathematical report card that virtually tied Jones' showing.

But when you mention Armour you present additional evidence that Oakmont is the course that cuts them all down. After Armour's 1927 National Open triumph at Oakmont he came hopefully to the 1935 championship played there. His first round was a good 74. Then Armour bumped into a combination of heavy weather and Oakmont. His score over the outgoing 3507 yard par 35 nine was an agonizing 48! He picked up on the 16th hole when he was 18 over par.

Was it the weather or the course that knocked out the Silver Scot? It was Oakmont. Armour, a graduate of the gale-swept Scotch courses and of the aquatic trenches of Flanders, was one of golf's greatest mudders. He won the 1931 British Open over the 7200 yard Carnoustie course, the longest of the British championship layouts. No course but one could beat him, and that was Oakmont, the course that has remained for 42 years the common denominator by which the merits of the finest golfers can be truly measured.

What makes Oakmont such an exacting test? The greens, for one thing. For national championships they've always been the fastest on which major competitions have been played. Members of the British Ryder Cup team who played in the 1927 National Open found the Oakmont greens so keen they stuck postage stamps on their putter blades in hope they'd be able to stroke the ball firmly without tapping it off the green.

The traps at Oakmont aren't especially deep. That's why the sand was furrowed. Heroic carries are demanded of the experts who tackle the course and those long shots have to drop in small areas. The sixth, eighth, thirteenth and sixteenth are punishing and tight short holes measuring, respectively, 187, 253, 164 and 234 yards.

Only one hole on the course holds much possibility of birdies—the 482 par 5 first. But any deviation from the beam is disastrous. On the right is out of bounds and to the left are troublesome traps.

The finish is nerve-racking. The 234-yard sixteenth is from an elevated tee to a green that's a tiny island surrounded by terrors. The 302-yard seventeenth calls for a 245 carry over hazards that eat strokes. The 473-yard par 4 eighteenth has traps running into the fairway from right and left about 240 and 250 yards out to catch tee shots and a mound fronted by a trap guards the entrance to the green.

Oakmont's rough, bordering fairways and greens for championship play are something to wring wails from the pros whose complaints have diminished the exacting tests of golf architecture. Yet, with all its perils for the stars, Oakmont isn't a torture for the 85-to-100 shooter, who is short enough to keep out of trouble.

Oakmont tempts the tigers to bite at the bait, after which they find shots that are slightly off line kick into trouble. Trouble at Oakmont means certain penalties. There are not many chances for the best of yesterday's or today's golfing notables recovering from Oakmont's hazards without dropping a stroke. A player can't depend on luck. Yet two national titles could be considered lucky wins.

S. Davidson Herron, when he beat out Jones for the 1919 National amateur title, was lucky enough to go the first three rounds through competition that was outclassed when meeting Herron on his home course of Oakmont or on any other course. Herron then caught Woody Platt in the semifinals after Platt had had three tight matches. After disposing of Platt, 7 and 6, Herron wasn't to be upset by young Jones.

Sam Parks, who won the 1935 National Open, hailed at that time from the South Hills Country Club in the Pittsburgh district. Parks played scores of practice rounds getting the touch of Oakmont's greens and learning to "read" the course as nearly as anyone can "read" Oakmont with its variable winds. He had the good fortune to play under favorable weather conditions while his closest competitors, Jimmy Thomson and Walter Hagen, got caught in sudden storms. Apparently Parks exhausted himself on Oakmont as he didn't win coffee-and-sinker money on the tournament circuit after he won his title.

The three national intercollegiate championships held at Oakmont gave additional proof that the course pretty well minimized the element of luck. J. W. Hubbell of Harvard in 1919, George T. Dunlap, Jr., of Princeton in 1930, and Fred Haas, Jr., of Louisiana State in 1937 were the class of the intercollegiate fields of those years and their Oakmont triumphs officially confirmed popular judgment.

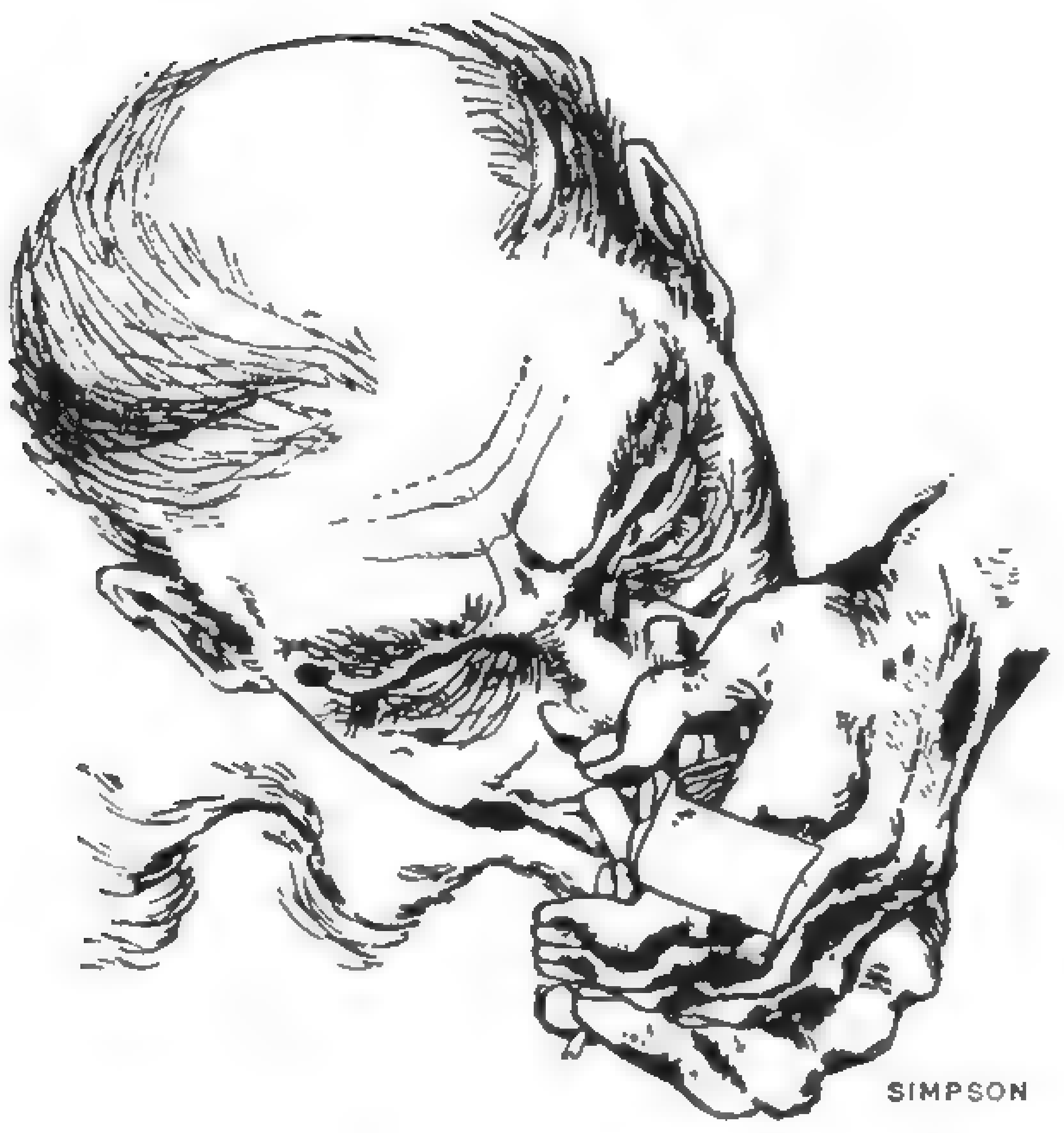
Eventually, as Oakmont's pioneers vanish, the course probably will succumb to the new pressure for easier championship courses where the greens are ample and on the soft side, with the fringe merely a longer putting surface, where the rough is gentle and the fairways tee each shot perfectly. Modern course maintenance and demands and criticism of professionals have done away with the severe tests contenders for national titles formerly had to meet. Beyond doubt the improvement and easing of course conditions is as much a factor as ball and club improvement in making tournament golf less of a trial than it was 15 years ago.

Nelson established himself as the top man of his era under conditions that never favored his predecessors. When he came to Oakmont, the great equalizer, he still demonstrated that he had the edge on his contemporaries, but he fell short of excelling the Jones performances. The scoring spree of the Nelson regime came to a halt.

With the clubheads, the shafts, the grips and the golf balls all improving to make scoring easier, with the players on the pro-tournament circuit taking liberties in roughing the faces of their irons that U.S.G.A. regulations don't permit, with the courses being eased in fear of tourney pro criticism, score cards of today make many rounds look phenomenal.

But when you take a look at comparative performances weighed on Oakmont's precise and enduring scale you see that a new and easier version of golf is being played on most courses. However, at the real tough game of golf Jones remains the master. The wonderful come-latelys can writhe at the decision, but until they've passed the test of Oakmont the Moving Finger that writes on the most judicial of all score cards will mark them second to Robert Tyre Jones, Jr. #

It was a neat killing and every possible detail was accounted for until the hard-boiled police sergeant decided that he wanted a cigarette



Business Before Bullets

by ROBERT FINNEGAN

JAKE said, "I'm sorry, Walter, but I just can't see it your way."

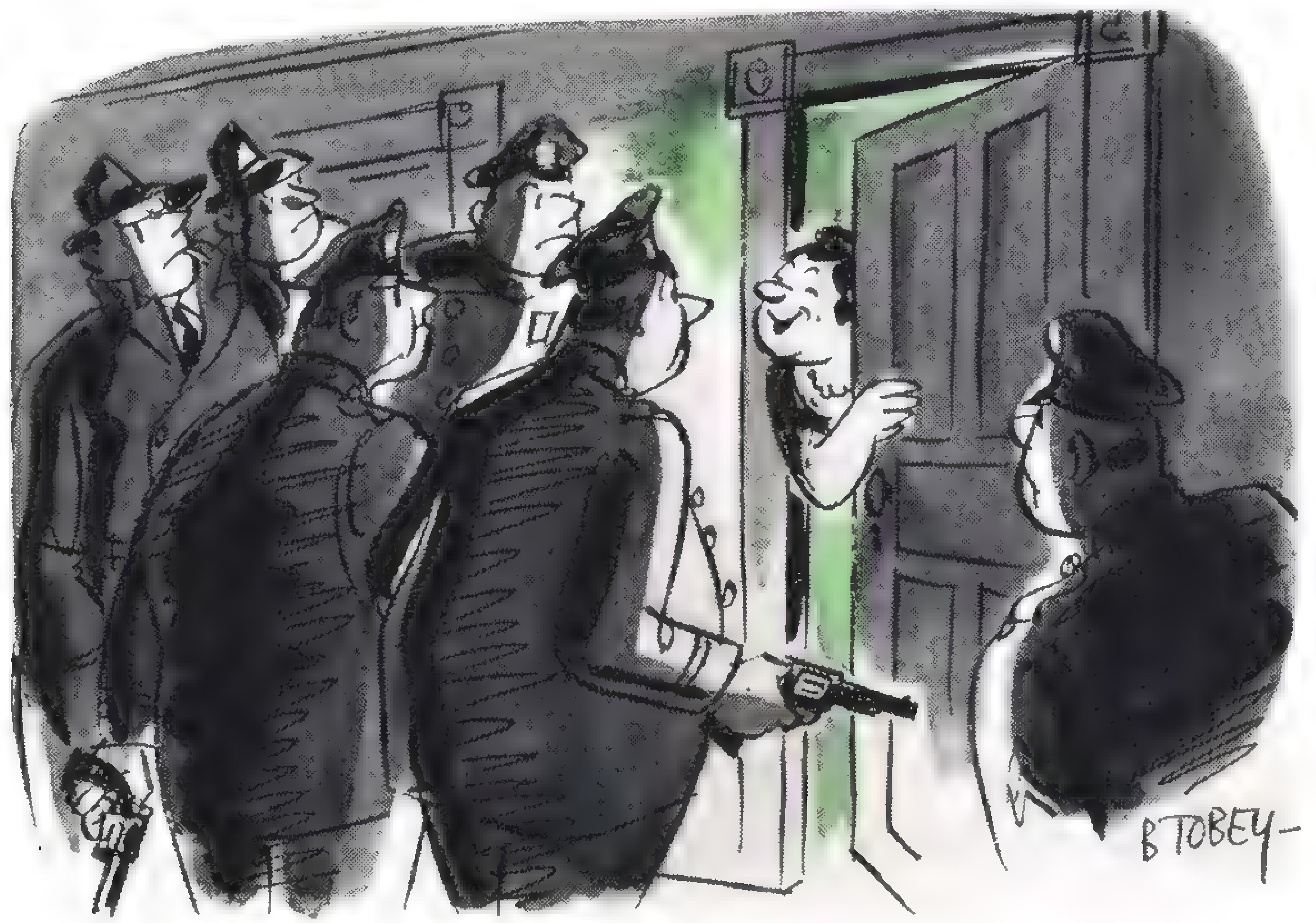
That was the answer I had expected. It was the answer he had given me the day before and again that morning at the office. He didn't seem to realize what he was forcing me to do. His bitter little brain didn't seem to grasp what a man is capable of when threatened with the penitentiary. He leered at me with the satisfaction of a man who thinks he holds all the cards. But I had a card of my own to play: the little automatic in my pocket. Precious minutes were passing and I knew that I must use it.

His narrow bald head had sickly brown spots on the pale skin. When he wanted to smile, he wrinkled his chin and leered, but his mouth never lost its rigidity. It was hard to imagine that such a mouth had ever kissed a woman—ever kissed anything except the little paper tabs with which he fastened his stamp collection in albums. Yet above his head, on his living-room mantel, I could see the proof of it. A grinning photograph of the chinless, pimply-faced, smart-aleck boy he'd lost in the war. That was the sanctimonious excuse he was using for condemning my operations.

Now, as I looked at Jake Meininger, I realized I had hated him for twelve years, since the day he offered to buy into the business. I needed the extra capital badly or I'd have been more particular. I remember how it had annoyed me when the new firm name went up on the door: Hilton and Meininger. It didn't sound right. I resented the new name. I resented his sour, crotchety ways. No liquor, no women. I never could grasp the virtue of a man remaining true to a wife who had been dead for fifteen years.

"If you have no feeling for me, think of your own interests, Jake," I said. "I'll give you half of everything I made on the side. As the books stand now no one will ever notice a thing, provided you keep your mouth shut when you go before the investigating committee."

He fished a cigarette out of a battered pack and thumped it on the back of his bony hand. "Money stolen from the government," he said, "is not the kind I'm after. No, Walter, I'm afraid you're going to have to face the music. My boy faced worse music, and he paid a higher price than you're going to pay. If I lie to protect you, I'll be as guilty as you are. I'm sorry about it, Walter."



"Could you come back later? The dear boy is taking his afternoon nap"

He put the cigarette in his mouth, felt in his pockets, and looked around for a match. I took a paper book of matches from my side pocket and threw it to him. My hand returned to the pocket and gripped the automatic. As he cupped the flame with his hand and puffed, his eyes were off me. I let him have it straight through the head. It was a .22 caliber pistol loaded with short cartridges, and the noise was no greater than the slamming of a heavy door. But its effect on me was as violent as if it had been a cannon.

It took me several moments to overcome the shock. The bullet had crashed through one of the lenses of his spectacles and the sight was horrible. When I had collected myself sufficiently, I picked up the matchbook that had fallen from his fingers, and returned it to my pocket. Then I looked around the room to make certain that I was leaving no clue. I had carefully avoided touching anything when I came into the room. When I rang the bell outside I had pressed it with the eraser of a pencil. Now as I prepared to leave the apartment I put my handkerchief over the doorknob before turning it. There was no one in the hall outside. I didn't want to use the automatic elevator because then I could hardly avoid anyone who might be in the lower hall. So I went down three flights of stairs, carefully peering around each corner as I came to it.

The night was rainy and there were few people in the dark street. I walked the ten blocks from Jake's apartment to our office building as quickly as I could, with my hat pulled down in front and my overcoat collar high around my ears. I encountered no one who would have recognized me.

In the alley behind our office, I entered the service door with a key. The only person on duty was the night operator, sitting in one of the passenger elevators in the main lobby. From that location he could neither see nor hear me as I entered quietly and climbed the back stairway eight floors to our office. The night operator kept a small ledger in the elevator in which all after-dark arrivals signed their names and time of entry. When they went out, they had to sign again with the time they left the building.

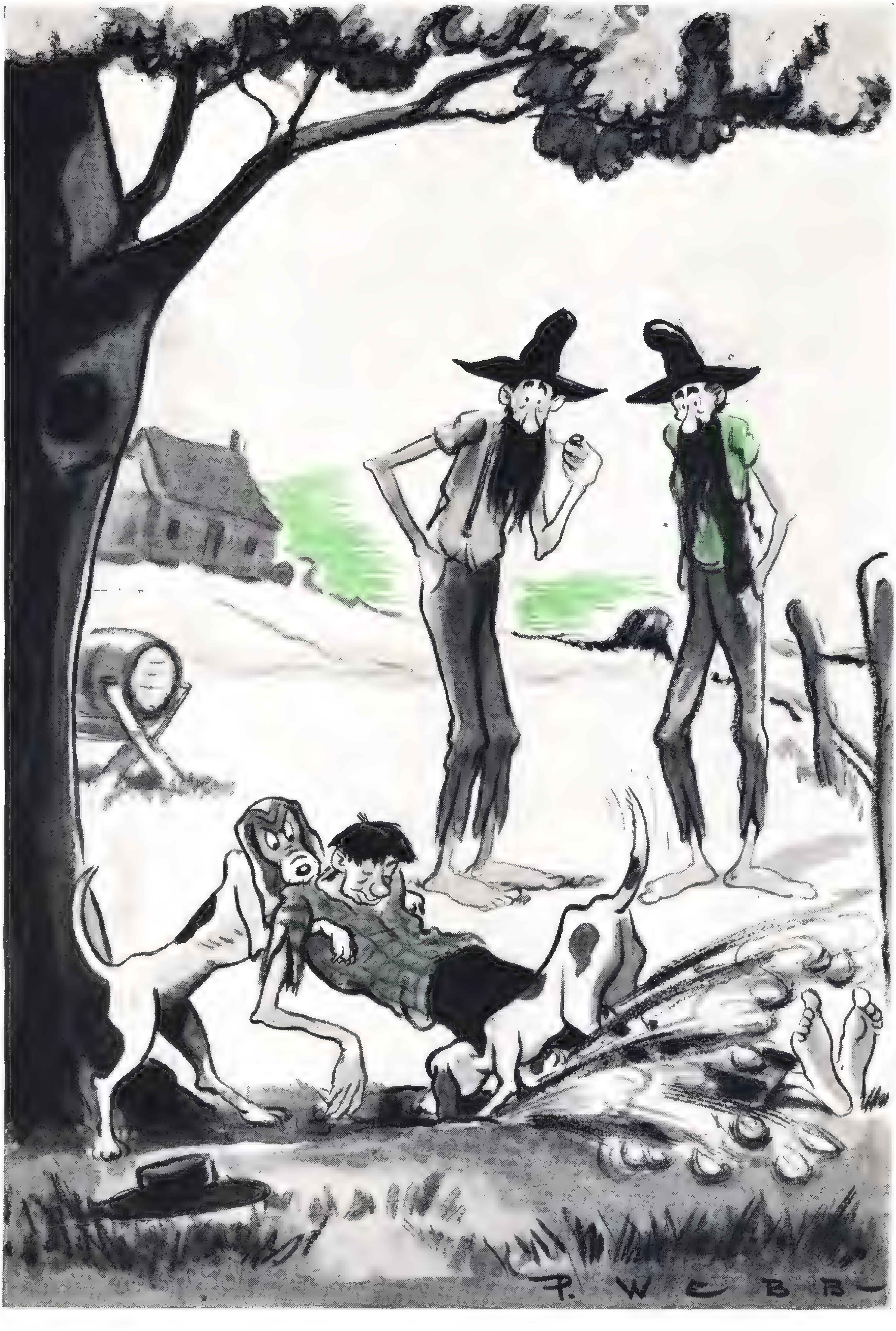
A little more than an hour before, I had entered the building, signed the register, and gone up to my office. A few minutes later I had gone down the back stairs, out the rear door, and walked to Jake's apartment. The scrubwoman had been in to tidy up my office earlier in the evening, so there was little danger of anyone discovering my absence. I had obtained a key to the back door of the building earlier that day without anyone's knowledge. I had simply borrowed the janitor's key from a nail where he kept it, had a duplicate made, and returned the original.

Arriving in my office, only two things remained to be done before I could consider myself secure. I must dispose of both the key and the gun. This was not an easy matter because I wanted all my time and actions accounted for from the minute I left the building and I needed witnesses. So I phoned Doris Clinton, who lived only a short distance away, and suggested a few drinks and some dancing at Biagini's down on the wharf. She was tickled about it and said I could pick her up in about five minutes. I wasted no time leaving the building. Fred, the night elevator operator, said, "You're working pretty late these days, Mr. Hilton."

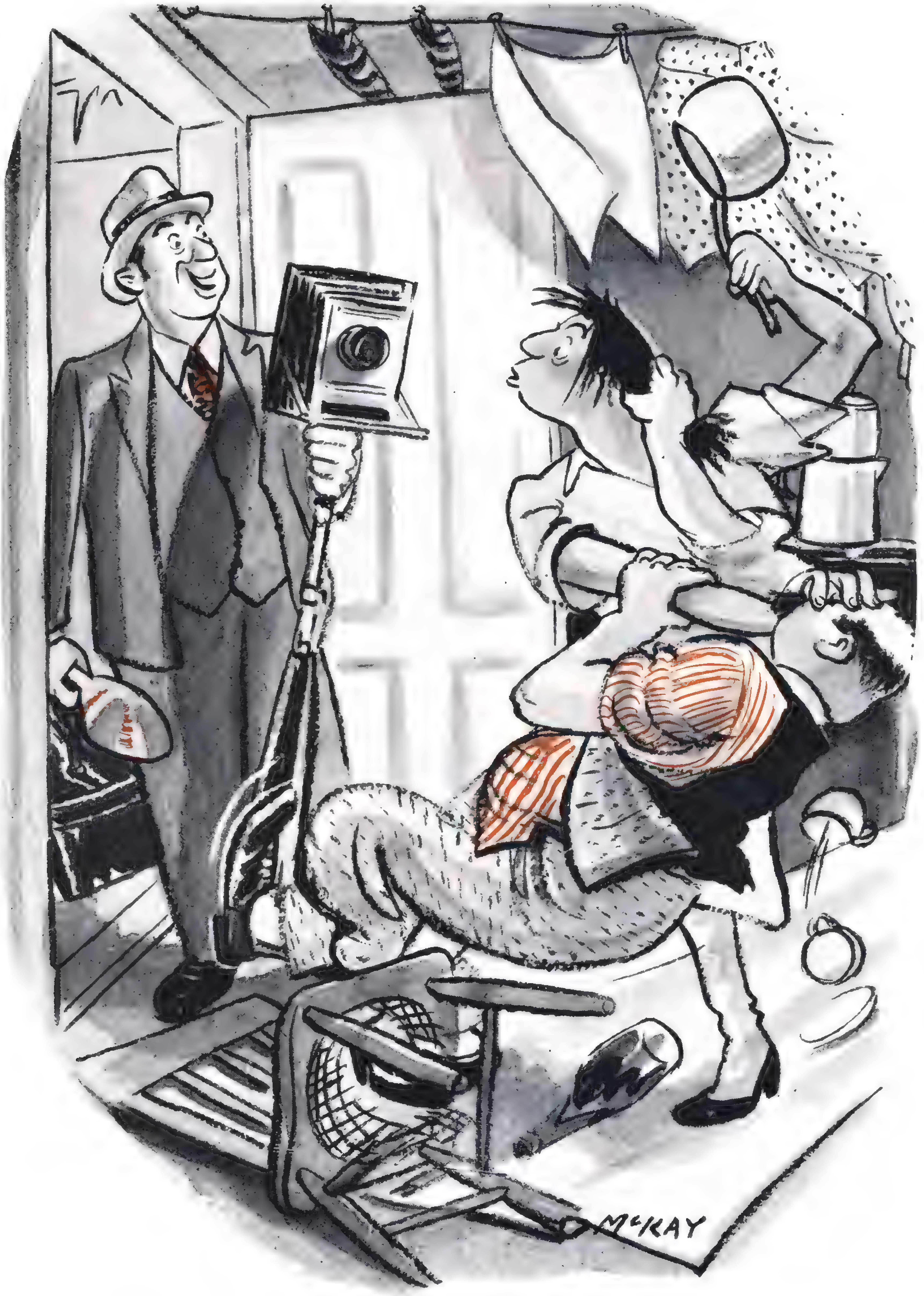
"Yes," I said. "Government reports, you know."

I signed out on his ledger, noting the time carefully. My car was parked in front and it took me only a few minutes to drive to Doris' apartment house. Perhaps she took only fifteen minutes to finish dressing after I got there, but it seemed like an hour.

Biagini's is a small night (*Continued on page 174*)



"Looks like they're aimin' to move thet bone they buried under Cousin Tige day afore yestiddy"



"Would madam care to have a portrait photograph of herself today?"

REHBERGER

Madison Square Garden

The world's greatest and most versatile stage, with features ranging from basketball to boxing to rodeo, annually lures five million customers

by JOHN KEATING

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN is a blunt, square building on the saloon-spotted fringe of New York's Gay White Way, which started out in life to be a prize-fight parlor and wound up, through the force of circumstances, something of a national monument. The ugly, six-story-high building has become a sort of combination Colosseum and Parthenon for twentieth-century America. Pugilists must compete for its spotlight with actors and astrophysicists, poodles, Percherons and politicians. The Garden has become the greatest, most versatile stage in history.

You don't have to be a sports fan to know what the inside of the Garden looks like. The programs that each year attract more than 5,000,000 people to the auditorium range from poultry shows to Paderewski concerts. One night the big hall may be crowded with collegians rooting home their basketball teams and, on the next, it may be filled with deep thinkers come to hear Henry Wallace, Harold Stassen or Thomas Dewey give them the word on what to do about the atomic bomb.

The regular customers include thousands of elegantly dressed men and women whose names are more readily associated with the Metropolitan Opera House or the Piping Rock Club and as many housewives, school kids and bobby-soxers whose year wouldn't be complete without a visit to the ice show or the circus.

To the traditionalists who feel that the new Madison Square Garden was dedicated by its founder, Tex Rickard, to the manly art of self-defense, this invasion by speechmakers, ice skaters, and basketball players is sacrilege. To president John Reed Kilpatrick, it is merely good business.

"The Garden is a private building with a public character," Kilpatrick says. "As such, it is open to every legal gathering—sporting, political or what-you-will—which can pay the freight."

Once, back in 1936, when the big barn was struggling to climb out of the river of red ink which was swamping the nation, the Garden's directors gave the cash customers a chance to climb into the goldfish bowl. Those were the days when the Garden was dark through most of the summer nights. Kilpatrick decided to let the Garden's critics figure out ways and means to fill the mammoth auditorium.

He inserted ads in all the newspapers, announcing a $1000 prize for the most helpful suggestion. The amateur entrepreneurs showed a remarkable lack of originality, almost half of them urging that the Garden be converted into a swimming pool for the hot months. First prize went to a man who suggested that the auditorium be used for a series of concerts by the WPA symphony orchestra. The Garden tried the idea out and lost $500 a night.

"Not many of our shots in the dark came through," Kilpatrick admitted. "Probably the biggest flop of all was the dance carnival we ran one summer in conjunction with Monte Proser. We had all kinds of top-notch orchestras and special attractions, but the idea just didn't click. It lost more than $100,000."

It seemed that the more elaborate the production, the less likely was its chance of success. The Garden promoted a professional basketball game between the Original Celtics and the Cleveland Rosenblums, with Jack Dempsey throwing up the first ball and Paul Whiteman's orchestra playing between the quarters, but only 600 people bought tickets. Other notable fiascos were a bridge tournament at which huge cards were held up to show the handful of enthusiasts what the experts were playing, and an elaborate gymnastic exhibition, which nobody connected with the Garden at the present time remembers more than vaguely, which was produced under the title, Panthéon de la Guerre.

"The Garden today is pretty close to the saturation point," Kilpatrick says. "We've got about as many shows as we can handle. Last year we had more than twenty different kinds of programs. We're not grabbing wildly at straws any more, although we're still willing to gamble on a new idea, if it looks promising." In the year ending May 31, 1946, the Garden grossed $5,733,631—largest profit in its history.

It was during the period when the Garden *was* grabbing wildly at straws that ex-sports writer Ned Irish, now executive vice-president of the corporation, introduced collegiate basketball, which, last year, was second only to the circus as a crowd-puller. The collegiate hoopsters, whom Irish had a hard time selling to the Garden directors back in 1934, outdrew hockey, professional prize fighting, the rodeo and the ice shows.

Fitting the Garden to this diversified program, which may call for the arena to support an artificial lake one night, a boxing ring the next and a horse-show tanbark the next, is a job of Herculean improvisation. Chief improviser is a quiet, dark-haired Long Islander named Richard Donopria, who changes the scenery more than 200 times a year. At the Garden, shifting sets is a major task. For the circus or the rodeo, Donopria and his assistants cover the Garden's 26,000 square feet of arena floor with a layer of dirt six inches thick, using almost 700 tons of earth in the process.

The most exacting change-over is the reconversion from boxing to hockey. To set the stage for the puck-chasers, Donopria has to start work while the fight fans are still cheering the boxers in the semifinal. Shortly after eight o'clock Chief Engineer Post opens up the pumps which shoot a stream of cold brine through the network of steel pipes which twist and turn for 12 miles beneath the arena floor. By two in the morning the floor is cold enough to freeze the water which is sprayed over its surface. Because the ice must be smooth and lumpless to start with, the water must be sprayed on very gradually. The brine is kept circulating continuously until the game is over.

The switch back to boxing or to a political meeting takes less precision, more sweat. This time hot brine

(Continued on page 159)

"I get a winning team every year with that little idea"

September in Canada

FAULKNER

Indian Summer offers voyagers to the North such pleasures as fishing in Ontario, hiking in the Maritimes, and sight-seeing in Quebec

by RICHARD JOSEPH

Like the man who lives upstairs and doesn't throw his shoes on the floor—Canada is the perfect neighbor. Which is part of the reason why—in a world where sharing a boundary is tantamount to a punch in the nose—our more than five thousand miles of mutually unfortified frontier (including the Alaska border) is pointed at by people trying to prove that the earth isn't just one big lunatic asylum.

But Canada is more than a haven of sanity—it's magic for vacationers. Last year more than twenty million residents of the U.S. clambered into their cars or boarded trains and planes, bound for Canada's vacation magic. Many brought with them the heckling wives and howling kids which are accompaniments of the pleasure-seeking male in a domesticated state; but, for most, Canada meant an all-male holiday smelling of northern pine, ignited gunpowder, the smoke of campfire and a mess of trout frying in a blackened pan.

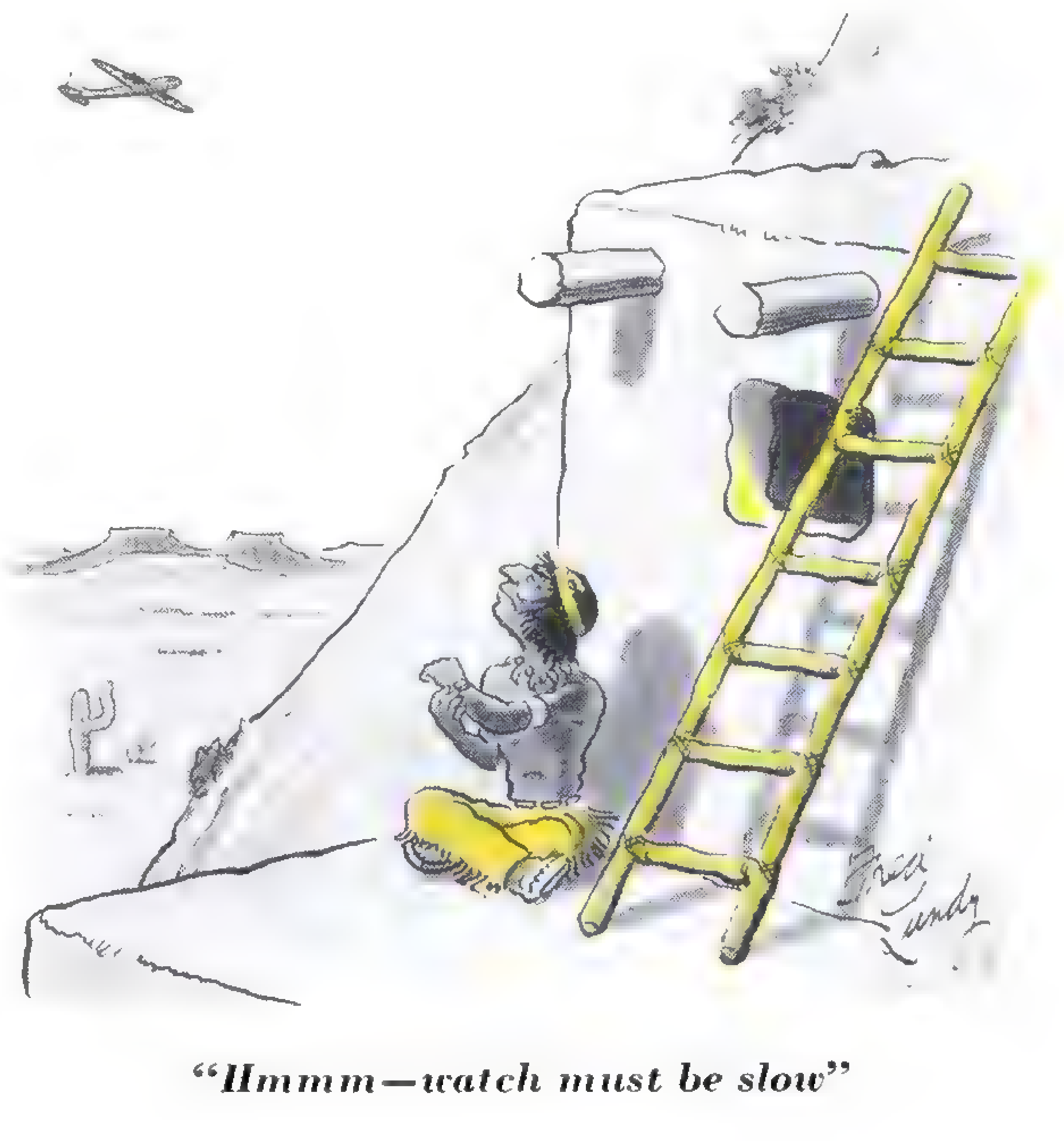
Canada follows the Soviet Union as the second largest country in the world. Its nine provinces are stretched along the American frontier in four main divisions: (reading from east to west) the Maritimes, Central and Prairie provinces, and the Pacific province, which is British Columbia. Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick make up the Maritimes. Follow the Maine coast northeast and you run right up to them.

The Central provinces—Quebec and Ontario—extend in longitude from way east of Maine to mid-Minnesota, where the Prairie provinces take over. Of these, Manitoba runs from Minnesota to about the middle of North Dakota; Saskatchewan extends from there to mid-Montana, and Alberta runs along the Montana frontier to the British Columbia line. British Columbia accounts for the rest of Montana, the small stretch of Idaho which reaches the Canadian border, and the State of Washington.

In addition to the nine provinces, Canada also includes the Yukon and Northwest Territories way up north which, from a tourist standpoint, is strictly from Eskimos, and will be until the Alcan Highway is opened up for pleasure travelers. (At present you're supposed to have a good reason for using the highway.)

Where to go: Probably the most popular Canadian tourist center for American visitors is Quebec. Quebec is Old France on the St. Lawrence; it is warm sunlight shining on a shrine by the side of a habitant's cottage, old Breton fishing villages transported intact across three centuries and three thousand miles of water. In the province of Quebec are the ancient city of Quebec and the modern city of Montreal, while the northern two-thirds of the province is mostly unexplored wilderness.

Quebec's tourist traffic follows two main streams; through Montreal and up north to the Laurentian Mountains, and through the city of Quebec and northeast along the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers or to the Gaspé Peninsula. Within the province are just about anything a tourist could ask for: the picturesqueness of a foreign country and the novelty of hearing a foreign language, practically every sport in the book, wonderful driving and sight-seeing country, river cruises—plus Montreal for shopping and an American version of Parisian night life.



"Hmmm—watch must be slow"

Second to Quebec in size, and rivaling it in popularity among American visitors, is the province of Ontario, which makes its greatest appeal to the outdoorsman. Ontario is so tourist-conscious that even the fish co-operate—by hitting the bait of dud anglers who couldn't drag an eel out of the Hudson River.

The Georgian Bay area of Ontario is the favorite vacation ground of a group of characters we went to school with. Every year, come early September, they pull belts tight across their bulging middles and set out for the north woods to recapture their lost youth.

For the first two or three days they're very good, fishing quietly all day and going to bed early. Then the strain of all those fresh, new corpuscles bouncing against each other in their veins proves too much, and they visit the provincial liquor store. That's when the birds and the wild animals flee the fringes of civilization and find hiding places back in the deepest woods. One man picks up a ball bat and starts fungoing flies with rock bass unfortunate enough to have taken his hook. Another waits for midnight, then takes a trumpet, a pint and a rowboat, goes out into the nearest lake, and makes the night hideous with his version of famous riffs from Louis Armstrong. A third starts chasing Indian waitresses. Meanwhile all available guides have been called out to search Georgian Bay's thirty thousand islands for members of the party who have staggered off in rowboats, hit a beach somewhere, and gone to sleep under convenient trees.

So far, Canadian border authorities have done nothing to prevent their return each year.

For grandeur of scenery there's nothing like Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper National Park, among the Canadian Rockies in the province of Alberta. That's where Nature really got out and threw herself around. The mountains are higher, the air is fresher, the sky is bluer, the grass is greener, the water is clearer—or maybe it just seems that way.

In striking contrast to the magnificence of the Rocky Mountain panorama are the more subdued attractions of the Maritimes. Charm, rather than spectacle, is the keynote of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Here you find softly rounded hills instead of shaggy peaks, slow-flowing rivers instead of shattering mountain torrents, rolling farm lands in place of the alternating crags and canyons of the West.

Slower, perhaps, to develop their tourist industry than other provinces, the Maritimes are becoming increasingly popular among visitors as one of the few really attractive vacation areas on our continent where accommodations are obtainable without having to work it through the cousin of a man whose wife's brother knows a guy who hides hotel rooms.

Over on Canada's west coast, British Columbia is northern California, Oregon and Washington, only more so. There are the same big trees, the same kindly climate warmed by the moisture-laden air of the Japanese current, the same all-pervading feeling of bigness and betterness. In addition to all these characteristics which it shares with neighboring American states to the south, British Columbia includes the glories of the Canadian Rockies in the eastern section of the prov- (*Continued on page 170*)

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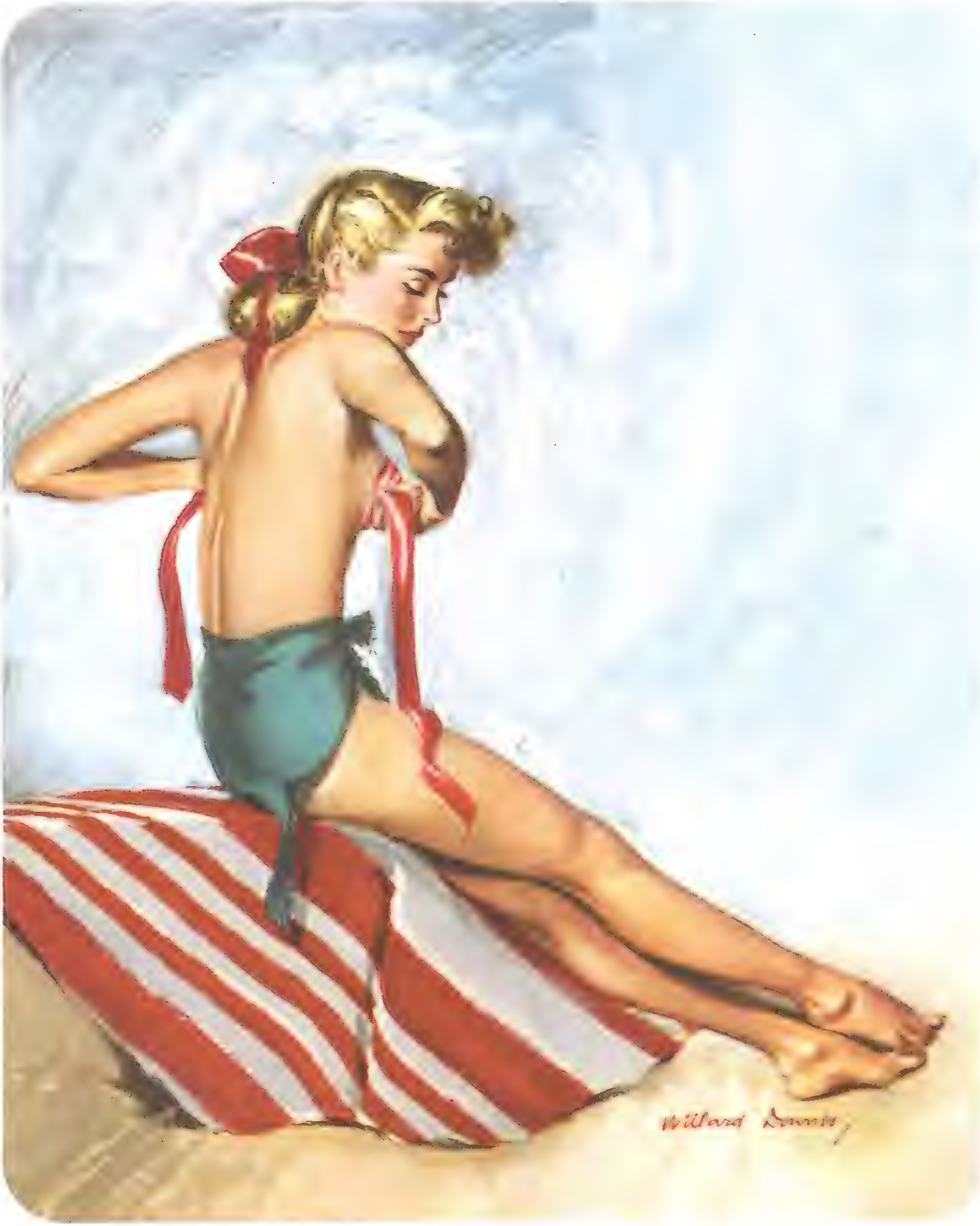
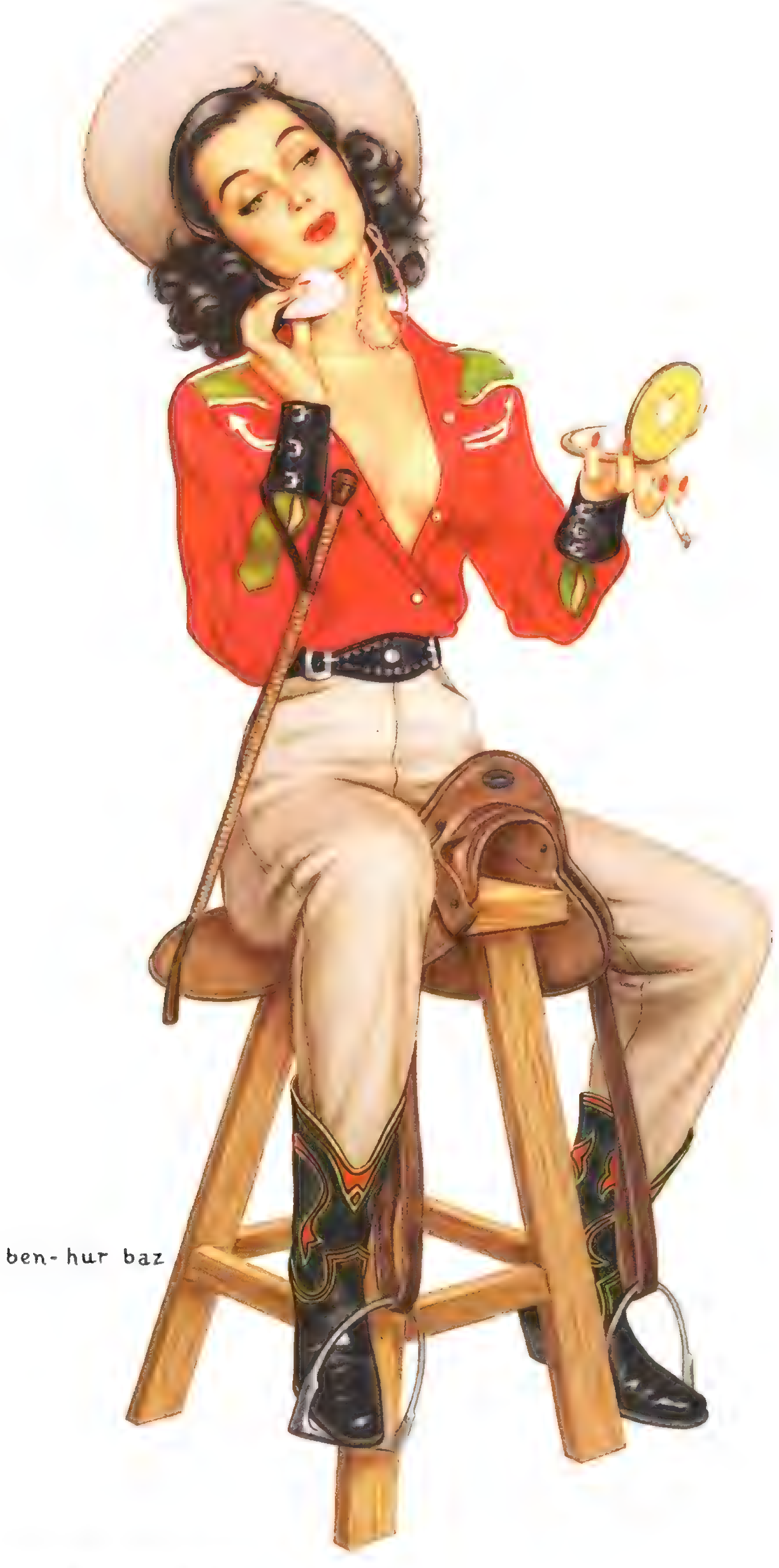


Precious by WILLARD DOWNES

Represented above by artist Willard Downes in some detail is an amalgam comprising sixty-six per cent water, fifteen point eight per cent carbon, six point seven per cent oxygen, three point one per cent nitrogen, two point five per cent calcium, two point one per cent hydrogen and certain other chemicals in negligible quantities, the resulting combination at normal prices worth about seventy-four cents. At present prices: almost a dollar. The swimming suit: probably around eighteen dollars. Which goes to prove that it is not the materials you have to work with, but how they are put together that matters. Just try to spend even a small part of an evening with this Esquire Girl for under twenty bucks.

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 74



Calamity by BEN-HUR BAZ

In the old West the number-one glamour girl was a hatchet face named Calamity Jane whose chief charm was the manner in which she handled her six-guns. Brought up on the plains without benefit of Miss Spence's or Liz Arden, she hunted Indians with Custer and rode the mail run to Deadwood. And still she did all right with the boys. Them that didn't respect her, respected her ability to erase the spots from the six of spades at twenty paces. Wild Bill Hickock, the Gregory Peck of his day, thought a heap of her. The contemporary West is somewhat more effete, as indicated by the Esquire Girl above, plainly as near a six-gun as she'll ever be. But who would want to say that Calamity was more lethal?

Bitter Medicine

A man and a woman find out that the double cross is a wily game at which two can play just as easily as one

by **LOUIS ESTE**

"Hello, there," Harry said, closing the door quickly after him.

"Do you know what time it is?" Marge whined in answer. "It's nearly twelve o'clock."

He looked at her and thought what a doll she'd been six years ago. But that was six years ago. He placed his bag of drug samples on the table before answering, "Don't start any of your damn nagging. I'm sick of it!"

"And sick of me too." She turned to face him. "Go on—admit it!"

"Aw, cut it out, Marge. You're just nervous—nervous and shaky."

She sulked. "A lot you care. If I don't get some sleep soon, I'll go nuts. And it's all your fault!" Her voice was thick, and her eyes were swollen.

He picked up his hat and pulled it down over his right eye. "I can't go through this again," he said. "I'm taking out for Mexico."

"Mexico?" she laughed. "What could you do in Mexico?"

"Sell drugs, of course. They use 'em down there, or didn't you know?"

"You expect me to believe you're really going? Seriously?"

He pulled a long train ticket from his pocket. "One way."

She looked at it uncertainly, then snatched it from him and tore it in half.

"That's doing no good." He shrugged. "I'll just get another one."

Her shoulders sagged.

"Listen to me, Harry," she pleaded. "We've fought before."

"Don't I know it? Too often. That's why I'm shoving off—now."

Marge's eyes dropped to the torn ticket in her hand, stared at it unseeingly. After a moment she looked up.

"Harry, are you absolutely sure you mean this?"

He nodded.

She pushed past him, grabbed the phone on the table.

"Operator," she said, "give me Spring six-three-one-hundred."

Harry's chin jerked up. He snatched the phone from her hand and slammed it down.

"That's police headquarters, you fool!"

Marge shrugged and moved back a step as she answered, "It doesn't matter. I can call any time."

"What are you talking about?" he asked as he turned to face her.

Marge lit a cigarette and smiled. "You know, I've gotten on to a couple of things about you lately, things like—Whitey."

For a moment his eyes looked funny.

Marge smiled up at him. "Know the name, don't you?"

Harry licked his lips.

"A couple of nights ago, Harry, this character came to the door. He wanted something from you—wanted it bad."

Harry snarled. "I'll fix that junky!"

"Exactly what he said about you. Said he'd fix you for cutting him off."

"He doesn't scare me. If he talks, he goes to jail and he knows it."

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Me, Harry. The kid you're running out on, remember?"

His eyes widened. "You mean you'd do that to me?"

"Why shouldn't I? You said we're quits. You're nothing to me any more." She mashed out her cigarette and studied his face. "Dope peddler!"

"Not any more, Marge. I swear. I cut it out a month ago."

She began brushing her hair. "Afraid of cop trouble, eh?"

"No cop can lay a finger on me. I've been careful." He moved to her side, his voice troubled. "It was, well, suddenly I saw what a rotten thing I'd been up to."

"You're breaking me heart," she said coldly.

"Listen to me, Marge," he said anxiously. "This is serious, this is straight, believe me. I quit—cold. I had to clear out and start over again."

"So you quarreled with me, is that it?"

"Yes, I *had* to, don't you see? I had to make you think we were through. Don't you know I'd rather be dead than to have had you find out this rotten thing about me?" He moved closer and put an arm over her shoulder.

"I'm glad you know now." He gave her a little hug. "It makes everything clear. It opens the way for us."

"Us?" she looked up hopefully.

"Of course. It means we can go away together. If you'll come with me." He gave her another little hug and brought his head affectionately close to hers.

"Oh, Harry, you really mean that?"

"Don't I sound like it?" He gave her shoulder a quick squeeze and grinned. "Look, we'll get a new start and live like real people. Mexico's a wonderful place."

Marge began sniffing and smiling at Harry. His eyes softened. He wiped away the tears with his finger and kissed her lightly. "That's my doll."

"Look," he glanced at his watch, "it's late. I'll get the tickets changed and we've got to pack. You'd better get some sleep."

"You know I can't sleep."

He went to his bag and extracted a small bottle.

"This'll do the trick," he said and shook a white pellet from the bottle into her outstretched hand. "It's a new sedative, strong but harmless." She looked at it curiously. Harry went to the table, filled a glass with water from a decanter and handed it to her. She drank. He took the glass from her hand, stooped and kissed her mouth. Then he moved over to his bag and fussed with its contents.

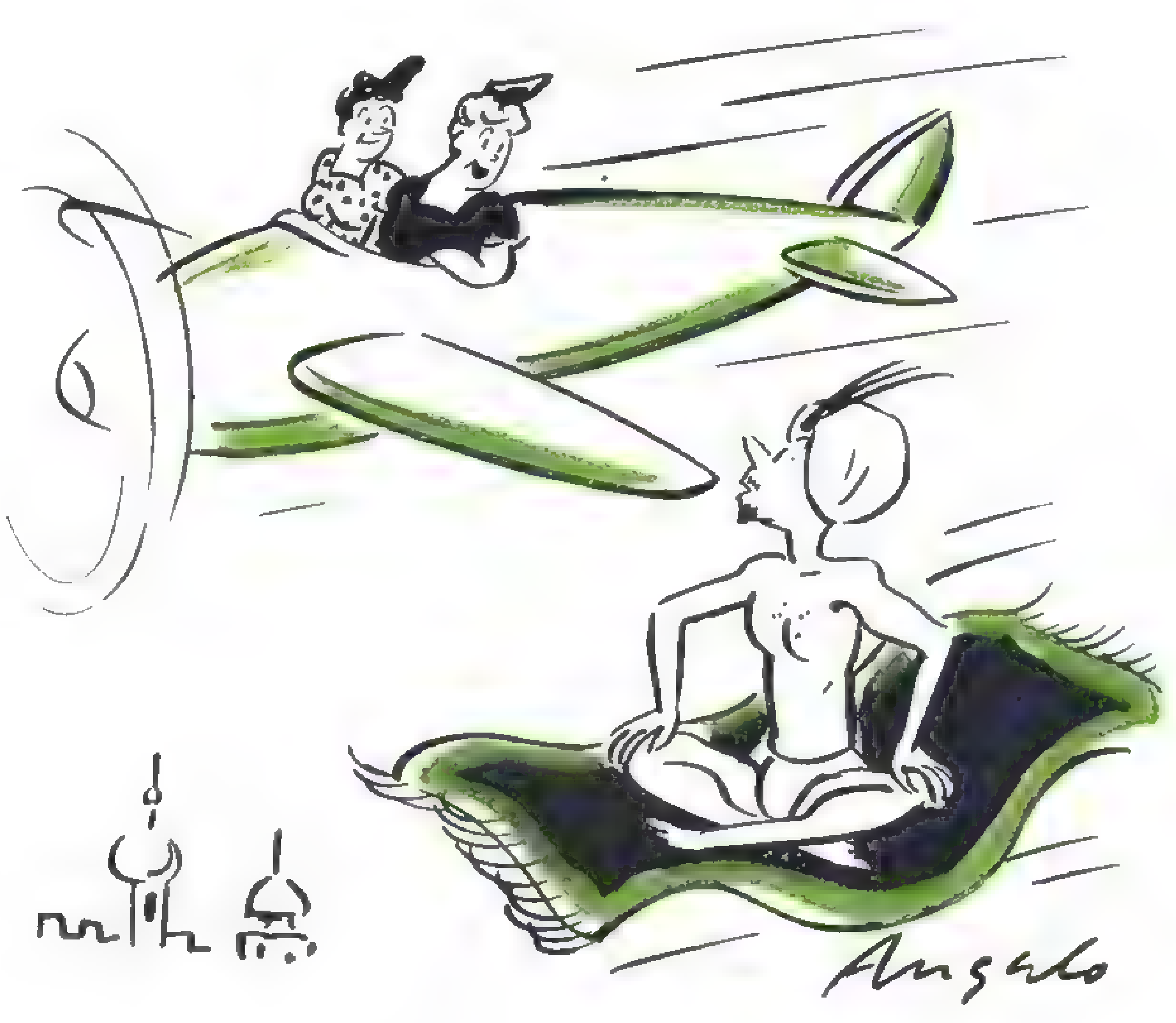
"Harry!" The voice was weak and frightened.

When Marge fell to the floor he turned and looked at her. Her eyes were wide open. Little bubbles formed and broke on the corners of her mouth. She was having trouble breathing.

Harry snapped shut the sample case, stepped to the phone and polished it with his handkerchief. He wiped clean the glass on the dresser and put it back. He picked up his bag and, with the handkerchief over his hand, opened the door quietly and was gone.

Marge lay half-sprawled on the floor, her head against the seat of a chair. As the lock on the door clicked, she got to her feet and dropped the pill into the ash tray and moved to the phone.

"Operator," she said, "give me Spring six-three-one-hundred."

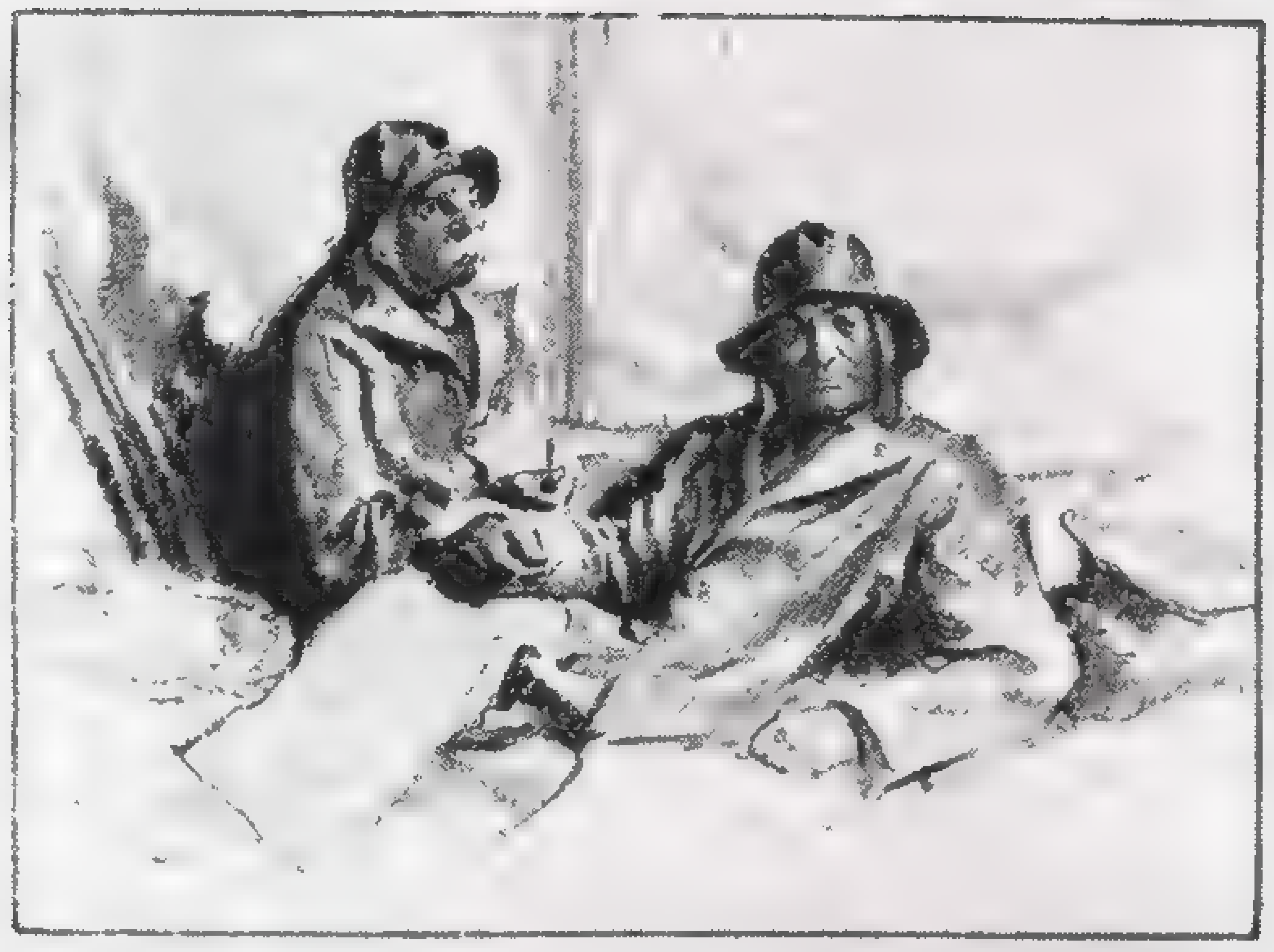


"Are we headed right for Philadelphia?"

The captain had to struggle to keep the *Dungaminnie* on her ill-fated course

The Casting Away of Mrs. Peebles

by FRED LANE



GORDON GRANT

As soon as they get through with Captain O'Malley, the underwriters' lawyers put Ali Nagi on the stand. Ali Nagi cannot talk English very good, so even if he suspicions something, I am not too worried. I look over at Captain O'Malley, who is in this as deep as me, and he does not appear worried. Just the same, I do not like this lawyer asking the same question over and over: "What way is the *Dungaminnie* heading when she meets her doom?" He is acting like the evidence has not slipped off the coral into three hundred fathoms.

I remember the day Ali signs on as mate. Captain O'Malley winks at me, much as to say: "Well, we are now ready to take the old tub out for the last time." For a long time the *Dungaminnie* is not earning her keep. I must pay her way with some of the profit I make off the *Mallapunyah* when she goes down off Oroluk with some assistance from Captain Hooper. Captain Hooper does a nice job for me, as usual, and I am sorry when he gets a knife in his ribs in Brisbane. I consider myself lucky to find a man like Captain O'Malley.

This Captain O'Malley I run into in Adelaide. He has black curly hair and the shiningest blue eyes I ever see. He is six feet tall, has shoulders three feet wide, and positively no hips. The girls cannot stay away from him, and vice versa. He becomes interested in a hefty island girl who is with a husky pearler. The pearler gives Captain O'Malley a argument for about two seconds. Then the pearler is on the pub floor and the girl is in Captain O'Malley's arms. I see right away Captain O'Malley is a eager man with the ladies.

I buy him a drink and tell him I am the owner of the schooner *Dungaminnie*. Soon we are discussing financial matters. It is very fortunate for me Captain O'Malley's opium importing business is not doing so well. Next week he takes the *Dungaminnie* out and, a little later, we are ready to do business with the insurance companies.

We are loading the last of the cargo in Sydney when I see this Mr. and Mrs. Peebles looking at the *Dungaminnie*. Mr. Peebles is a millionaire soap manufacturer from Chicago, out here to look over the copra situation in the Tongas. Captain O'Malley leans over the rail and looks at where Mr. and Mrs. Peebles is standing.

"My, what a fine figger of a woman!" Captain O'Malley has a evil look in his eyes. Then this Mrs. Peebles is on the gangplank and behind her is her little wart of a husband carrying a fancy camera.

"Captain O'Malley," Mrs. Peebles says, "I hear you leave for the Tonga group tomorrow." She has yellow hair, stiff black eyelashes, and very red lips. She is about forty-five and broad-beamed.

All of a sudden I hear Mrs. Peebles say she wants to book passage on the *Dungaminnie* to Tongatabu. Now, I do not dare have the Peebleses as passengers. I just got to get rid of the *Dungaminnie* this trip—before the insurance lapses—and I must have no white witnesses.

A lot of people think it is no trick at all to scuttle a ship. I can tell you different. First, you got to have good weather because what good does it do you to sink yourself the same time you sink your ship? But the minute you get good weather and a near-by shore, underwriters start asking questions. Someone in the crew says: "The water comes in at such and such a rate." And the underwriters' lawyer says: "Then why do you not use the pumps?" Because, you see, when you open the sea cocks the water does not pour in like it does when you hit submerged wreckage. You just sink slow and on an even keel and if you got a crew what has watches, some of them say: "My, it took twelve hours for the old hooker to go down."

So you must not have a crew what knows what time it is when you say you hit submerged wreckage. That is why we get rid of the white men on the *Dungaminnie*. So I say, "We got bedbugs aboard, ma'm."

Captain O'Malley kicks me in the shins and Mrs. Peebles says she can afford a spray gun. Then she smiles up at Captain O'Malley and her stiff eyelashes flutter. By the time the Peebleses walk down the gangplank, it is settled. They are going to sail with us.

Captain O'Malley watches her go down the dock. "My, what a fine figger of a woman." I know he is thinking improper thoughts.

"Oh," I say, "you cannot do this. The insurance runs out on the fifteenth and we cannot do business with the Peebleses aboard. They have watches."

"Hah," Captain O'Malley laughs. "I was going to do just a ordinary job for you, but now you will get a work of art. The underwriters will pay off without even going into court, for I shall put the *Dungaminnie* on a reef and we will not have to tell untruths about submerged wreckage."

"Captain O'Malley, you are taking leave of your senses. We cannot risk being blown onto a reef and if we put the *Dungaminnie* on same during good weather, everybody will say we do it on purpose."

He puts up his left eyebrow and says: "On an ordinary reef, yes. But this reef is not on a single chart. It is my own special reef and it will look most natural when we strike. Near it is an island where a man might have his way with a maid. I have been saving that reef for a special occasion."

The more I think about it, the better I like it. It will be nice to hit a genuine, uncharted reef and have respectable witnesses observe how the *Dungaminnie* comes to her doom. The underwriters will not be able to say how peculiar it is the *Dungaminnie* winds up exactly like the *Mallapunyah.*

When the Peebleses arrive, Mrs. Peebles has enough gear for a round-the-world cruise. Mr. Peebles has only one suitcase, but is weighted down with cameras. He starts taking pictures before we pass through Sydney Heads to set a northeasterly course for Tongatabu.

Every day Mrs. Peebles has on a new outfit and this is the first time I ever see Captain O'Malley shave every day. I get worried. I do not want romance interfering with the business I have with the insurance companies and I say so. Captain O'Malley tells me not to worry. "I am not certain of the lady, as yet. But after the wreck we shall spend a

"Yes, madam, we are in Indian territory"

week together on a uninhabited island and she will never want to see Mr. Peebles again. Then, with her to push me along, I will be president of a big trading company."

Well, everything goes along fine. When he gets the breeze he wants, Captain O'Malley gives me the signal and I gum up the auxiliary. We tack all over the South Pacific and get off our course good. This will keep the underwriters from asking why we do not stay on our course for Tongatabu. Later, Captain O'Malley winks and I announce I have most skillfully repaired the engine and we have only lost a day's sailing time.

It is about four hours before dawn when Captain O'Malley states we are getting close to his private reef. We skim along over a moonlit sea and every star is out. It is a fine night for a shipwreck. I am braced, waiting for the crash. Nothing happens except Captain O'Malley uses some very profane language.

I say to him, heatedly: "Perhaps you dream up this private reef."

"Shut up," he tells me. "I just miss the damned thing by inches. I am turning now. I shall surely hit it this time."

Which he does. We hit hard and I am not ready for it. Still, when I stand up and get my breath, I do not waste it complaining. This is the best wreck I ever had—far better than Captain Hooper did on the *Mallapunyah*. The bow of the *Dungaminnie* is high out of the water and I say with feeling, "Captain O'Malley, you are a artist."

The heathen crew is falling all over the slanting deck doing much screaming and I can see Captain O'Malley likes this confusion. He yells louder than anybody else as they get the boats over the side.

I am feeling kindly to all when I see Mr. Peebles standing by the wheelhouse. I start over, but he says crossly, "Get away, you. I am trying to get a thirty-second exposure."

He is still taking pictures when Captain O'Malley says: "Hurry, Mr. Peebles. We are sinking fast." Which we are. In all the excitement, Mr. Peebles gets steered into Ali Nagi's boat and, almost before I know it, Captain O'Malley has me putting a foot in, too. But I think fast and move away. I am remembering I forget to put fresh biscuits in Ali's boat and also forget to caulk the seams lately.

Meantime, Mrs. Peebles is working like a stevedore. She is dragging her boxes on deck and is dropping them into Captain O'Malley's boat. When the three of us get in, it is a very tight squeeze.

Captain O'Malley hollers out to Ali Nagi to set a course for Nukualofa. As we sail along, I notice the jabbering in Ali's boat grows fainter. Captain O'Malley explains it by saying they are saving breath for pulling on the oars in case the breeze drops, but I know it is because we are not going in the direction of Nukualofa. Everything is working out fine for Captain O'Malley. I am very certain he will soon be president of the Inter-Island Trading Co., and I shall become vice-president. Or treasurer maybe. Treasurer would be more to my liking.

I start breaking out the water beakers and the biscuits. Mrs. Peebles says something about us being well prepared, too. I do not understand what she means by "too" until she busts open one of her crates. She has a case of canned milk. She says, "I read about canned milk being very good for shipwrecks."

I look at her hard and I look at all the other boxes she has in the boat. I start to think Mrs. Peebles is figuring on a shipwreck all along. Some evil-minded persons along the water front must tell her the *Dungaminnie* is beginning to get ideas about suicide.

We make a landfall about noon. We zigzag through the coral, and are about four feet from shore in about six inches of water when we rip some of the bottom out of the boat. It is very fortunate we get wrecked in such a convenient spot. It will take a half day to fix the boat but, before I can tell Mrs. Peebles this, Captain O'Malley says, "Oh dear, it will be a week before we can repair it."

Mrs. Peebles does not seem to mind at all. She says: "Why, we are really and truly shipwrecked on a deserted island!"

I start hauling the supplies ashore. She has a hammer, saws, axes, a keg of nails, and some canvas. "That is for building a shelter on account of I hear it rains hard in this latitude," Mrs. Peebles says. She has fishing tackle and canned food. She also has yellow pants what she puts on behind a thicket. When she comes out, she looks like a houseboat in the rear.

It is a good thing they have me along because I am their man Friday. I build the houses, catch and cook the fish, find the coconuts, and open cans. All they do is look into each other's eyes and make me very embarrassed.

After several days Captain O'Malley finds time to say, "My, Mrs. Peebles is a wonderful woman. I am very ashamed of my sinful past. I realize love is a sacred emotion and I am not worthy to kiss Mrs. Peebleses' little foot. It has been difficult for me to restrain my animal passions, but I have resolved to be a gentleman. I am also teaching her the constellations. Tonight we are studying Pisces, the Small Magellanic Cloud, and stars of the first magnitude."

I am sure Mrs. Peebles is impressed by Captain O'Malley's noble character and education because, instead of talking all the time, she becomes very quiet and thoughtful. She begins to watch me work on the boat, which I do when I am not cooking. It is nearly repaired when Mrs. Peebles says to me, "How much longer is it going to take?"

"We can leave tomorrow, ma'm," I say. We have been one week on the island so everything must be all settled and I am now eager to become a treasurer of the Inter-Island Trading Co.

It is getting dark and I see a ship's lights about three miles offshore. I ask Mrs. Peebles hopefully, "May I touch off a signal fire, ma'm?" Mrs. Peebles says: "Hell, yes." With that she runs for one of her boxes and begins hauling out rockets.

It is a mystery why she does not shoot the rockets before when we sight a ship, but I do not think about it as I am glad to leave that island.

We go on board this motor launch what Mr. Peebles has chartered to look for Mrs. Peebles. Mrs. Peebles is very quiet, but Mr. Peebles tells us about how it takes Ali Nagi two days to reach Nukualofa because the boat is leaking and they have to bail all the way and he has difficulty keeping his camera and films dry, and then he tells us about the trouble he has chartering a boat to go looking for Mrs. Peebles in. He is still talking when we dock, then he hollers, "Oh, we must hurry to make the mail boat."

So Captain O'Malley does not have a chance to get a word in edgewise to Mrs. Peebles who stays close by Mr. Peebles. Captain O'Malley has to yell when the Peebleses run up the mail boat's gangplank: "See you in Chicago in January . . ."

We hear a loud, uncouth snort.

"The whistle drowns out her parting words," Captain O'Malley says sorrowfully.

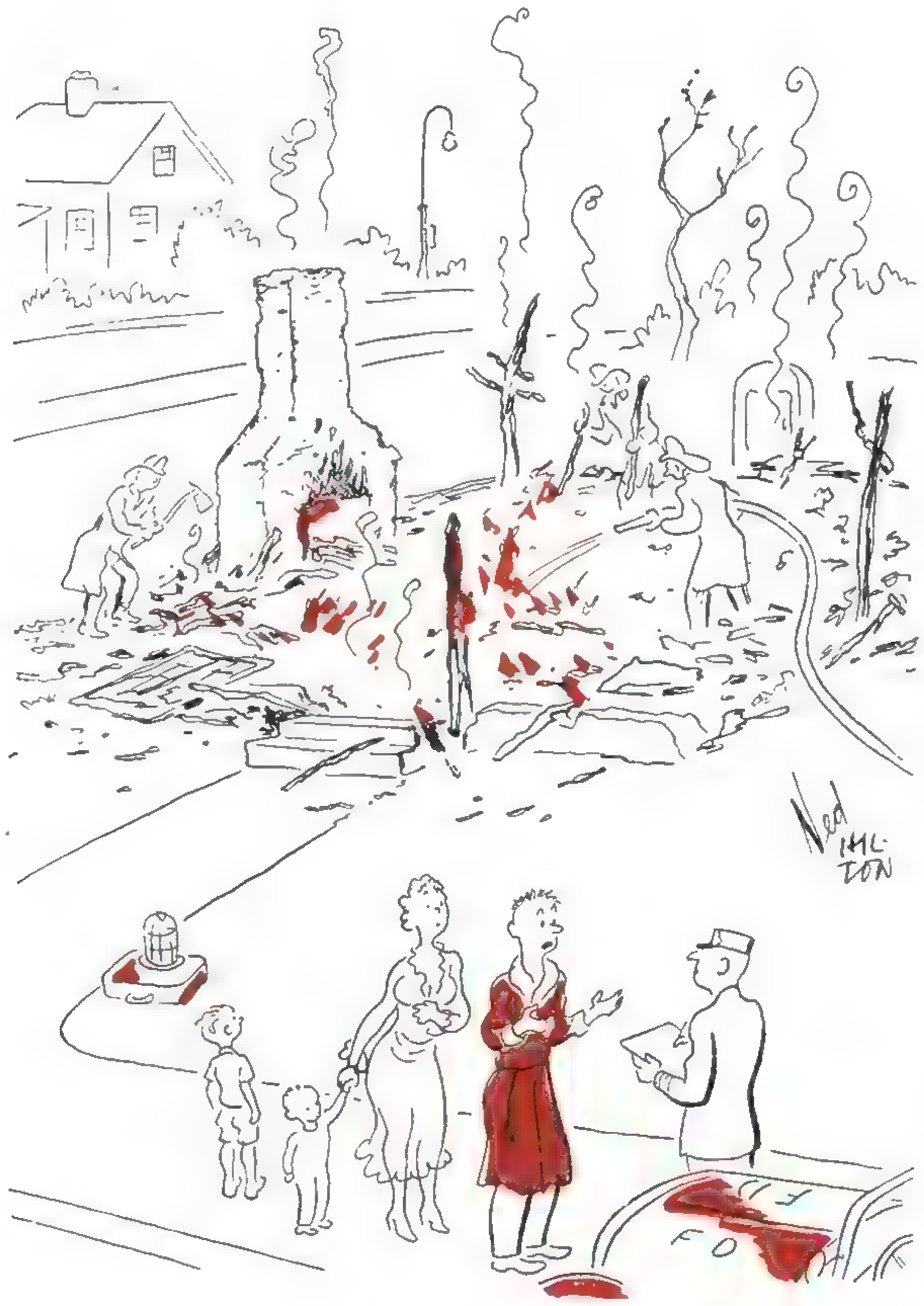
"That was no whistle, that was Mrs. Peebles," I tell him, but he is not listening. He has a faraway look in his eyes, and he's not seeing himself as president of a big trading company either.

Well, Captain O'Malley is not in Chicago in January because the underwriters do not pay off like they should. I cannot understand why they are so unreasonable. The lawyer is finished with Ali Nagi and he has not found out a thing. I settle back in my chair.

I am not settled long. A minute later the underwriters' lawyer is reading a letter. It is a deposition from Mrs. Peebles. She says that she happens to look in Mr. Peebleses' picture album. So she writes to the underwriters, saying, "If you study the enclosed photograph of the wreck, you will note—just over the starboard bow—the position of the moon and Aldebaran, a first magnitude star."

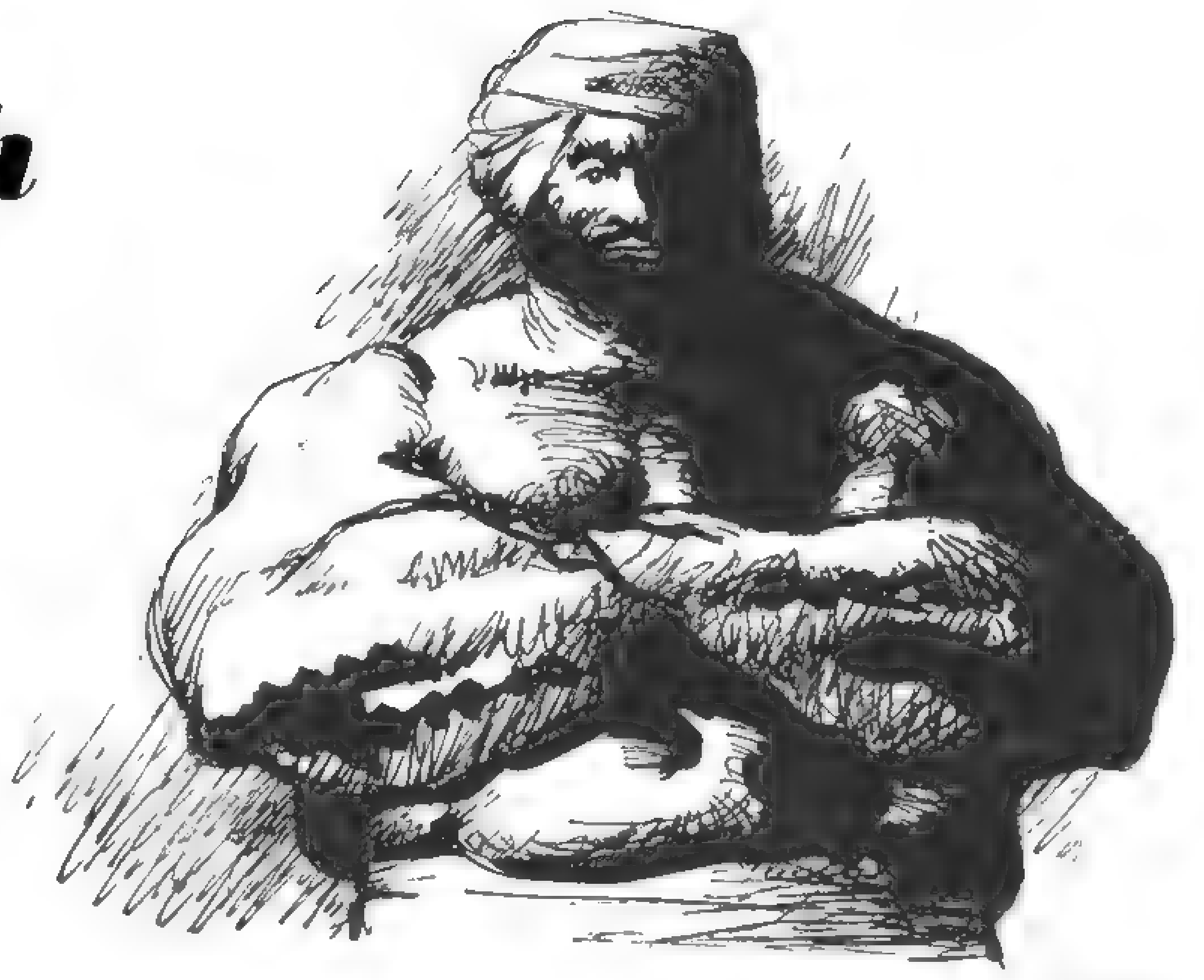
So what? So I know I am sunk deeper than the *Dungaminnie*. This picture with the moon and star shows we are heading west, not east, the way Captain O'Malley and I swear we are going. It is quite plain we miss the reef and turn around to take another crack at it. The underwriters has got us for the works, including perjury.

Captain O'Malley puts his head down in his arms. He is crying. He is also saying something about that is what a man gets for being a scholar—and a gentleman. ###



"Well—we were having a little mortgage-burning celebration and . . ."

Toughest Man on Earth



REHBERGER

No one can throw 69-year-old Gama of India, unofficial heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, who trains on 2000 pushups a day

by CHARLES B. ROTH

Although we Americans with customary stuffiness, whenever the world's greatest anything is brought up, confine our selection to the U. S. A., the world's greatest athlete is not only not an American, but has never been near America and probably doesn't know where America is. He lives in India, and is now sixty-nine years old. In spite of those twin handicaps, he is still the unofficial heavyweight wrestling champion of the world and the one athlete who deserves the appellation of greatest.

Gama is his name. He was born in 1878. Since he happens to be approximately the same age as Jim Jeffries (Jeffries was born in 1875), let me do a little supposing about Jeffries in order to make you see more clearly what a remarkable fellow this Gama really is.

Suppose that Jeffries, winning the boxing championship when he did, at the age of twenty-four, had kept right on being champion. Suppose he had been good enough to do that. He would have whipped Johnson, Jess Willard, made a palooka of Jack Dempsey, pounded more pugilistic learning than Shakespeare into Tunney's head, whipped Schmeling, Sharkey, Max Baer, with one hand tied behind him, then knocked the ears off Joe Louis. And at sixty-nine he'd still have been world champion, so invincible that no other fighter could hold a candle to him.

Sounds pretty fantastic, doesn't it?

Gama is a Jew converted to Mohammedanism. He stands five-feet-seven, weighs around 260 pounds. I'll tell you a little bit about his physique later and how he got it, but you can judge from his height and weight that he is quite a broth of a boy.

Gama first impinged upon the consciousness of the western world around 1910, when a crafty Englishman named R. B. Benjamin saw the possibility of importing a troupe of India wrestlers to England. In the troupe were twenty-two-year-old Gama and his eighteen-year-old brother, Imam Bux. Europe was filled with great wrestlers—Hackenschmidt, the Zbyszko brothers, Maurice Lemm, the Swiss, and the Frenchman Deriaz. All of them patronized the brown-skinned kids from the Punjab, refused to take them seriously, told them in effect, "Go get a reputation."

Mr. Benjamin saw his chances to make a profit slithering away, until he cajoled Maurice Deriaz, a tremendously strong 200-pound French wrestler and weight lifter, into a match, not with Gama, the champ, but with his kid brother Imam Bux, who weighed only 182 pounds, and looked too round and smooth and fat to be a match for a man equipped with such biceps as Deriaz had.

Only a few thousand fans turned out to see the contest. Everyone who knew Deriaz and his record knew what it would be—a rout for the other guy. It usually was. And it was a rout this time—only Deriaz was routed, not Imam Bux. Deriaz was thrown so quickly, so inconsiderately, so definitely that it took five minutes for him to remember his name.

He claimed a fluke and after a ten-minute rest he and Imam Bux went at it again. It was the same thing, only this time Deriaz took a good half-hour in coming to. No one who saw the match had ever witnessed anything quite so brutal or convincing.

After that the European wrestlers still avoided the athletes from India—but for a different reason. Just a short time later, at the Queen's Tournament, Gama in desperation threw out a challenge without parallel in athletic history. He offered to throw any twenty wrestlers in England, one right after another, in one hour's time. The challenge had no takers.

Someone did inveigle the great Zbyszko, then at the height of his powers, into a match, which is still a mat classic, with Gama. From seeing what happened to Deriaz, Zbyszko, never a dullard, learned caution. He didn't want some more of the same, so he played it safe. Gama snatched him off his feet, threw him heavily. Zbyszko lay there, huddled up like a mud turtle, and made no move to get up, while Gama roughed him, pushed him, tugged him. It was so unsatisfactory that Gama, disgusted with European sportsmanship, decamped for India, but only after meeting a top-flight American grappler in a private set-to.

Dr. B. F. Roller was the American wrestler who went to the sacrificial altar. While not the greatest wrestler that ever lived, Roller was good enough to hold the American catch-as-catch-can championship for a few years and was counted Grade A in his own country. Behind closed doors, with only a select group of English sportsmen present, Gama threw Roller thirteen times in fifteen minutes. And then left for India.

The Zbyszko match I am telling you about had a sequel in the late twenties, when Zbyszko went to India to meet Gama again. Remember how Joe Louis, mad all the way through at Max Schmeling, treated him in their second fight, nearly killing him? Gama did that same thing to Zbyszko. He wasn't taking any chances on a stall, so he sailed in, grabbed Zbyszko, slammed him down so hard it wasn't sense to continue the match.

Time: twenty-one seconds!

Why are wrestlers like Gama and Imam Bux and a dozen other Indians so much better than anyone else? The answer is their superhuman strength, not science, for in scientific wrestling they seem to be outclassed.

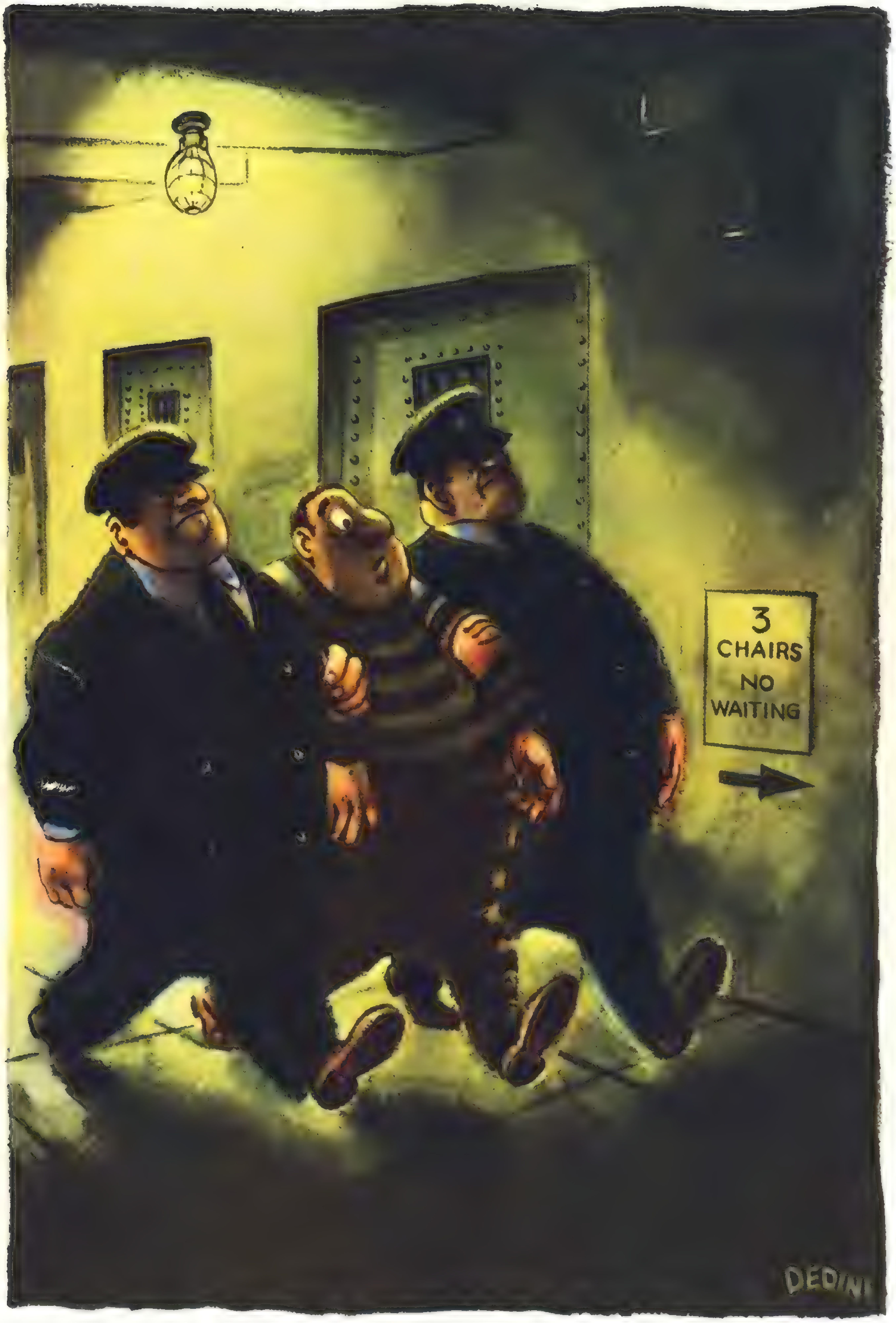
George F. Jowett, formerly Canadian wrestling champion and still one of the world's strongest men, told me that Indian wrestlers seem absolutely immune to the attacks of other wrestlers. "Taking one off his feet is about as easy as pushing over the Washington Monument," he added.

The system of muscle-building that makes them so tough has a curious and beclouded origin. It traces back many centuries to a race of sun worshipers who worshiped their gods with a series of genuflections of the body referred to as *surya namaskars*—literally, sun worship.

Out of these movements

(*Continued on page 133*)

"Your wife was just in looking for you"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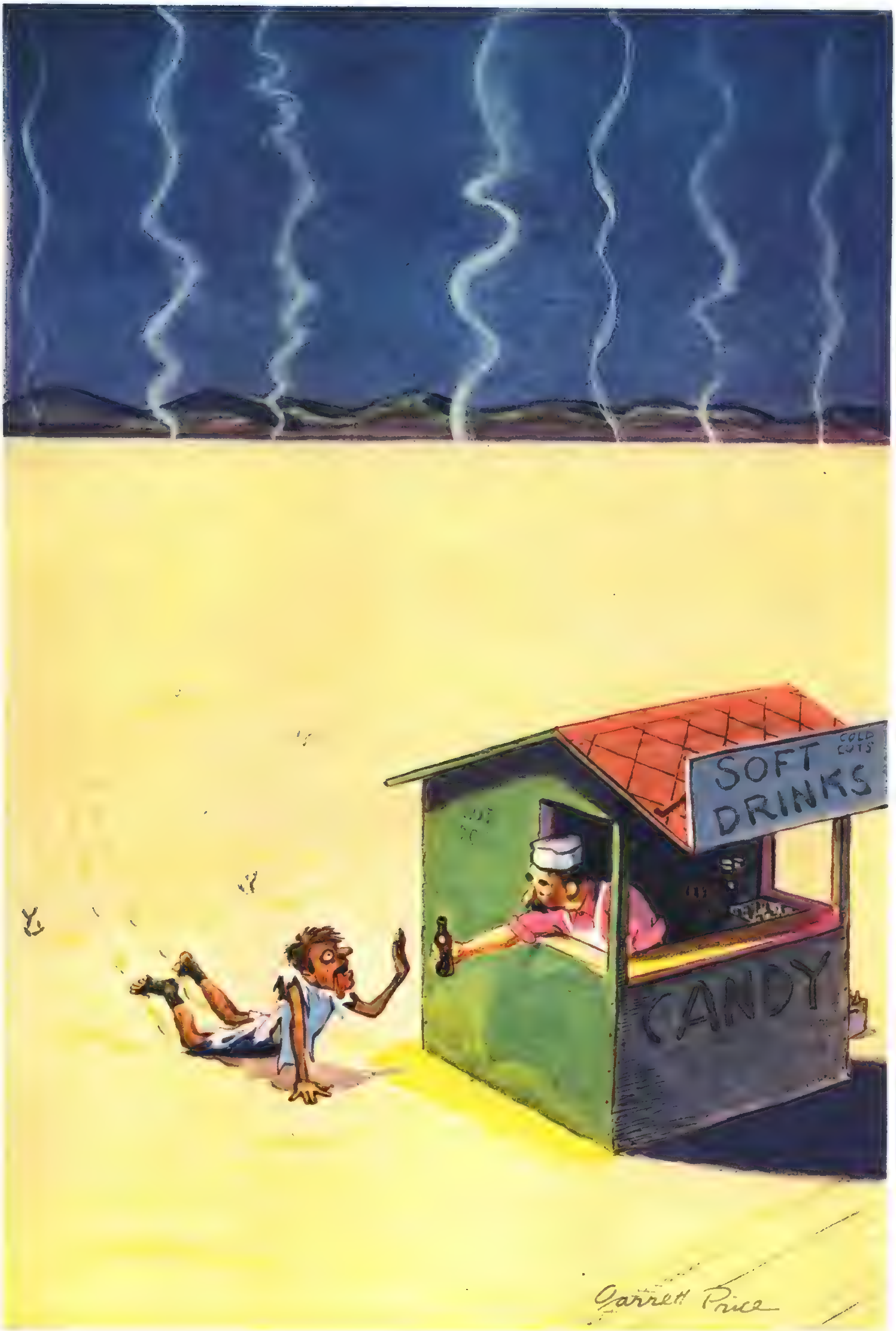
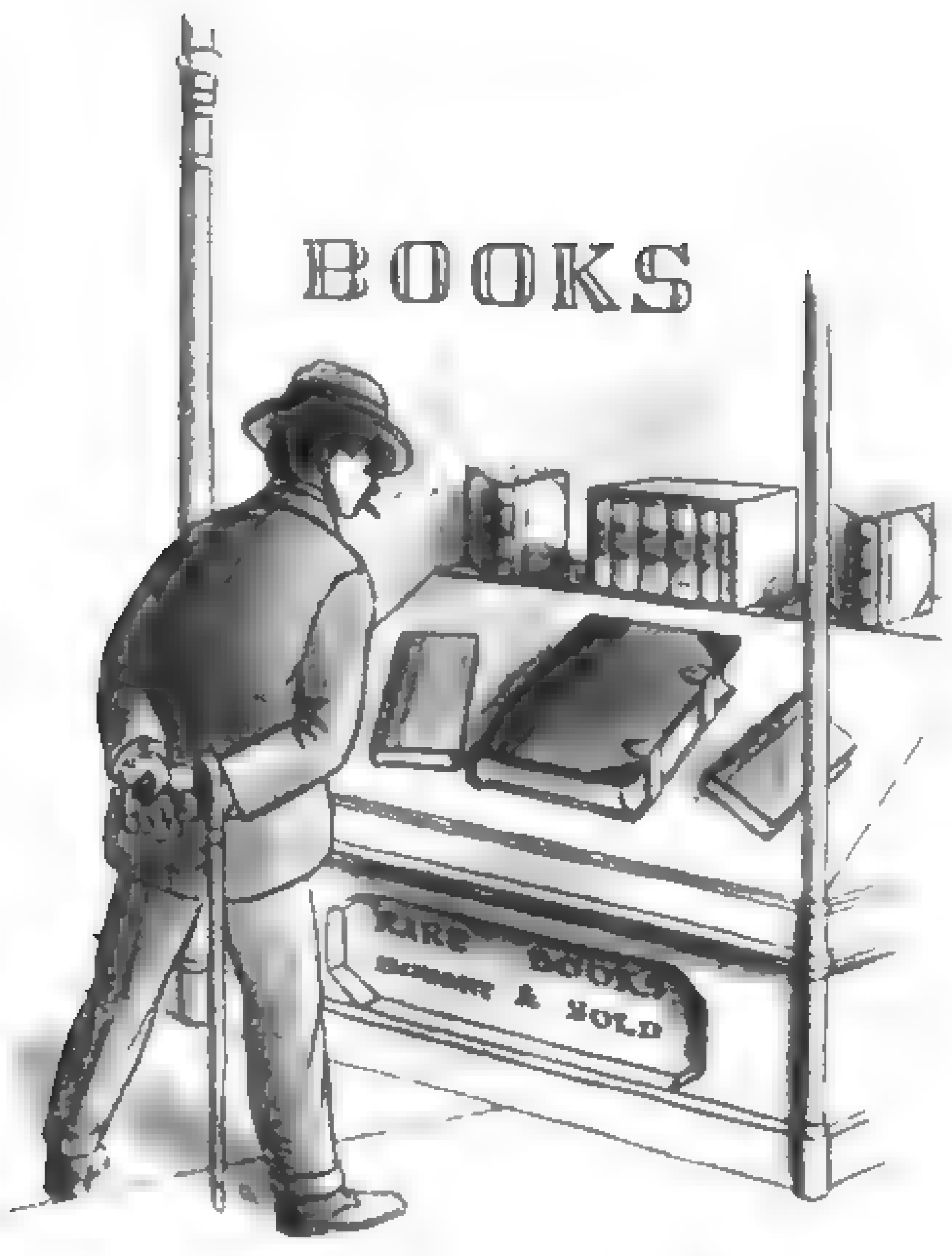

SOFT DRINKS
COLD CUTS
CANDY
Garrett Price

"Oh, no—I won't accept any substitutes!"



WM. DuBOIS

A fantasy that has to do with such things usually seen only in nightmares

The Case of the Double Clasp

by WILLIAM VALRICK

I MUST have looked like a bird dog coming to point when I first spotted the book. It lay sullen and repulsive in the window. About it were piled the type of junky volumes one would expect to find in a secondhand store. Old books happen to be a hobby of mine. There are places—secondhand stores and junk shops—where really unusual items may be acquired at relatively little cost. But this particular shop had never handled books before. Now I'd stumbled by accident upon what, certainly at first glance, appeared to be a prize.

I ducked in under the store's awning to light a cigarette. It was raining a fine penetrating mist. Through the window I examined the book more closely.

It appeared to be covered in vellum which had turned a rich brown through the years. There was scarcely a scuff or scratch on the binding. As the backstrip was turned away from the window, it was impossible for me to tell the contents. It was old, incredibly old; I knew that much.

Two copper clasps held it shut in the antique fashion used before the days of mechanically bound books. The clasps gleamed dully in the half-light. There was something repulsive about their evil glint. They were engraved in what seemed to me to be a grotesque, obscene mockery of man and of the gods.

That sounds silly even to me. To have seen so much, to have felt so much—all in a few engravings in the soft-looking copper of two old-fashioned book clasps. Be that as it may, my story isn't told yet.

I turned my eyes away from the book. Reflected in the show window I could see someone standing almost directly behind me.

I turned to see who the other bibliophile might be. I disliked him immediately and intensely. He was short and very fat. There was a blue-black stubble of beard on his face. He was wearing a black and lusterless suit and despite the rain he seemed warm and dry.

"Lovely old thing, isn't it?" he said. Before I could answer he turned and walked rapidly into the secondhand store.

I stood a moment, startled. Then I followed him. There was a little warning, jangling bell deep within me. I felt that there was something more here than just an old book in a secondhand-store window and a short, fat man out in the rain without a topcoat.

A bell jangled again—harshly—but this time above me, as I pushed open the door. The fat man was leaning over the low railing that cut off the show window from the rest of the store. I pushed the door to behind me. It once more hit the handle that started the small bell jangling above the door. In no way, though, was the actual bell as insistent as the warning one inside me.

I stood just inside the door watching the stranger. He was grubbing through the pile of books that lay in the window. The window was filled with old shoes, dirty, tattered magazines, rusty tools and secondhand guns. The room was absolutely silent except for the dull clatter of the tossed aside books, the heavy breathing of the fat man and the echo of the bell above the door. Then I heard the proprietor's footsteps from the rear of the shop.

"Yes? Yes, gentlemen. May I be of service this day?" His eyes shot quick glances back and forth between the two of us. The fat man ignored him. He was still leaning over into the window.

To some imp of perversity I owe the fact that I smiled at the little owner and said, "Yes, I want to buy the book with the two copper clasps that is in your window." I still felt a strange uneasiness in all that was about me. I knew that something was wrong—radically wrong someplace.

The stranger's back, bent forward as it was, stiffened as I spoke. Slowly he straightened up, turned, and looked at me. His eyes were terrible, filled with some unnameable threat. "No. You cannot have that book. It is mine. It has always been mine."

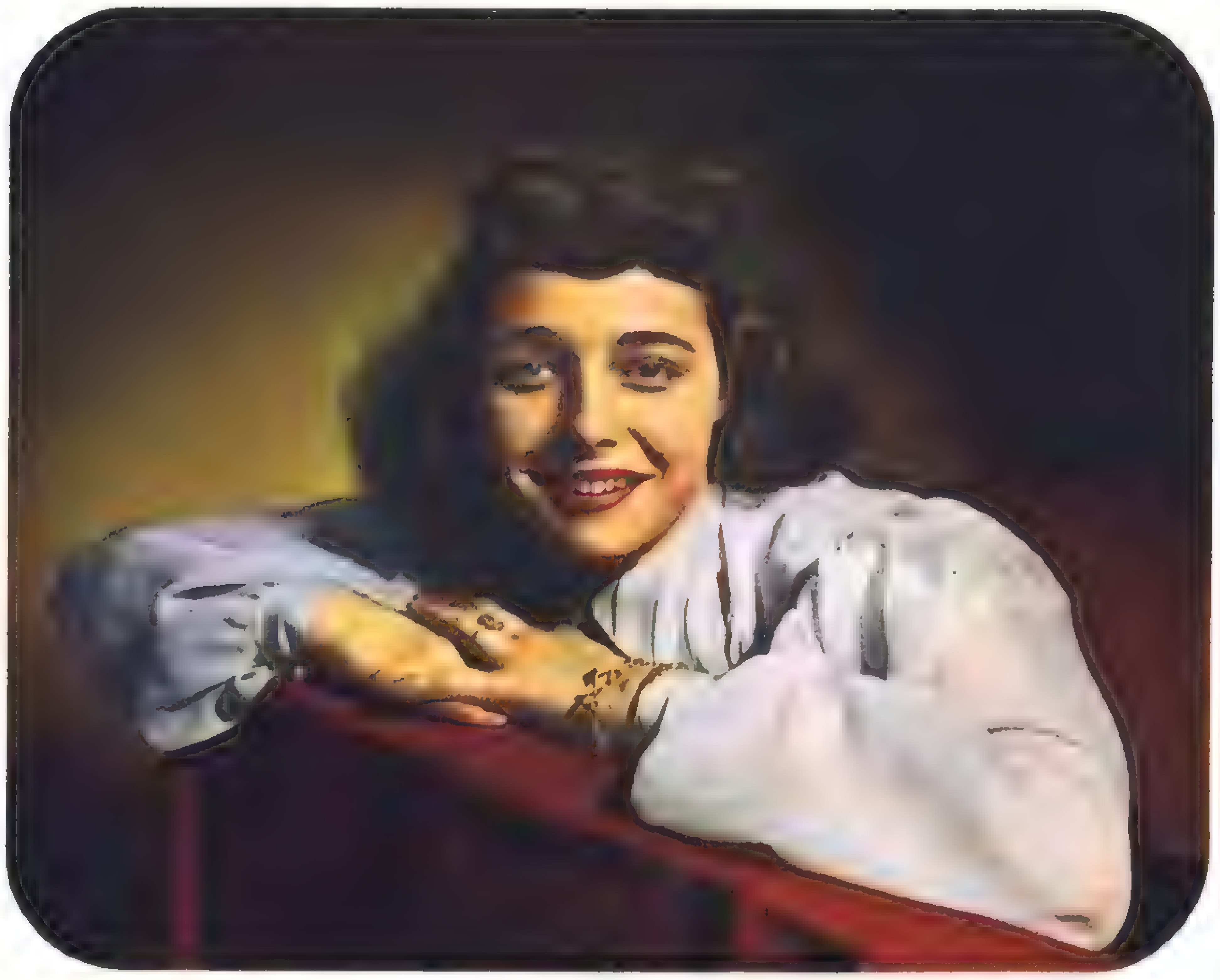
Deep within me I knew that he spoke the truth. And in that knowledge there was fear. But what he meant by saying that it had always been his I didn't know. Furthermore, I didn't care. All I wanted to do was to get out of there—out into the rain and clean swept air.

I turned and jerked open the door. This time the bell was louder above it than before. I practically ran all the way to the corner before I stopped and collected my wits. I felt foolish. I knew I was being silly; still nothing seemed to fit.

Late that afternoon, calling myself a coward and an idiot, I made myself go back to the store. There was a small crowd gathered outside. They were all quiet and talked softly and had excited, eager looks. As soon as I had seen them and noticed how they were acting I knew that there had been an accident—or worse.

I mingled with the motley group who stood

(*Continued on page 164*)



GLANTZ

Pat of the Forest

Pat being Miss Patricia Neal, tall, blonde and beautiful and very unpleasant—onstage. The Forest—Lillian Hellman's saga of life among the wicked Hubbards, now about to tour the provinces, formally titled Another Part of the Forest. *Its opening last fall marked Miss Neal's first appearance on Broadway. Miss Hellman's notices were slightly mixed. Miss Neal's were not. Last spring she was handed the Antoinette Perry award for the most promising young actress of the year. Not bad for a lady just over twenty-one and not long down from the Tennessee hills. History: two years Northwestern Drama School, eight months an understudy, two seasons in summer stock, one resounding flop. Then Herman Shumlin saw her in a leopard skin in Westport. That did it. The rest: the old Broadway success story.*

Lively comments on the colorful history of rum, including Paul Revere's famous ride

Kill-Divil to Planter's Punch

by SCOTT HART

WEBER

During one of those swarming Washington cocktail parties where women rush frantically about with small splashy drinks, demanding to be seen, a straight-backed old admiral stood around looking bored. His eyes, grey as evening sea clouds, avoided the women; and he didn't look at the tray of hors d'oeuvres which a waiter bellied at him.

"Get me some rum," he said. "Just put a lot of crushed ice in it and a very little water."

The old admiral was plainly lonesome, no doubt for some old congenialities which might be refound in the bouquet of winds, sea salt, tropical sugar canes, the whole burnt odors of the hot tropics that lurk in a tumbler of rum.

A woman foamed up and said, "Rum mixed with just water?"

The admiral said, "I like it. It reminds me of something."

There was no use trying to explain it to the lady. The party would be over before anyone could say what rum has meant to men or what it has meant to nations. And the lady still might not believe that America's independence came largely from barrels of blackstrap molasses (to rum what corn is to bourbon)—and the tough economics of New England rum.

And she could scarcely feel at once the sudden something that hit the spine of Paul Revere like a hot and urging poker one night. Anyhow, the Revolutionists never told Paul to go out and shiver the welkin. They told him to ride and tell Adams and Hancock to flee because the British were coming. He was to go quietly, like a whispering ghost, and advise the people to *hide* their arms. But some British horsemen saw him and gave chase. After adventures, Revere wound up at the house of Isaac Hall, a patriot and distiller. Mindful of the amenities, Isaac Hall belted him soundly with several heaving flagons of rum. And Revere, in an exuberant lapse, forgot or ignored his instructions. With a bellow he leaped on his horse. "The British are coming," he roared on the night, and demanded battle.

This was good old New England rum—Kill-Divil, as they named it in the Sugar Islands where it probably was first distilled; rumbullion as sailor and planter later knew it; and rum, as it became after 1668. The drink was crudely made at first and fed to the island slaves, who swilled it and moaned wild, bewitching songs with fire-touched eyes.

Gradually it was refined and lost its hellish name. And in the refinement something was achieved; men sensed in the drink the clean smells of their seas and the enjoyable warmth and sharp tangs of their islands. They called rum Comfortable Waters. Often when they went to far places and got lonely they took a generous slug and thought of home.

Rum became basic in the English drinking habits. A man-o'-war was as dependent on rum as on sails and it floated the courage that built the Empire. To many men it meant many things: to the cold seaman it was warmth and a lingering flash of peace after work, or the ounce of full anger needed for the fight. To the Duke of Monmouth it meant something he died without telling, for en route to the scaffold and execution he shouted from his horse for a cup of hot rum and eggs. He downed it and died like a man. Some historians suggest that he wanted it because he had a chill. But such an explanation affronts the good duke's courage and quite overlooks the taste in the mouth he elected to take to other worlds.

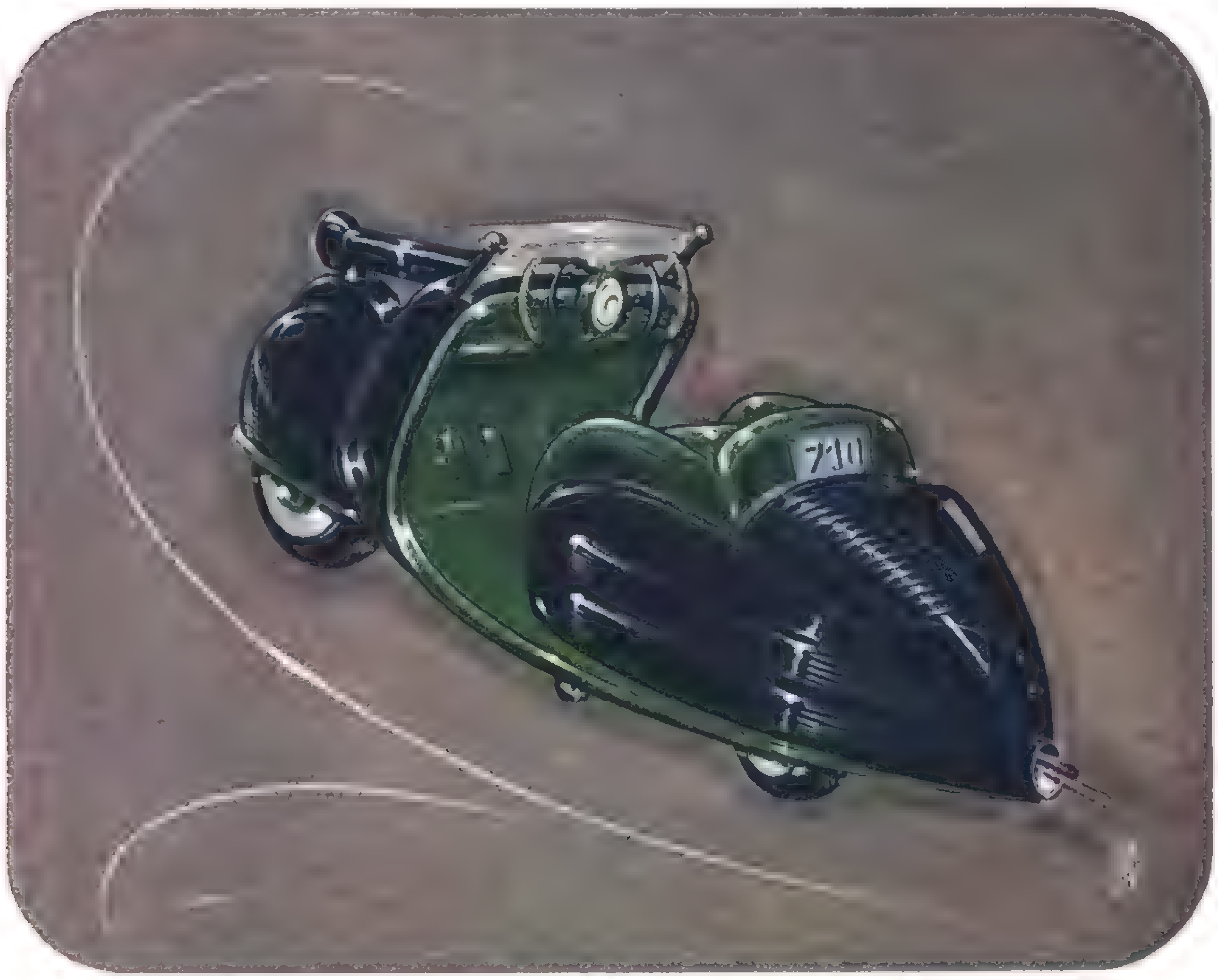
Perhaps Lord Byron said it for the Duke and all: "There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms, As rum and true religion."

To Colonial New Englanders, certainly, it meant relief from the torments of an unmerciful geographical and moral climate. Money-minded, they discovered it was cheaper to import the blackstrap molasses and distill rum at home than to bring rum itself from the tropics. They learned, also, that rum was a solid medium of exchange in the slave trade.

But meanwhile they merely slugged themselves with rum flips and sang and argued politics in the taverns. Frequently they beat each other with the sizzling loggerhead pokers kept by the tavern fireplaces to stir rum drinks.

Flip was their supreme and sometimes unmanageable joy. A tavernkeeper's recipe is handed down like this: "He mixed together a pint of cream, four eggs, and four pounds of sugar, and kept this on hand. When a mug of flip was called for, he filled a quart mug two-thirds full of bitter beer, added four great spoonsful of his creamy compound, a gill of rum and thrust in the loggerhead. If a fresh egg were beaten into the mixture, the froth poured over the top of the mug, and the drink was called a 'bellows-top.'"

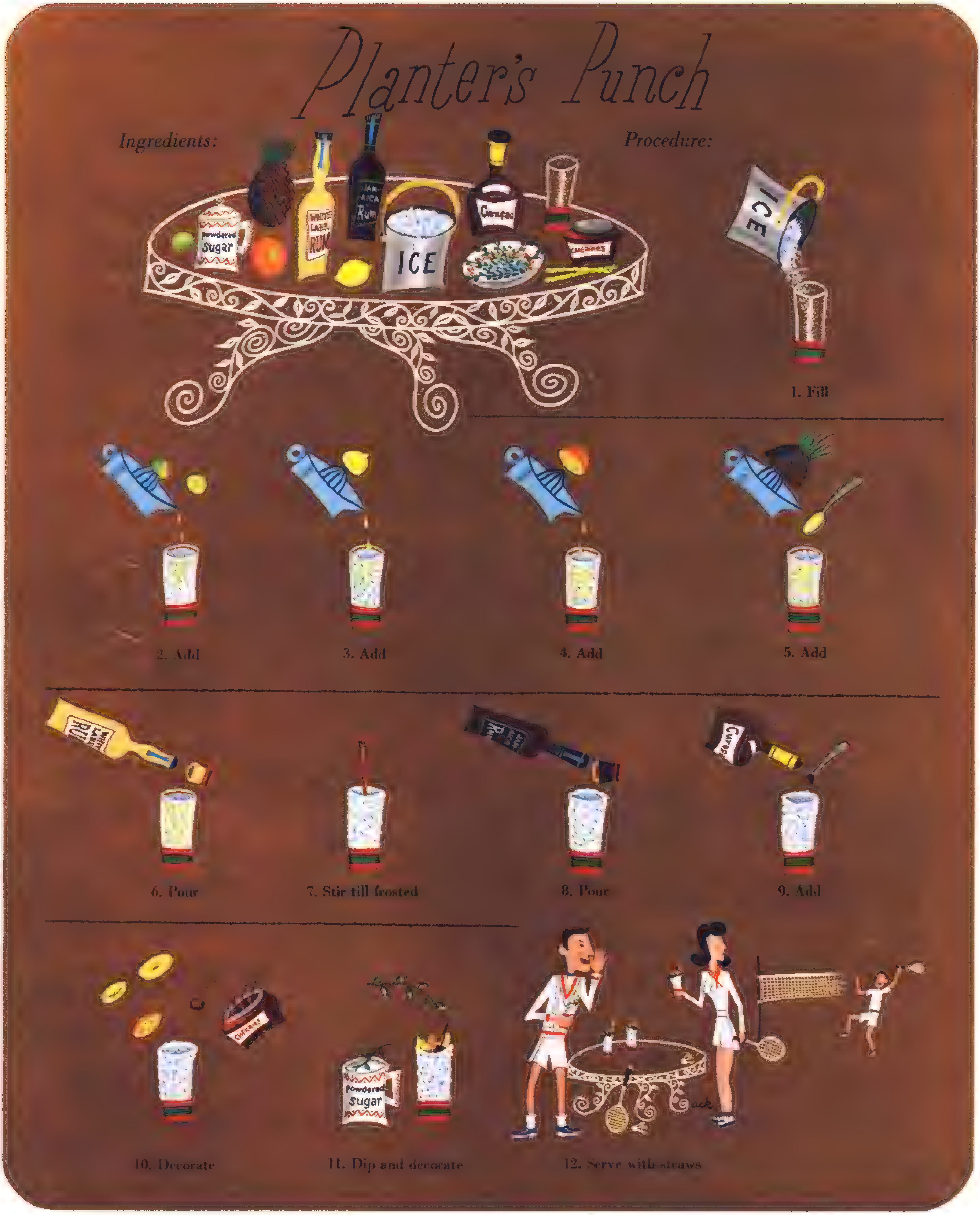
The colonists drank toddies of rum, hot water and sugar, and watched the hurrying encroachments which eventually (*Continued on page 167*)



ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Mechanical Prophecies No. 15: Super Scooter

Once upon a time back in the era of licorice whips and corduroy knickers, a scooter was a foot-powered vehicle that was at its most satisfactory only on a downgrade. During the war and shortages someone attached a motor. Now the little red scooter has gone Hollywood and lately become a proper carriage for cinema queens. But nothing satisfies our Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. Above, his latest inspiration: the scooter of tomorrow, strictly for adults. The frame of light manganese alloy, a high-efficiency electric motor such as is used in France, blinker lights instead of instruments, a plane-type steering wheel and two small rollers which lower to balance the scooter when it is stopped. Really, says the Count, an armchair on wheels. One thing remains for complete comfort: a scooter built for two.


Planter's Punch
Ingredients:
Procedure:
powdered sugar
WHITE LABEL RUM
JAMAICA Rum
ICE
Curaçao
CHERRIES
1. Fill
2. Add
3. Add
4. Add
5. Add
6. Pour
7. Stir till frosted
8. Pour
9. Add
10. Decorate
11. Dip and decorate
12. Serve with straws

Esquire's

BLEND AND BEND

Recipe No. 6

Sketches by Herb Ackerman

Up from the West Indies came this fabled drink which is reputed to make it a pleasure to disintegrate in the tropics. Not that Planter's Punch will do you any good if disintegration is what you have in mind, but it is guaranteed to keep you nice and cool while you're at it. For the nongrasshopper who intends to go back to being an ant come winter, the gift of the Antilles sugar baronies promises to keep him comfortable and thoroughly relaxed while he has his hot-weather fling. Equally satisfactory between sets, sunning on the veranda or courting Tondeleyo. It won't get you Tondeleyo but it may make even Aunt Suzie look a little more like her. Top off the above *chef d'oeuvre* with a dash of Angostura bitters. That should do it. From here in you're on your own.

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

University of Washington

Paul Bunyan himself would be proud of the school they've built in the Northwest

by FREDERICK FREED

It is absolutely not true that University of Washington students are born with oars in their hands. It only seems that way to their opponents. The fact is that, in addition to the best crews in the country for almost any given year, there are some 16,000 students who never lay a finger to an oar. This does not leave them with time on their hands. Besides several shells and two lakes, Washington possesses a 600-acre campus with over 100 buildings and 600 teachers.

Nevertheless it is true that when you speak of American rowing, you are essentially speaking of the University of Washington, where it is not only a major sport, but *the* major sport, where a swivel-hipped tail back plays second fiddle to a smart coxswain.

Sometimes, it must be admitted, the Huskies do not finish first in the big regatta at Poughkeepsie. However, in these rare instances, it is almost certain to be true that the winning crew is coached by a Washington graduate. This naturally tends to create the false impression that Washington welcomes with open arms the brainless strong boy who can pull an oar. In fact, the cultural and social graces are no less admired in Seattle than in Cambridge or New Haven. In a sense the rivers have done the Purple and Gold dirt.

The truth of the matter is that the same waters which hold the shells also hold the famous Showboat Theatre of the Drama School, which turned out Nancy Coleman, Frances Farmer and Ella Raines. The tall young Bunyans who stroke the crews also attend the Fishery and Forestry Schools and become keepers of the Northwest woods and streams. The paperweight coxswain may be a student of the highly rated School of Journalism, which, from its legendary Shack, produces the University Daily.

For in addition to Poughkeepsie winners the University has produced an imposing array of solid business and professional men and women, and its share of celebrated graduates, including Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach and Movie Front Man, Eric Johnston.

During his four years at Washington an undergraduate can study, in addition to the conventional arts and sciences, such diverse scholastic side lines as Librarianship, Chinese, and Forest Management. But whatever he chooses these days, he is in dead earnest.

As to colleges and universities the country over, the postwar world has brought to Washington a new species of student, the returned veteran, scrambling furiously to make up the lost war years. The pre-1941 generation would scarcely recognize the old place.

Still, Washington's Jack has by no means become a dull boy. Little chance, surrounded as he is by the tall and terrific girls of the Golden West. Come spring and what knowledge is so pursuable as to completely divert a young man's fancy from canoeing on the Lake? It's a strictly coeducational Washington custom the Old Grad recalls with a nostalgic heart long after the maddest gladdest days are done.

In winter, with Rainier's snowcapped slope only one hour by convertible from the campus, Paradise Lodge tends to become that on week ends when the boys and girls gather around the fire after a day on the ski trails.

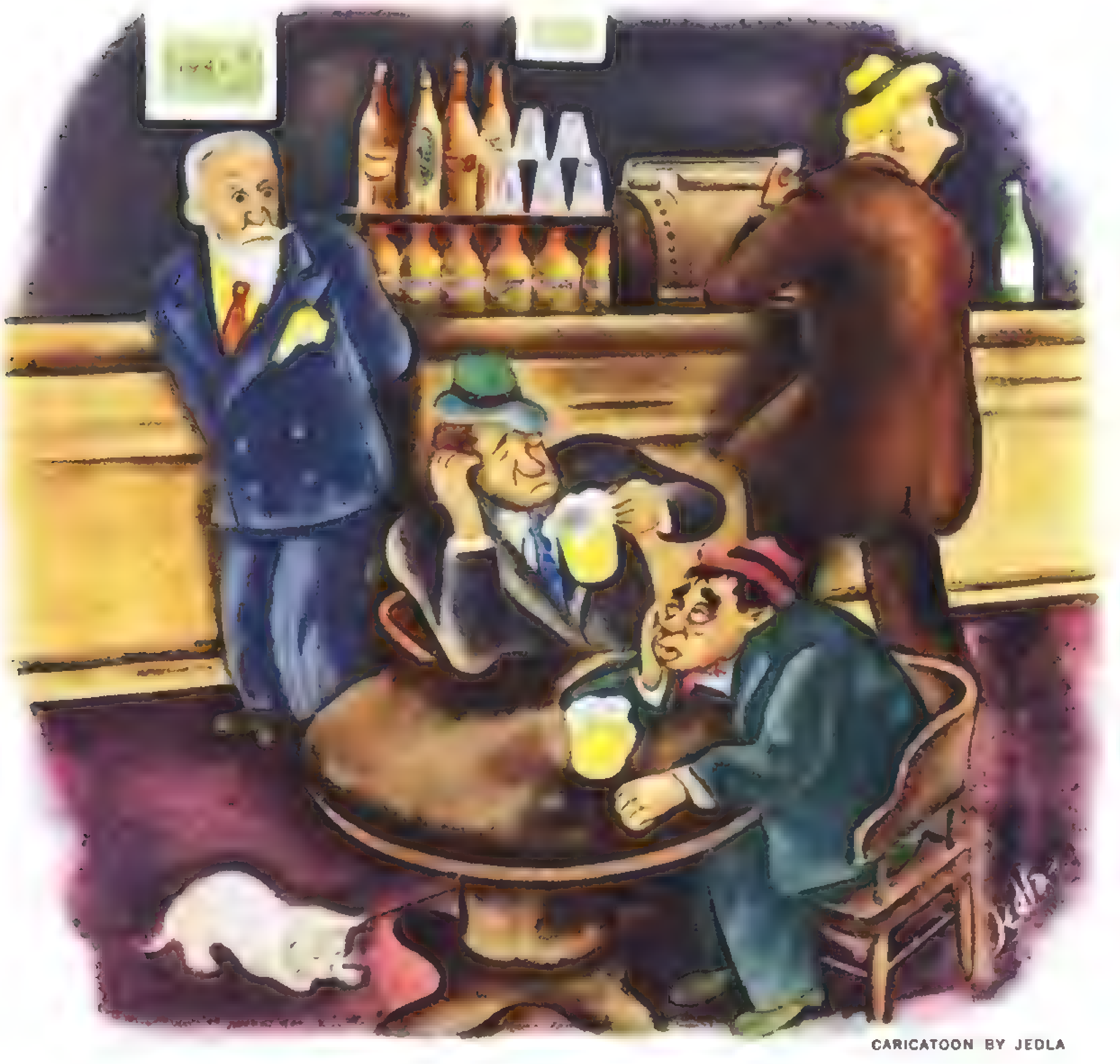
When it gets warm enough in late spring and early fall there are the Puget Sound beaches, and the shores of Lake Union near the shell house the year around. After dark this campus section looks like a Times Square parking lot. Campus publicists demurely call it "a favorite wooing spot."

In May five thousand students gather in the shadows of the tradition-wreathed Four Columns to join in the Spring Songfest. Later each class plants ivy around one of the newer buildings. This custom, borrowed from the great Eastern universities, is a symbol of Washington's coming-of-age. Already some buildings may be termed ivy-covered.

This may seem prematurely hoary for a university whose oldest structure, Denny Hall, only recently passed the half-century mark. It replaced the original hall, built in 1861, under the direction of the Reverend Daniel Bagley, on the old ten-acre campus donated by the state legislature. After Reverend Bagley had completed his work, a twenty-two-year-old Easterner named Asa Shinn Mercer was selected to be Washington's first president, possibly because he was one of few citizens in that frontier country with a college degree.

Mercer, a competent enough prexy, would be better remembered as an educator if he were not so well remembered for bringing the "Mercer Girls" to Seattle: Eastern ladies, "selected with greatest care for intelligence, modesty and virtue," their grandchildren now make up the social flower of the Northwest.

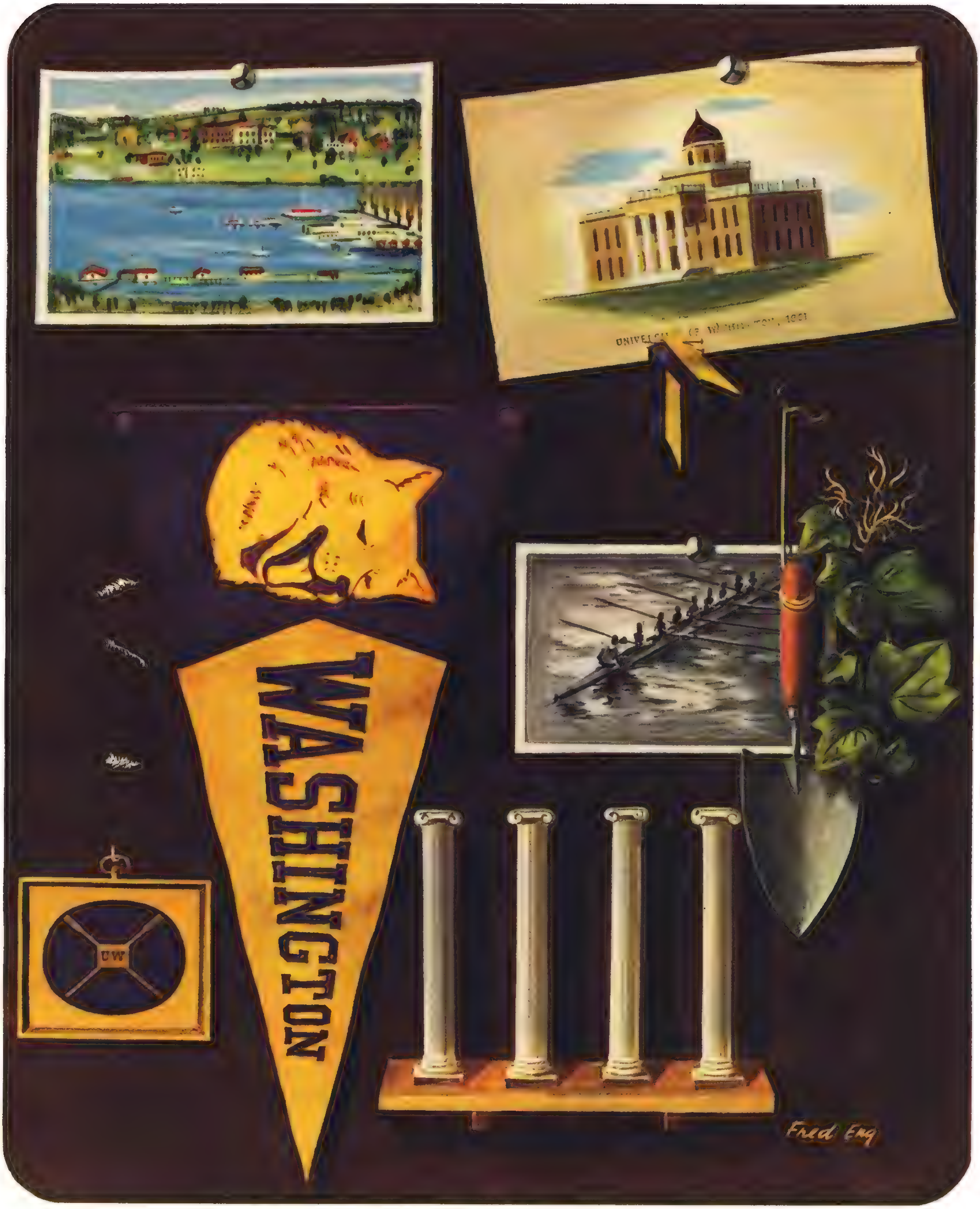
Whatever else Asa Mercer did has now largely been obscured. But the University he nurtured some eighty-six years ago, when there were only thirty-seven brawny young woodsmen for students, has prospered. All up and down the Pacific Coast there are men and women who remember the campus along the shores of Lake Washington with pride and who are helping, in the words of the song, "to sing the glory of Washington forever." ##



CARICATOON BY JEDLA

A MONTY WOOLLEY CLASSIC

"I tell you it must be cold out—look at those icicles"

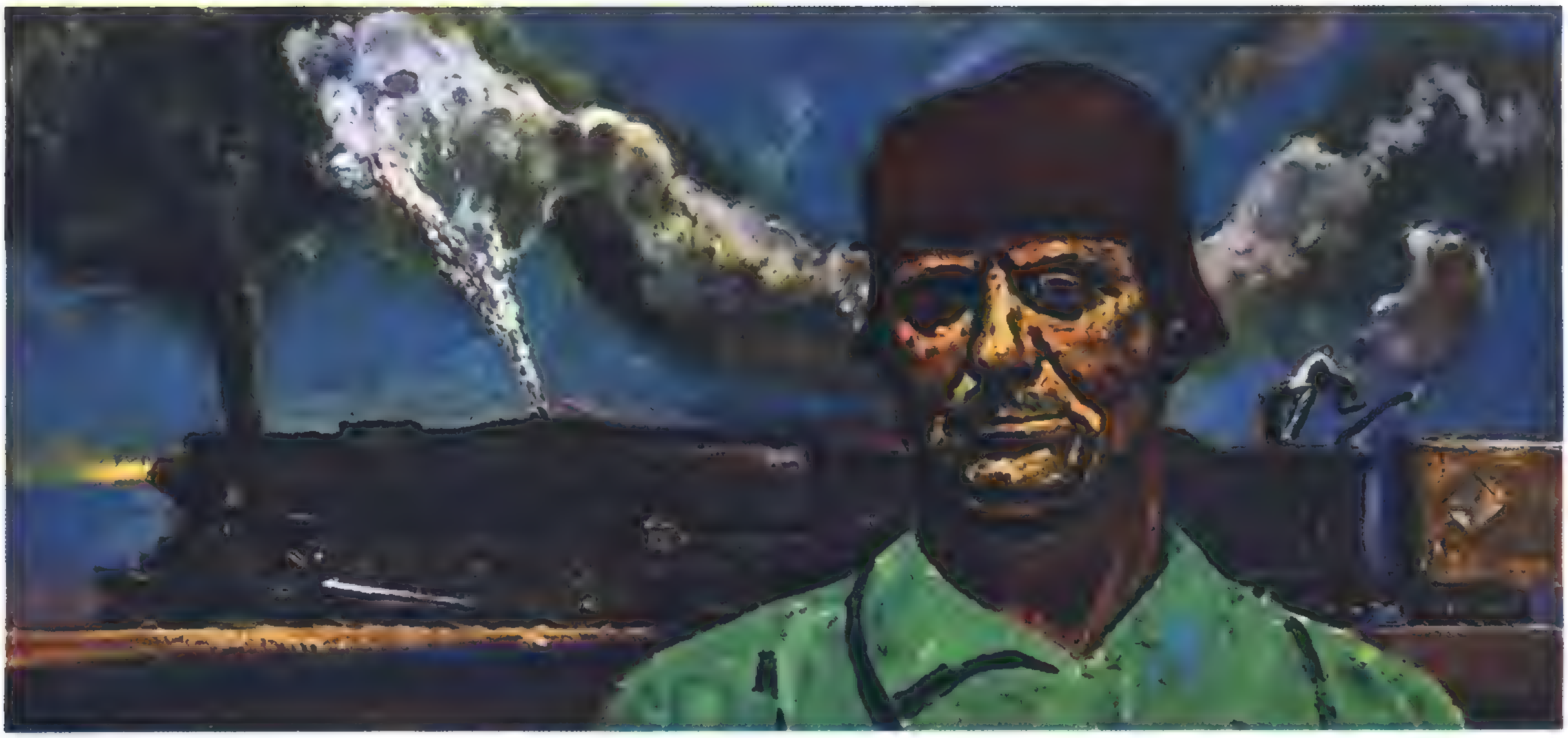


UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

A Profile

Painting by Fred Eng

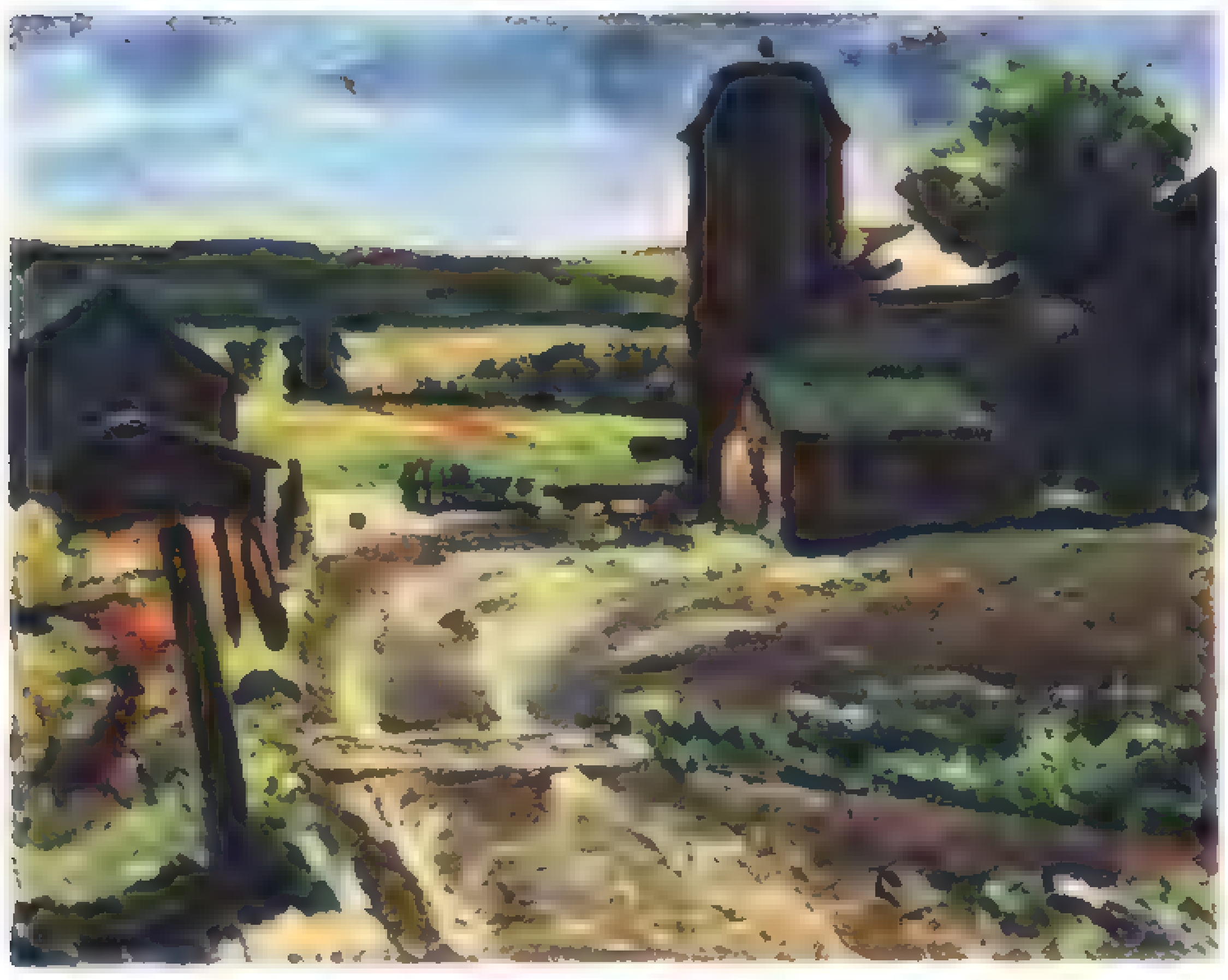
Opponents of University of Washington crews at Poughkeepsie have often had the feeling that the Seattle institution is a lake surrounded by several dozen boathouses. Successful as are the Husky crews, this is pure canard. Educationally the U. of W. ranks well up among the West Coast schools, and it is only in the spring that its all-conquering sweepswingers threaten to overshadow the fact that it is also an institution of higher learning. In Fred Eng's symbolic depiction above: a view of the campus from across Portage Bay; Asa Mercer's original schoolhouse; the ever-present varsity crew swinging down Lake Washington; a purple and gold banner featuring the famous Husky; a sprig of ivy and a trowel to represent Ivy Day; the famous Four Columns.



CASINE 14" X 29"

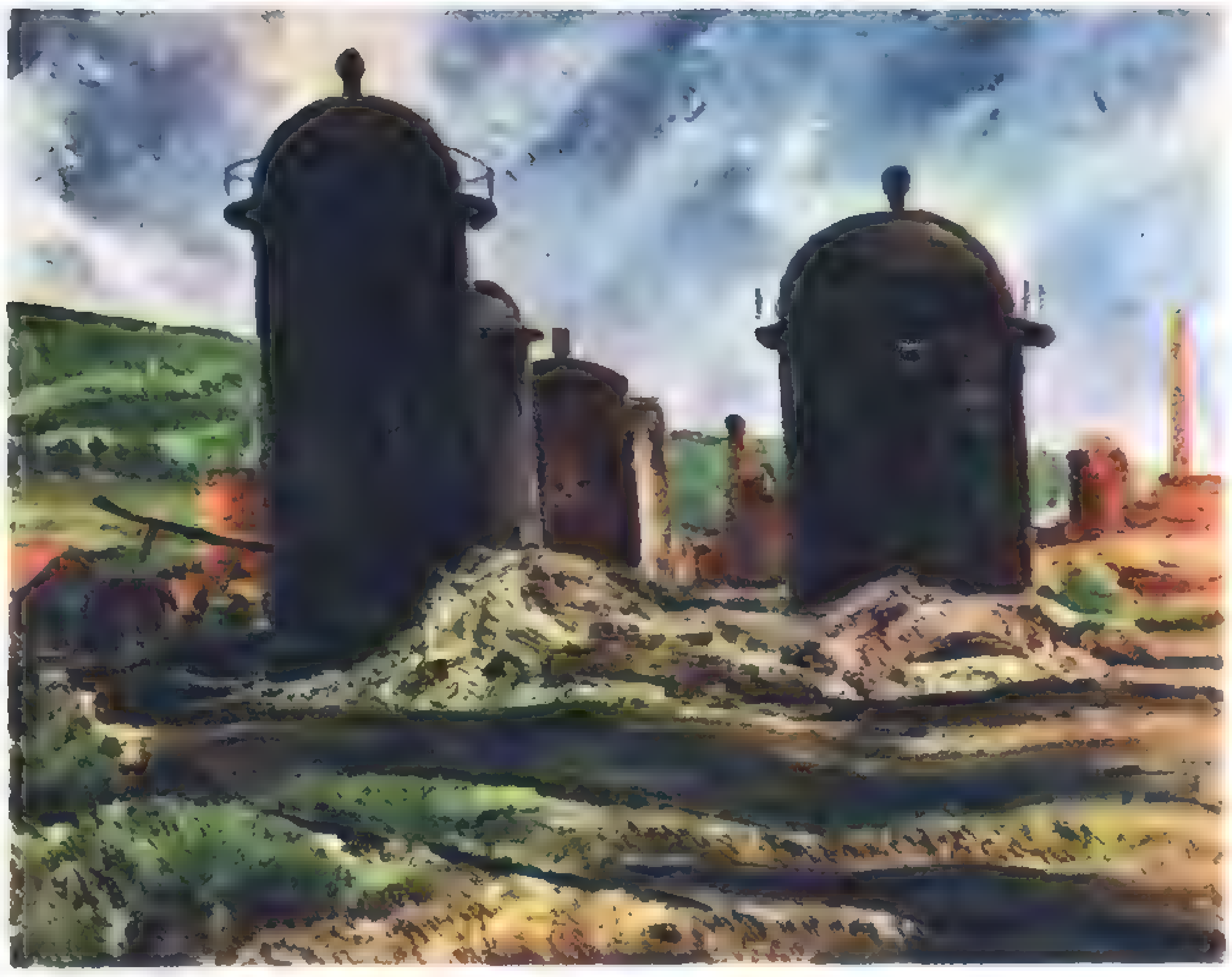
GANDY DANCER

Peter Helck Portfolio



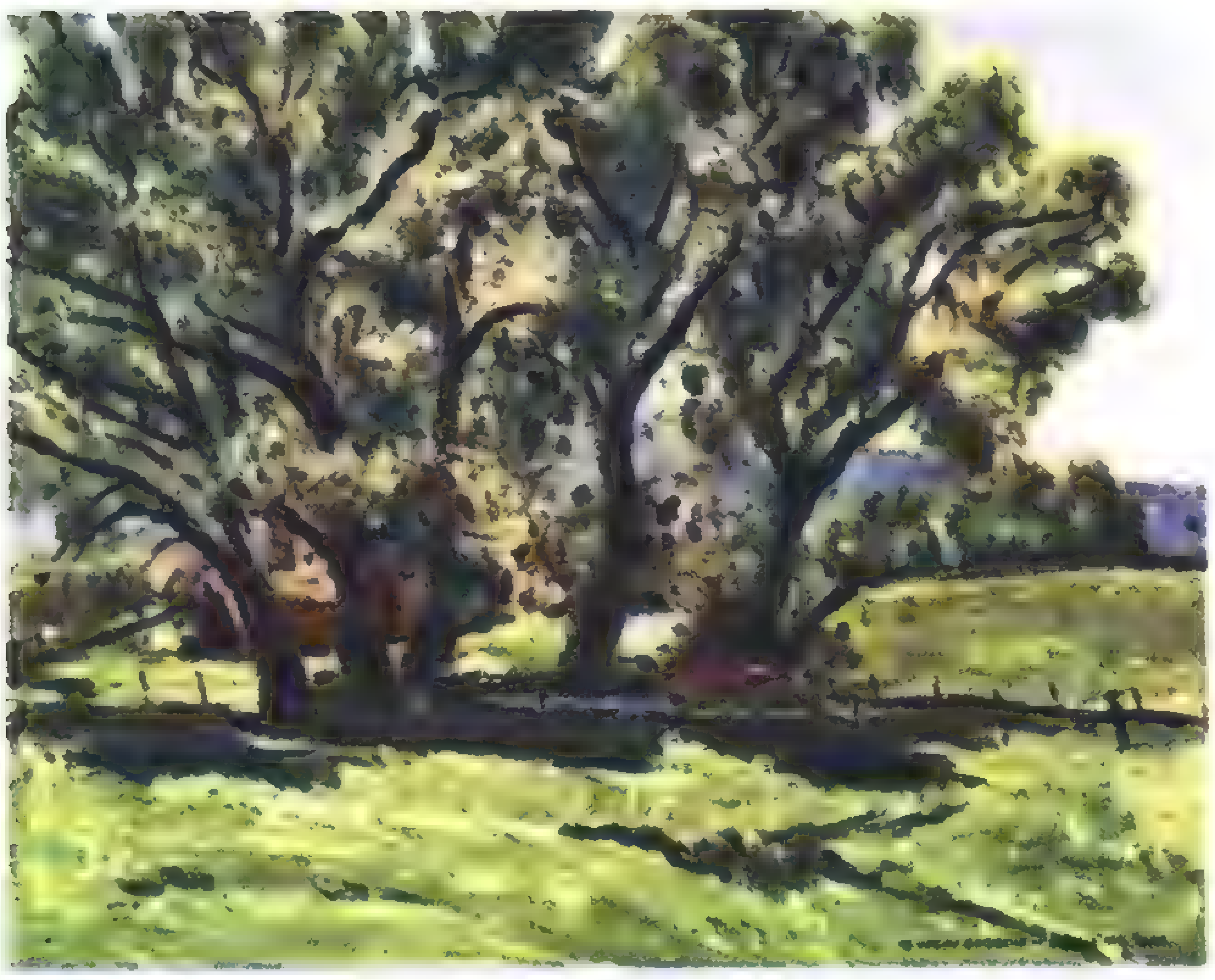
OIL 16" X 20"

BRUSIE'S RED SILO



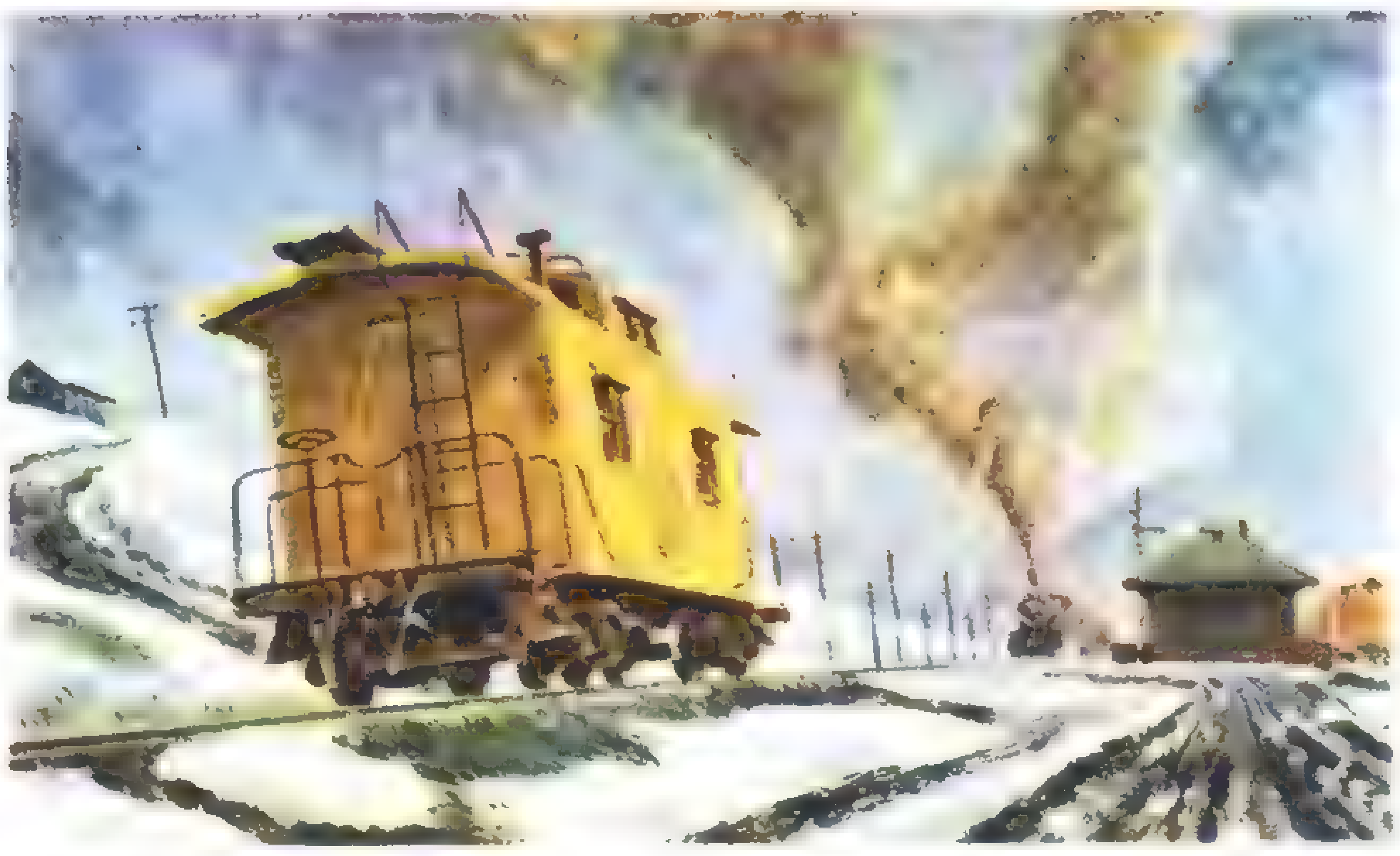
OIL 24" X 30"

TWO AGAINST THE SKY



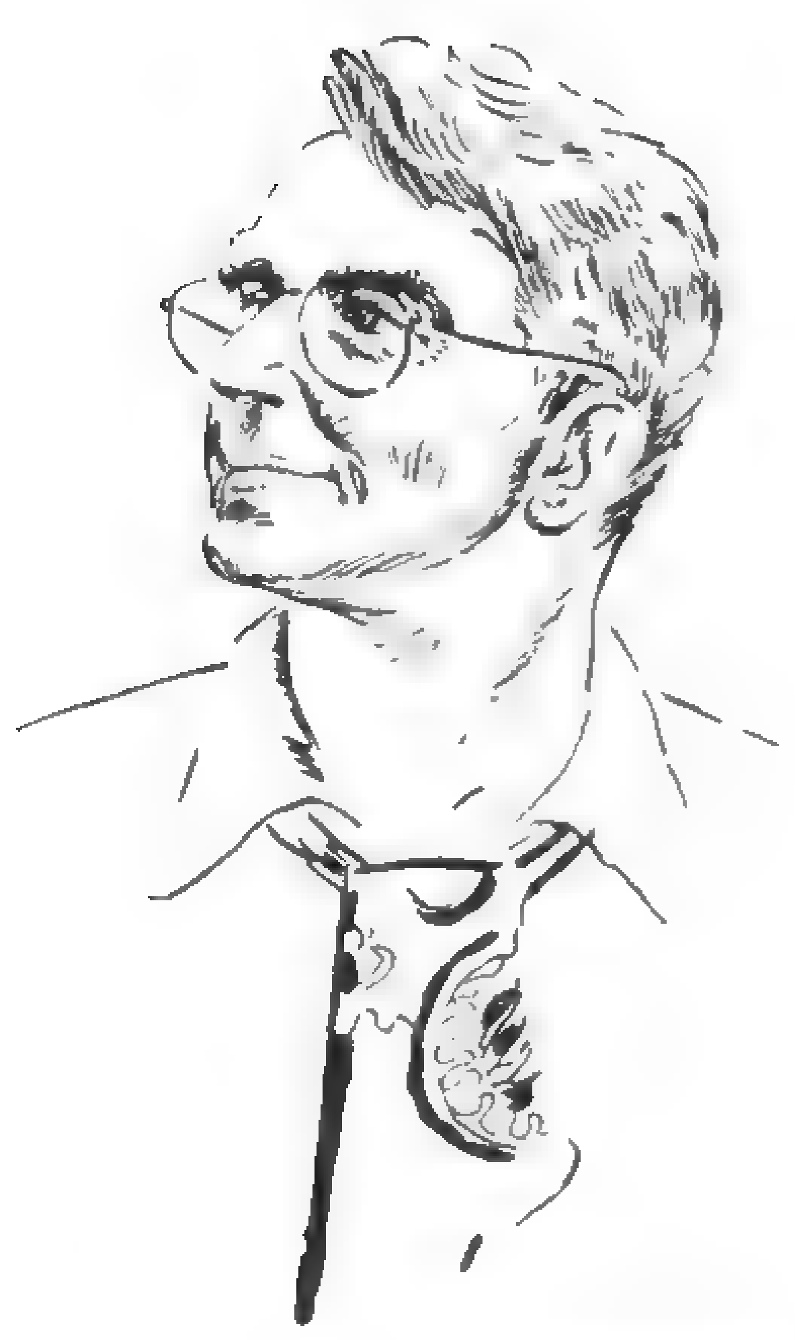
OIL 16" X 20"

THE BARRET WILLOWS



CASINE 15" X 25"

GOLDEN CRUMMY



SELF-PORTRAIT

His canvases bring you a world of authentic experience, but he has the touch of discovery

Peter Helck: Realistic Artist

by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE

Peter Helck paints trees, clouds, people, chairs and chariots. Also a cabbage if the mood strikes him. He identifies himself with the world of visual experience. That which he sees with his own discerning pair of eyes he identifies with himself, and himself with it. He does not escape the responsibility of living by moving into a region of theorizing on living. He is a man moving about the world and observing its forms and actions. What he sees is fascinating enough. He feels no compulsion to take it apart in order to investigate its mechanism. A cloud is a fact and he observes a cloud. With uncanny appreciation he records a cloud on canvas. He does not find it necessary to go into the physical laws that cause a cloud to be, nor to determine the precise amount of its hydrogenous content. He is not such a fool as to think that a tree is without antecedents. He merely thinks that the physical fact of a tree, and the emotion the fact of its existence gives him, is sufficient. This is not a bad kind of a guy to be. More crimes are committed by people who look for reasons, philosophers for instance, than by the lovers of the earth who accept its bounty without asking too many questions. There is a quality of affirmation in acceptance. Beyond all the theories that have been thrown up around the works of men like Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, Vuillard, Bonnard (representational painters, all) the quality of affirmation remains to make their work communicable to that man in the middle again. Perhaps the most notable quality discernible in the work of Peter Helck, the artist, is his acceptance of the facts of life quite in the tradition of these greater forebears. Like them he looks at the facts of life and finds them more than tolerable.

Helck finds a harmony in things that are. There is nothing in the man's component elements that demands a sheer geometry on canvas. He is as remote from Kandinsky as Respighi is from Benny Goodman. But Respighi works with sound and Benny Goodman works with sound. There is, as remote as they may seem, one from the other, a common ground for discussion. And, everything else being unequal, Kandinsky and Peter Helck, nevertheless, both work with paint as well as with line, form and color. However variously they may choose to dispose of these elements, what ultimate reasons motivate their industry, this area of agreement, narrow as it is, will provide the common ground upon which the critic must set up his apparatus, as near to one as to the other. Thus Helck doesn't find it necessary to "abstract" a landscape into component lines and angles because he believes that the component lines and angles are there anyway and there with a plus which no doctrinaire theory of aesthetics can impel him to eliminate. That plus is the emotional overtone which occurs within himself and which no ersatz bell, outside the realm of nature, can set ringing. He's skeptical about those who would add to the properties of the physical world. He doesn't shout down their claims. But he does think you can't add anything to that which is already complete. Nature and Peter Helck are an entente. Abstruse theories would be intrusions. If you wish to speak in terms of the abstract it is entirely possible to analyze the entire visual world according to the systems of the nonobjectivists. That's precisely what some of the nonobjectivists are attempting to do. Helck merely doesn't think it's necessary. Looking at the world from his point of view it isn't. His point of view is one of joyful affirmation. A road leading uphill and out of one's range of vision is a visual reality . . . at times a blissful one. A packed silo towering over farm buildings is a statement of fact; he accepts and rejoices in it. And if the sun happens to be looking at it in just a certain way that is a fact, too, a fact not without miraculous connotation. A tree throws shadows on the snow, a train comes over the hill, a man stands by a panting locomotive, grass changes color under a passing cloud. To Helck these are affirmations; if we must go theoretic they are proofs to a man, moving amongst the ultimately awe-inspiring facts of nature, that he exists. There is so much joy in the discovery that he doesn't find time to submit a questionnaire which can only elicit a string of dubious metaphysical answers none of which has ever been proved to be correct.

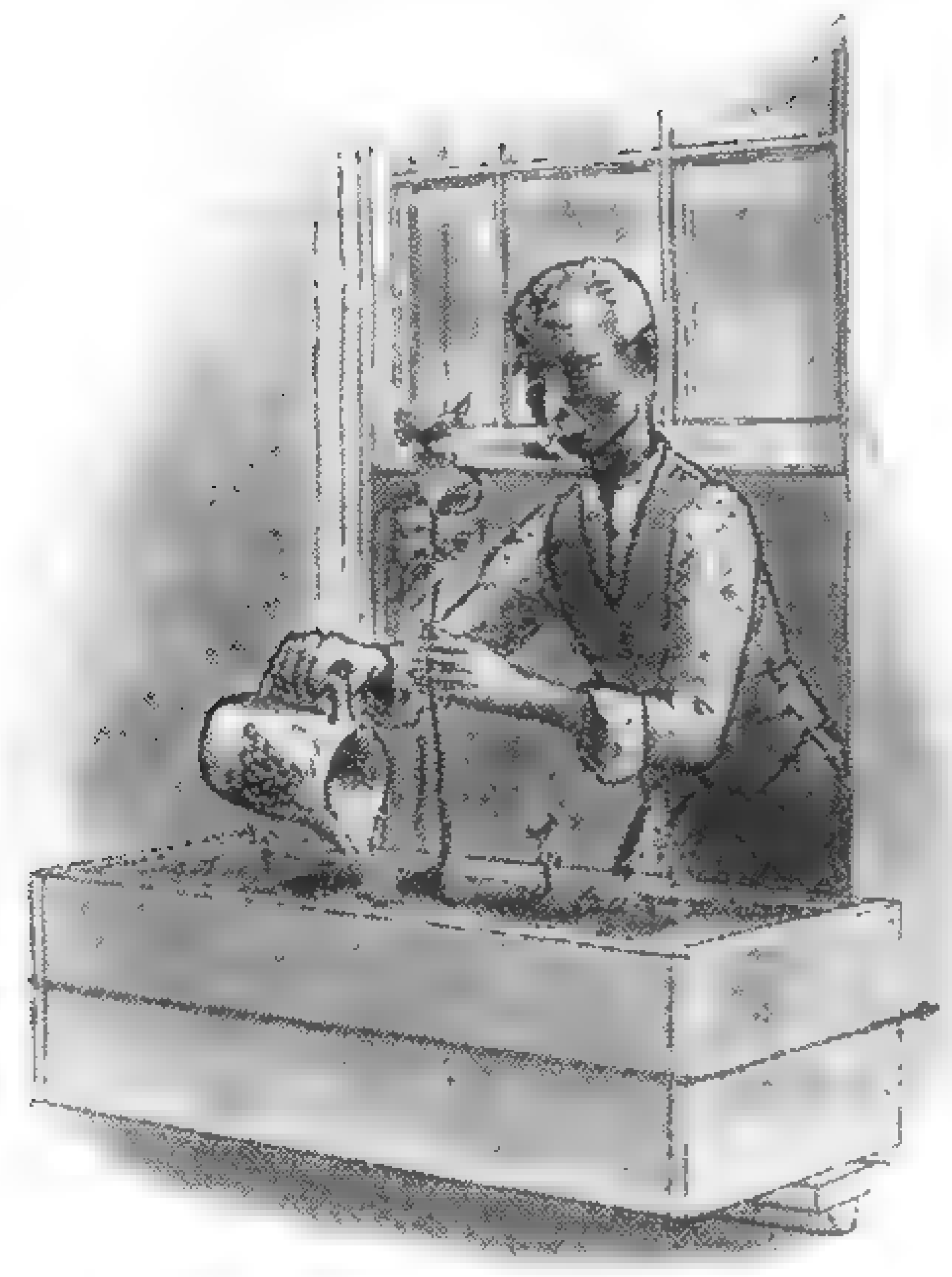
Now there is one thing which John Q. Layman has the right to ask of a painter; the ability to paint. No matter how good the ideas of a writer may be, it is certain that, without the ability to put words together into sentences and sentences together into logical lucid units of thought, his ideas will come to naught. The language of painting makes no fewer demands. Color and form and the arrangement thereof into a coherent whole constitute the painter's language. Here is the common area where Kandinsky and Helck, nonobjectivist and representationalist, cannot avoid conjunction. If the mechanics of the language are more obvious in Kandinsky it does not mean that Helck is without them. And he is not. The real world, the world around his door, may be his starting point, but he does not photograph it. A painter's selectivity comes into play, and a painter's sense of arrangement, of synthesis. Within the slice of nature which he elects to portray there must be an organization of effects. Nature does not obey the rules of the painter's language. Nature works on a bigger canvas, obeying other and bigger rules. The scene on canvas requires organizational restraints and organizational assists. The language of the brush is that system of mechanics which, like grammar to the writer, enables the lucid statement which must come forth on canvas in order to make itself intelligible to the beholder. Quite as does Kandinsky, working in the realm of abstract ideas, Helck, preferring the experience of reality, orders his effects on canvas. Because of the nature of what he has to say, he works with close-color harmonies; they give to his work an elusive, lyric quality which he takes over from nature in her tenderest moods. When he does use strong contrasts in place of half-tone complements, he goes to the sun and the effects of the sun for his devices, as Van Gogh did. His road, leading out of the picture, (*Continued in center of page 151*)

5
Fred Lundy

At ninety-seven Uncle Geralde devised a plan for brightening the mechanized world

Geralde and the Good Green Earth

by ROBERT FONTAINE


WM. DuBOIS

"Where did Uncle Geralde come from?" I asked my mother one day in my tenth year. She looked up from her sewing and said: "The bogeyman brought him."

I knew she meant she did not wish to discuss the matter. She knew I had long since parted company with belief in bogeymen.

Her answer did indicate to me, however, that Great-Uncle Geralde was something of a trial. Even his ninety-seven odd years did not deter him from experimentation and original thinking.

"How long has he been here?" I persisted.

"Since before you were born," my mother said. "Geralde, like the poor, we have with us always."

It was a hot spring day, the day of which I speak, and I had no sooner decided to push Geralde's mystery from my young mind and go and snitch green apples, when Geralde entered, dressed in cool white duck and a straw hat with a very bright red band. Under his arm he carried a large window box filled with earth.

"What in the world is that?" my mother asked.

Geralde regarded her calmly. "Earth," he replied, bravely.

"Earth?" my mother repeated, a little dazed.

"Earth. God's good earth. I am tired of city life."

My mother sat up, interested. "You are leaving?" she asked with ill-concealed pleasure. Just then the pies she had in the oven began to burn and the odor filled the dining room.

While she had gone to tend to them, Geralde carried the window box carefully to his room. I followed him with the greatest of curiosity, anxious to know what was going to happen.

Geralde placed the box on the bureau and removed from his white jacket a dozen assorted packets of seeds which he began patiently to sow, often placing a half-dozen varieties in one small hole.

"You cannot grow anything that way," I said quietly.

"They are *my* seeds," Geralde reminded me, coldly.

"They are God's seeds," I countered.

"They are God's seeds and *my* seeds, not your seeds," Geralde compromised without taking his attention from his garden.

Geralde was still gardening when Papa came home from work.

He took one look at Geralde's newest venture and, placing his arm kindly around Geralde's shoulders, said gently: "Geralde, how long is it now that you have been with us, eh?"

Geralde, who was carefully squirting water on the seeds, stopped only long enough to reply casually, "Six months."

He then lit a bulb of enormous wattage and trained it on the plants. My father blinked in the new indoor sunlight.

"Ten years," he said, after he had recovered from the glare.

"All right," Geralde agreed, "maybe more than six months. Perhaps eight. Nine even. The days go by, you know."

"Ten years," Papa repeated. "Perhaps more."

"Ten years. Eight months. What is the difference. We are longer under the ground than we are over it. Let us not discuss years. Mine are very few. We all know this. Time, you know, is an illusion."

"What *are* you doing, anyway?" Papa asked Geralde.

"Bringing a little of God's green earth into a drab and mechanized world. Flowers and fruits . . . trees even, will flourish in this house. The hand of the Lord will touch the seeds and bring them to life and beauty. Of course the electric lamp also helps."

"How much," Papa asked unhappily, "do you think a large bulb of this sort costs in electric bills?"

"No price is too much to pay for beauty. No sum is too large to be invested in spring and in life. But I see I am too much a philosopher for you. Also I must ask you to leave since this delicate work calls for the utmost silence and concentration."

My father shrugged his weary shoulders and silently led me out of the garden.

A month later my mother confronted my father. "Geralde . . . has worms!" she shrieked.

"What for?" Papa inquired, trying to be gentle and reassuring.

"What for? For the window box. For his garden. 'What,' he tells me, 'is a garden without worms? Worms cause nitrogen. Nitrogen causes growth. Worms are our best friend. Even if we cut them in two, after which they become two friends, both alive, both individuals.'"

"A worm cut in two becomes *two* worms?" I asked eagerly.

"Go wash your face," my mother ordered mechanically. "Worms are all over Geralde's room. I don't want my home full of worms!"

"It is not yet full," my father reminded her. "Only one room. But I will speak to Geralde."

He went upstairs. Naturally I chased eagerly after him.

"Geralde," Papa said sternly to my great-uncle, who was stretched out on the bed drinking wine and reading a huge book on the chemistry of the soil, "the worms must go. There is no more to it."

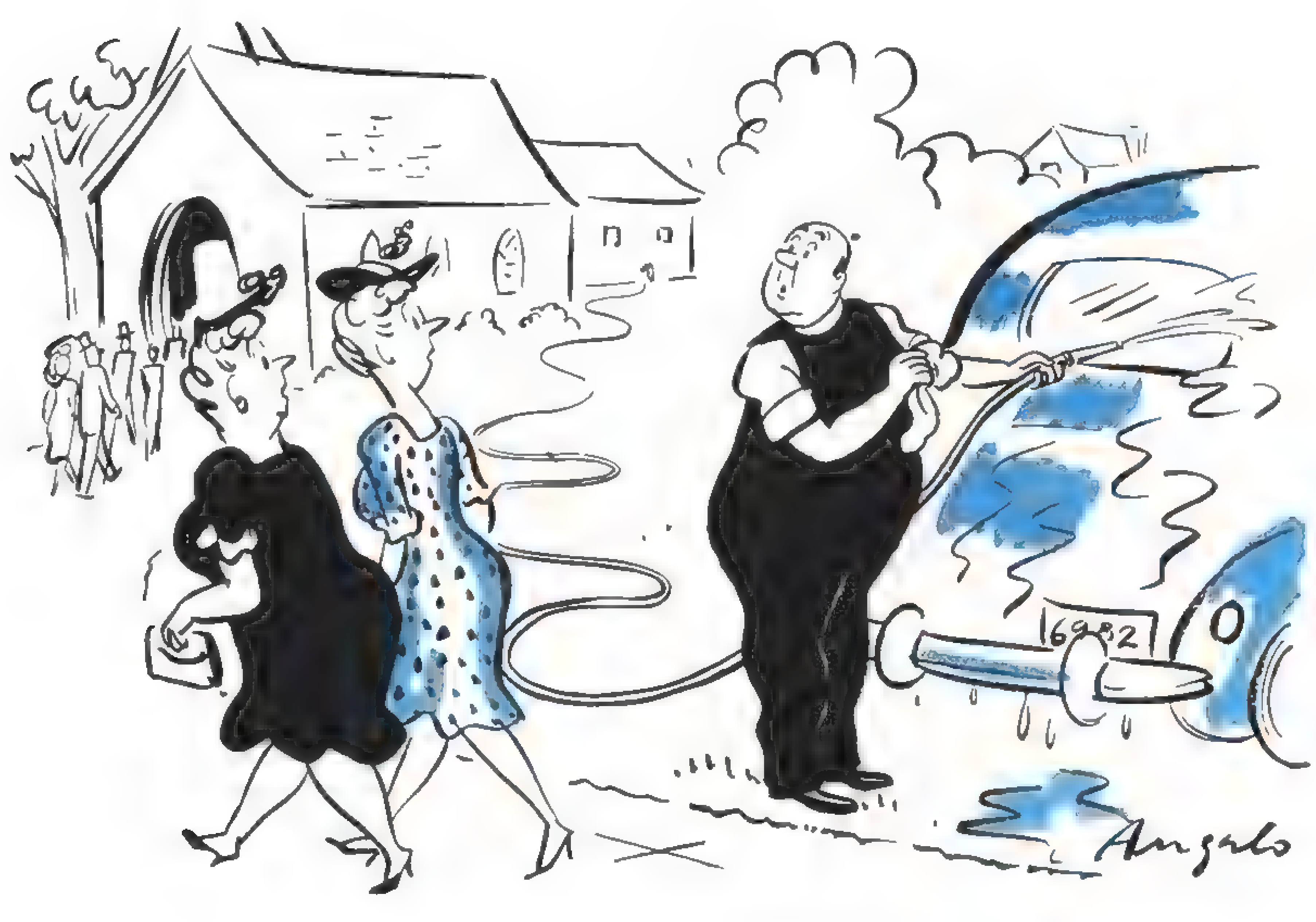
Geralde put down his book and regarded my father in such a manner that I began to feel sorry for my great-uncle. His face was like that of a small boy who has been deprived of a favorite toy.

"The worms and I have become friends. They are good for the soil. They harm no one. The soil needs them. It is, I am afraid, not very good soil."

"My wife is afraid of worms," Papa said. "There is not room under one roof for us and the worms, too."

"Ah," Geralde said sadly, "I try to bring some of God's green earth and flowers and fruits and trees into this home and look how I am treated! I am almost a hundred! What am I to do? Where am I to go? Can a man a hundred save his money and buy a farm? Is it too much to ask that I may be permitted to have the company of a few worms until I die?"

My father looked at the shriveled figure of Great-Uncle Geralde, reached for Geralde's wine and took a long drink. "Very well," he said at length. "However, keep them in your own room."


"Goodness—is it Sunday already?"

When he went downstairs he told mother, nervously, that after all Geralde was an old man and soon to die.

My mother began to announce that either the worms would go or she would go, when Geralde came dancing down the stairs.

"Wait!" he exclaimed. "I will do something for you. Let us admit it. None of the flowers I planted are growing. Why should I lie? Neither the roses, nor the lavender, nor the forget-me-nots, nor the violets, nor the poppies . . . nothing. It is a sad thing. Still, the Lord would not want me to give up. Perhaps the soil is bad for flowers. No more flowers then!"

"Good," my mother said. "Good. No more worms, either, I hope."

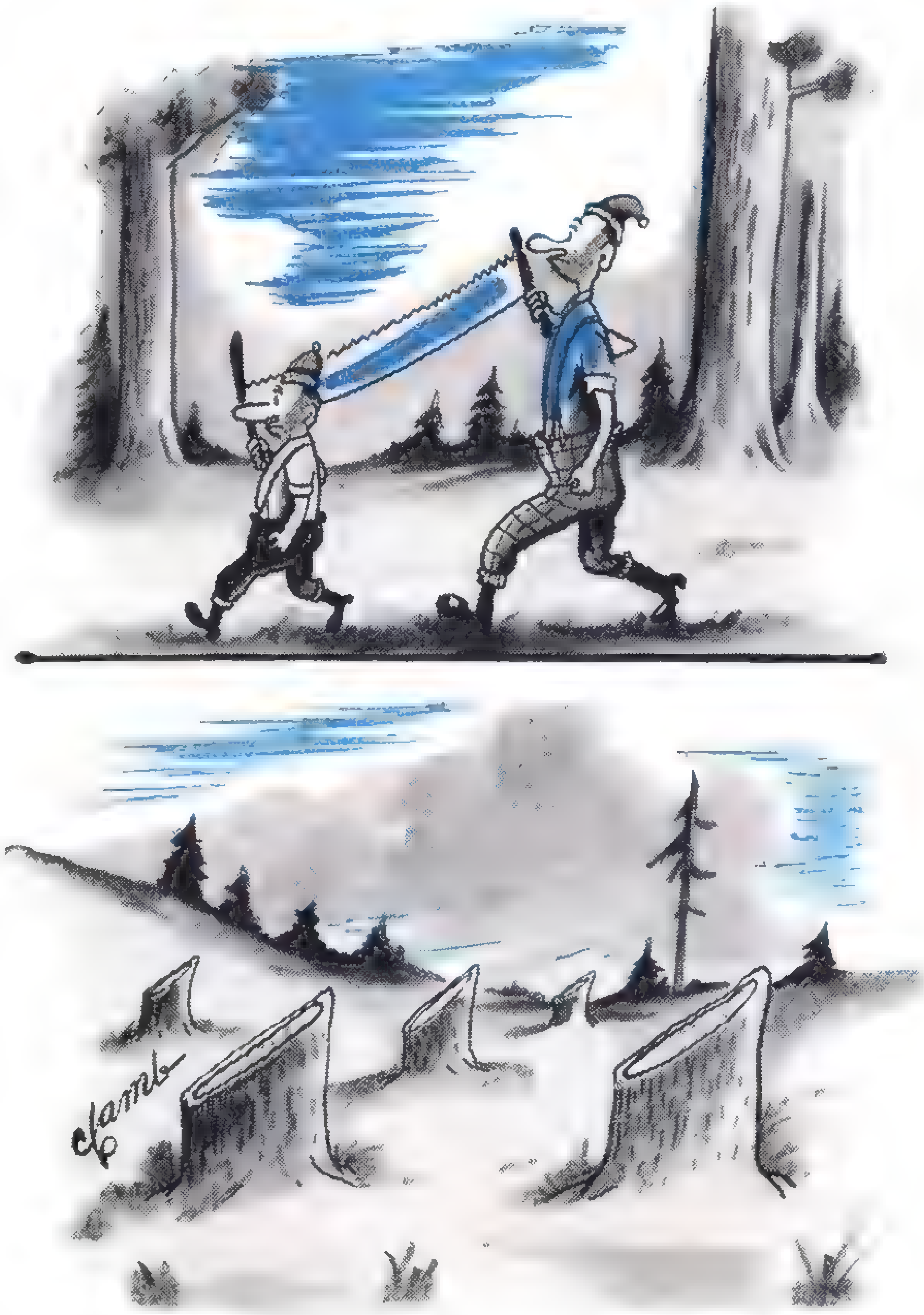
"Instead," Geralde announced, adjusting his tie with a gesture of pride, "tomorrow I plant a tree!"

He smiled at his stunned audience and went happily back upstairs.

The next day I joyfully watched Geralde plant the tree. He took a huge seed and pushed it slowly deep down into the earth, and regarded the result of his labor with pleasure and pride.

"Here," he announced solemnly, as if to an invisible assembly, "we will have one day, a tree! It will be my monument!"

As the days went by, shoots began to appear and the "tree" began to grow. Geralde was as proud as if he had become a father. He called to people from his window to come in and see his tree. He stopped strangers on the street and invited them in. All his cronies he spoke to on the telephone and had them over. The house was filled with people every day. All of them, alas, thought Geralde was crazy, too. But Geralde remained, for a while, as happy as an angel, singing about the house a little song he made up about trees.



Then one day the tree began to wilt. Every night after that Geralde went down on his knees and prayed. Perhaps he had some idea his own mortal existence was somehow tied up with the life of the tree. Whatever his feelings, he prayed long and with loud fervor for the restoration of vigor to his arbor.

Geralde, however, was not one to think that faith without works would save his beloved plants. Soon my mother began to sniff about the house as if she smelled something queer. Father smelled it, too. Presently I, also, began to get whiffs of an odd nature.

Finally my mother, apparently unable to bear it longer, asked me: "Do you bring a pet goat, perhaps, into your room when no one is looking?"

I laughed. "Goat? I hate goats. One ate the tail of my shirt once when I played baseball in a vacant lot."

At long last we discovered the trouble. It was a large box of fertilizer which Geralde kept under his bed where he could get at it easily (so he told us later) to sprinkle under the tree every night after prayer.

My mother scolded him and berated him for filling the house first with worms and then with fertilizer. Geralde did not seem to care. He smiled as if he were immortal and indestructible.

"Stay your anger," he said calmly. "Regard the tree! It grows!"

He was right, for it was now almost a foot high and it was beautiful. The leaves were dark green and shiny.

"It is an avocado tree," Geralde added.

"There is no such a thing," my mother said, confused and angry.

"I never heard of it," I agreed.

Papa regarded Uncle Geralde with deep pity.

Later that night while I prayed aimlessly and at length that the Lord be kind to Uncle Geralde and cause his tree, avocado or not, to flourish like that of the green bay in the Bible, I could hear snatches of conversation between my mother and father.

"A man who believes he is growing an avocado tree in his room needs attention from a doctor of the mind," I heard my mother say.

"He would be lonely if we sent him away," my father said.

Their voices faded away and I went back to pray that the Lord restore to Geralde his dignity and mental health.

That night in a dream I saw an angel who looked like my schoolteacher who took us often to the Experimental Farm to study nature. She carried a gold wand in her hand. It was very plain to me that this was a message from above and it meant that I should take Geralde and his miracle plant to school.

After a hasty breakfast I went into conference with Geralde, who was spraying the green leaves of his tree.

"Uncle Geralde," I said, "do not argue with me."

"Concerning what?"

"Coming to school with me and bringing the tree."

Uncle Geralde looked at me as if I had awarded him the Croix de Guerre.

"They wish me to bring my tree to school? For study? To see what can be done with faith and fertilizer and a love of beauty in this ugly, confused world?"

"Not exactly," I whispered, hoping we could get out before we were seen by my father and mother who, I knew, were in the cellar arranging the preserves and, perhaps, alas, plotting the removal of Geralde.

"Splendid, splendid," Geralde continued, his eyes shining so brightly that I did not have the heart to tell him the truth about my dream.

Briskly he removed from an old trunk a long frock coat too big for him and striped grey pants which nearly fit. He placed on his chest a white shirt front and a grey-dotted Ascot tie. In a few moments he was ready, looking like an ambassador to England who had not had a new suit in twenty years, but who was noble withal.

Fortunately my teacher was entranced with both Geralde, who promptly poeticized her plain face into a thing of beauty, and the tree, which was already one.

The children were delighted and applauded excitedly as Geralde began to speak on the subject of nature. Why not? They were thus spared from spelling, arithmetic and geography.

Geralde spoke earnestly of trees, how noble they were, how strong, how reliable.

"A tree," he went on, "is God's caress."

Then he told the story of the French marshal who wished trees of a rare sort to be planted along the road of his conquered territory and who, when told it took a thousand years to grow one, concluded: "Then we must begin at once."

Finally Geralde reminded us all: "He who plants a tree plants it not for himself but for posterity."

The applause was so tremendous the teacher, who had been taking copious notes, decided we would all go to the Experimental Farm and continue our nature study.

The next morning my mother and father were torn between anger and shame.

"Geralde is not responsible, but you should know better," my father said.

"What will the Ladies Aid think of this comic-opera incident?" my mother moaned.

I felt too sad to say anything. I merely went upstairs and with Uncle Geralde I sympathized.

"Mama and Papa do not understand," I confessed. "They think your head has become weak."

"Perhaps," Geralde said, "I should leave here."

I could think of no answer and for a moment my heart was in my socks. Then, suddenly, my eye caught a rolled-up newspaper which no one had yet read. It looked to me as if Geralde's name was there, curled up.

Hastily I opened the paper and sure enough it was true.

There was a very nice article about Geralde and his avocado tree, and a brief summary of his talk on trees, together with a comment from the head of the Experimental Farm that Canada needed more lovers of nature like Geralde.

I read it aloud and Geralde beamed. Then I took it downstairs and read it to my father and mother.

When I was done there was a long silence. Finally my father said: "Geralde, if you know of a good institution for the feeble-minded please say so. Mama and I will make good customers." ###

Adventures in Bad Eating

The horror of a spaghetti sandwich is as memorable as the delight of a pressed duck

by J. C. FURNAS

I ONCE wrote and was well paid for a magazine piece about traveling gastronomically, making the acquaintance of delightful local dishes in picturesque places. The formula is popular among travel-minded writers who like their vittles: how one's liveliest impression of that lovely little village in the Pyrenees remains the dish of grated goat's cheese baked with young pine needles that was served on the balcony of the inn during the fete of Ste. Sarabande.

After much recent travel in the Pacific in both war and peace, the wandering gastronome could do it all over again: the crunchy, tangy bits of fresh seaweed at the chief's dinner in Fiji, lively with salt, as iodine-rich as a Carolina shrimp; the fat, yellow rock oysters here and there; the taro tops cooked with coconut cream, like spinach gone to heaven; the almost cloyingly rich-flavored locally grown coffee in New Caledonia; the joyously dripping hunks of pineapple eaten sun-warm on the Hawaiian plantation . . .

But what if things go the other way, as the honest traveler of experience must admit they often do? My wife and I used to suffer when the food was foul. But then she recalled a prosperous lady she used to know who collected unspeakable furniture and *objets d'art* and lovingly arranged them in spirit-shattering conglomeration in a special room that she called her Chamber of Horrors. It seems she started with the irresistible impulse to buy a four-foot Venus de Milo with a clock where her stomach was supposed to be.

The idea is to be recommended as anodyne for the unspeakable inedible. It's tough at the time, but reminiscing afterwards about dishes that were really imaginatively, superlatively bad is not a quarter as likely to bore one's friends as rhapsodies about the angelic little omelet that *madame la patronne* dished up at Salecrac-sur-Mer. And at the time the reflection that this is really one for the book greatly assuages the startled palate.

For leading sample, Australian coffee is the item to beat. They cook salt and mustard into it, and I have seen it served with a slice of lemon on the side after dinner. The place where you first met that demon's brew is just as memorable in its own way as the place where you first met *aubergines provençales*.

People often find it hard to believe this about coffee in Australia (New Zealand too, for that matter). There it is, however. I have not been able to learn the identity of the evil-minded joker who so thoroughly persuaded the antipodes that the prime ingredients of salad dressing belong in coffee. The first time we met it my wife and I charitably assumed that one of those things that can't be helped had happened in the kitchen. But next day after lunch there was that same choking, sulky, briny flavor and we had to ask questions in self-defense.

Australians and New Zealanders don't know how to make coffee anyway, any more than the English do. That is fair enough, since they suffer grimly when in the States from American sabotage of tea; they feel rightly that the consequence of soaking a tea bag in warm, not boiling, water is not tea at all. In New Zealand they often boil their ground coffee in milk for breakfast, producing something that tastes like overheated wallpaper but is probably nourishing. In any case that is small-time horror and you can always drink their excellent tea for breakfast. But this salt-and-mustard thing is terrific, a major catastrophe.

Some things that sound fearful turn out pretty well. We remember braised lizard in Caracas as excellent; rather like lean salt pork crossed with chicken. The Mexican idea of including bitter chocolate in the hot sauce for chicken *molle* looks startling on paper but is very tasty in practice. And raw fish, either Japanese style with horseradish and soy sauce, or South Seas style, marinated in lime juice, coconut juice and a little sea water, a combination that "cooks" it slightly, is one of the world's great hors d'oeuvres.

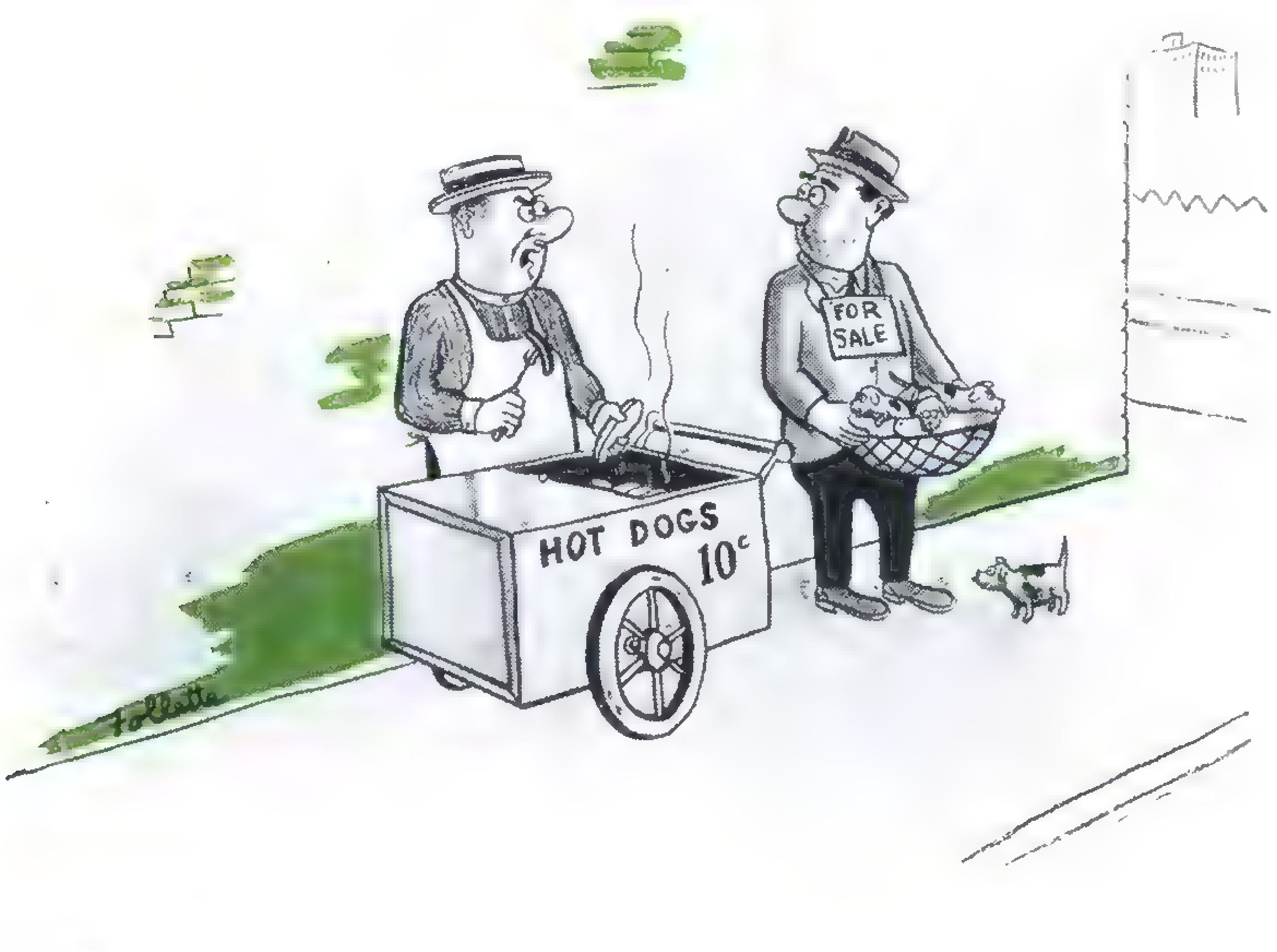
In further proof of open-mindedness, I am willing to believe that broiled human hand, once a delicacy in some parts of the South Seas, was very nice from a strictly gastronomic point of view. It sounds rather like that great dish, barbecued spareribs. But I could never have been open-minded about cold fried eggs for breakfast, and am still less so now that I have tried them.

That was in Samoa where the local Polynesians, very ceremonious and very courteous, think it polite to entertain white people with strictly white-style cookery. The trouble is that the prewhite Islander never valued hot food—in fact rather preferred things lukewarm or cold—and to this day, back in the bush where we were traveling, nobody feels that letting things cool off makes any difference. So, having spent the night in a fine native house beautifully decorated in our honor, we were sat down to breakfast and served tea, which was all right, baking powder biscuits, cold but edible, and two nicely fried eggs, as cold as the biscuits.

To avoid hurting anybody's feelings we ate an egg apiece and resolved to get up much earlier next morning to catch the eggs hot. It was close on sunrise when we sat down again to breakfast—once more tea, cold biscuits, and an egg apiece, rather colder than the time before. The only possible explanation was that they had thoughtfully been fried the preceding evening.

My wife looked at me with a mixture of pity and sternness and transferred the egg with which she had experimented over to my plate. She said that both had to be eaten, because these people had been just as nice to us as they knew how to be and would worry if we left the eggs; and that, if she ate hers, she would be sick on the spot, so it was up to me. I am genuinely proud of only two incidents in my life: that I was elected Phi Beta Kappa while on probation, and that I ate both eggs.

Since breakfast is a touchy meal, those things bulk large. It is nevertheless surprising what can be done under necessity. Cucumbers served with sour cream for breakfast in *(Continued on page 156)*

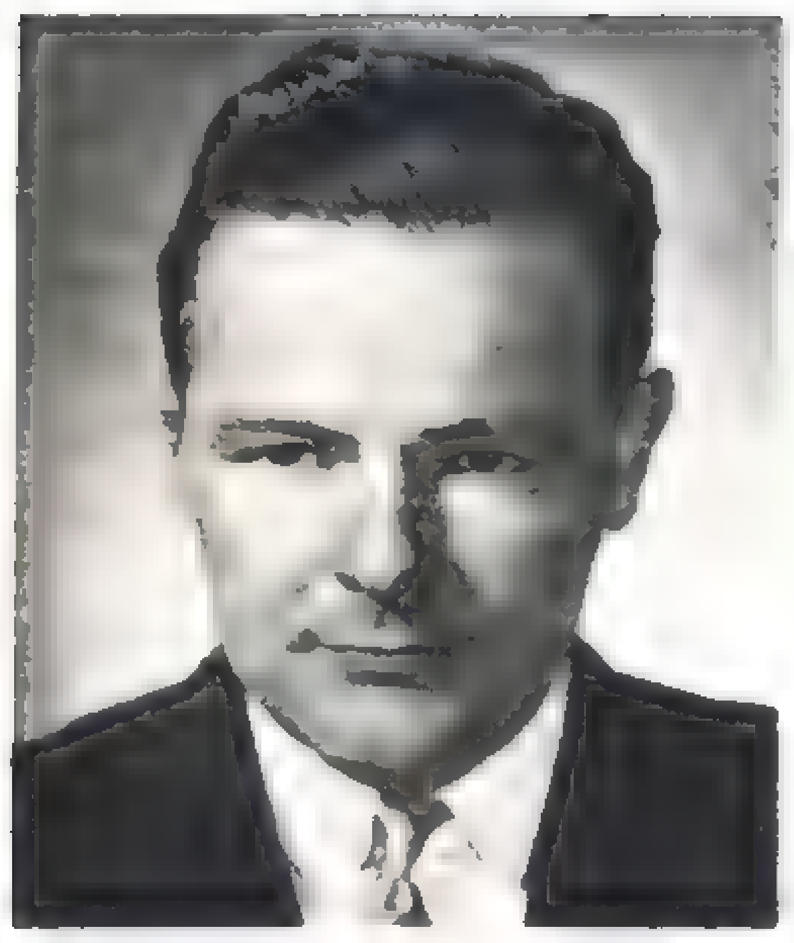


"Would you mind conducting your business a little farther down the street?"

Stressing the fact that postgraduate accomplishment often is linked to appearance, and introducing, with hints for campus wear, a new tone—Smoke Grey

Groomed for Achievement

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

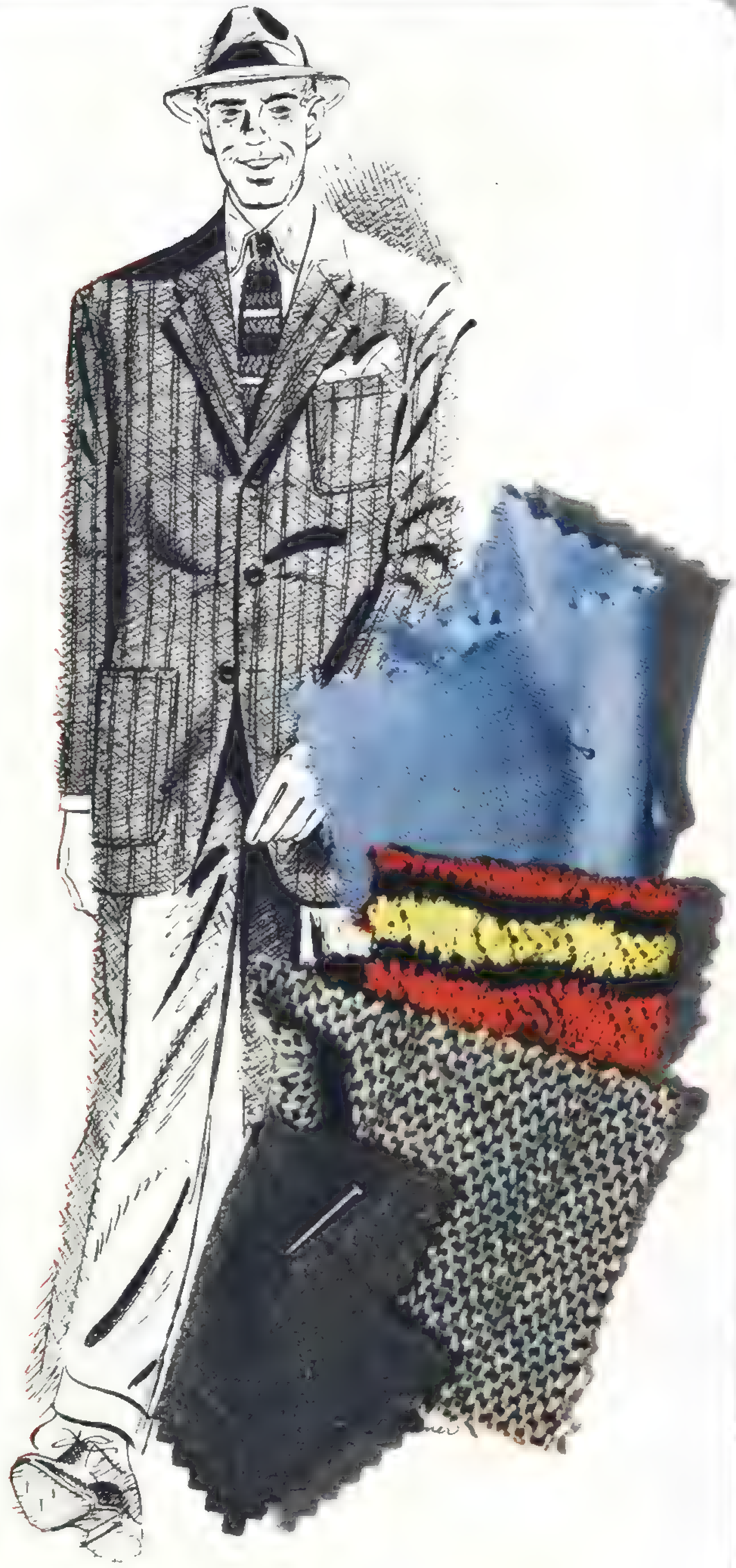


HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

In February, 1944, United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. of Massachusetts resigned his legislative post in order to take in some of the global war. Returning a year later with five battle stars and four decorations, he experienced little difficulty in getting his old job again because the voters of the Bay State sent him to the Senate for a third hitch. He had been quite at ease in his uniform, for in '41, in his capacity as Army observer of the activities of the British 8th Army in Africa, he and his tank detachment were on the receiving end of Rommel's last offensive. Politically Cabot Lodge (as he's known) isn't a novice either. He stems from a family that has produced senators, Secretaries of State and Navy, admirals, a general, and a famous grandfather (Henry Cabot Lodge, Senior) who will be remembered more as the man who'd have nothing to do with the League of Nations than as a senator who served his country for thirty-two years. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. is sponsoring the bill to dissolve the Electoral College. Let's vote directly for the president, says he, not vote for the voters.

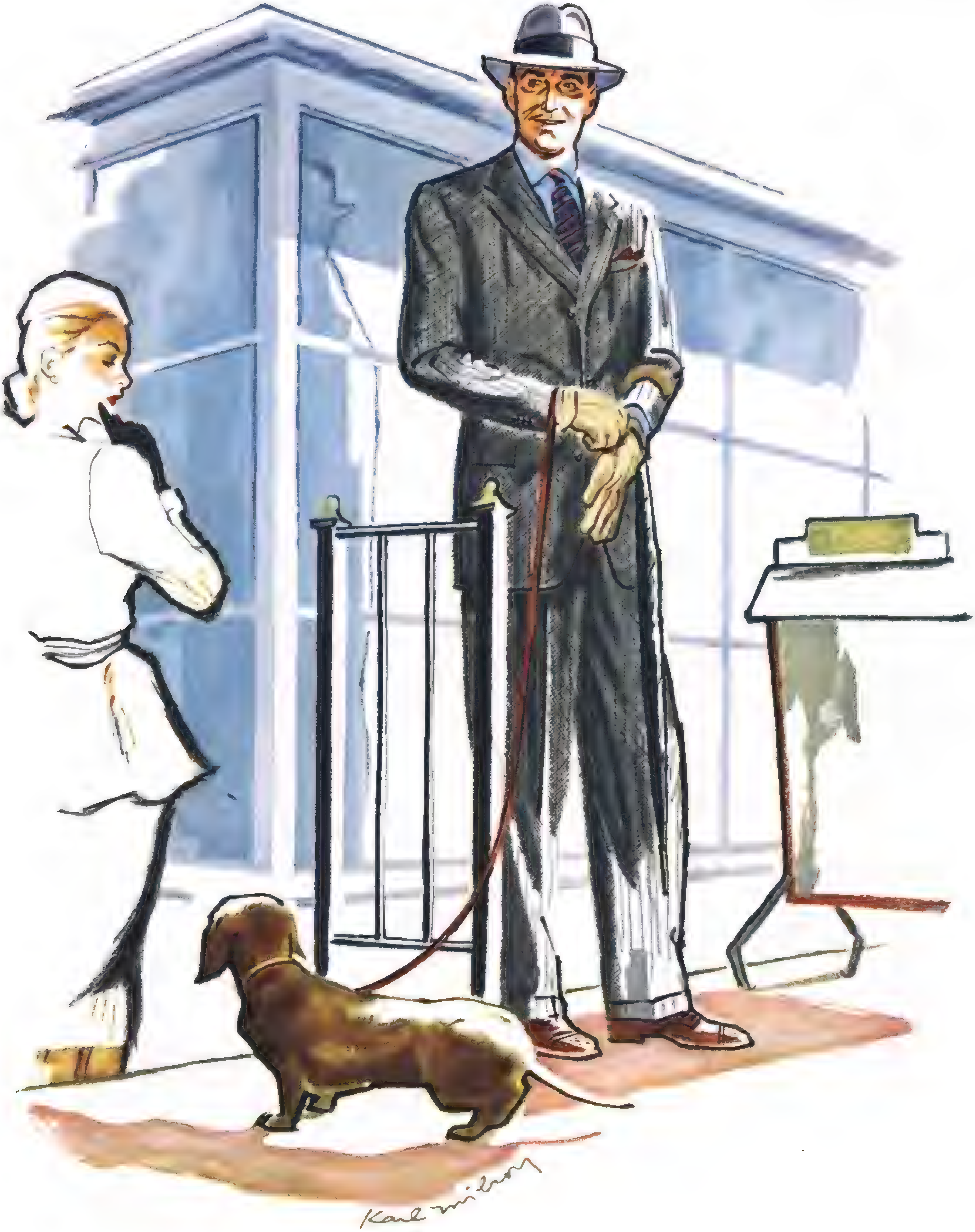
RICHARD ALDRICH

Anyone who thinks producing Broadway hits is a cinch should think twice before attempting to weld the diverse talents of actors, directors, writers and technicians into a money-making proposition. It requires organizational ability and it was just that sort of organizing ability that made Richard Aldrich C.O. of the United States Navy's Advanced Amphibious Base in Southhampton, England. That port handled two million men and their equipment en route to the biggest show on earth that took place in Normandy. Before the war, Aldrich had produced *Margin for Error*, *My Dear Children* and *Three Cornered Moon*. Since returning as a lieutenant commander in '45, he got into theatrical harness as managing director of Broadway's new producing group, Theatre Incorporated, producers of *Pygmalion* and sponsors of the Old Vic's visit to New York. This summer sees him as director of the Cape Playhouse (Cape Cod, Massachusetts), a job he relishes. There, in '39, he met Gertrude Lawrence during the *Skylark* tryout and married her the following summer.



follow the leader

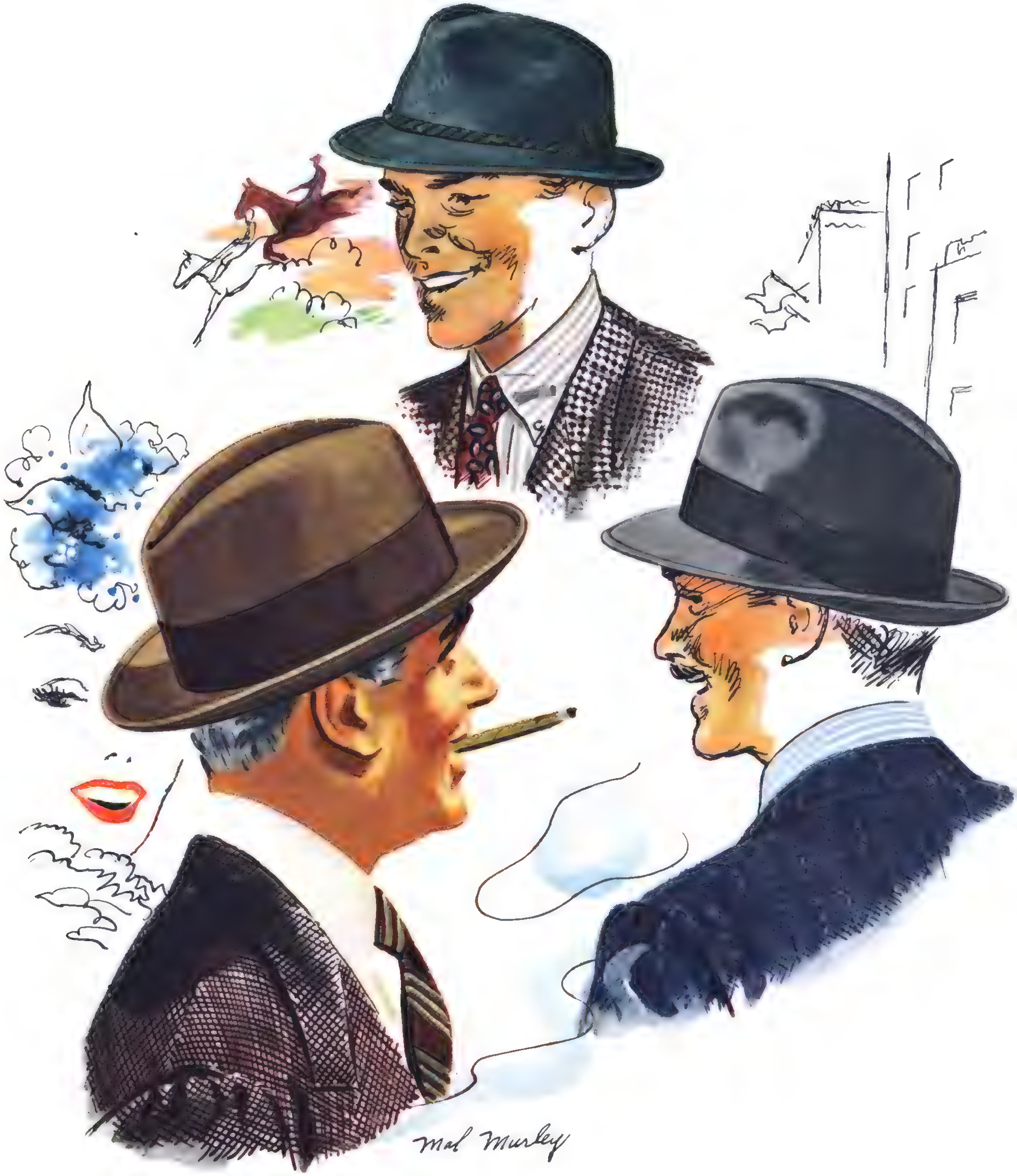
Slacks and odd jackets are prerequisites for all campus wardrobes and if you've done as well as this rangy senior, you'll be able to pass any clothes exam. He wears a striped tweed jacket, grey flannels, a brown hat, crochet tie, button-down Oxford shirt and brown moccasins.



INTRODUCTION TO SMOKE GREY

Drawing by Karl Milroy

Note their technique, now. Apparently guileless and casual, it's a perfect study in the art of impromptu introduction, and both master and apprentice deserve a compliment. Admittedly, the art is old but, clad in a suit of the new Smoke-Grey shade, who wouldn't try his hand once again to see if the touch were still there? Letting amenities go for a moment, consider that finished worsted, woven of light and dark shades of grey in a sharkskin effect, forming a pleasant background for alternating stripes of blue and grey. It makes up handsomely as one of fall's newest suit ideas, ideal particularly for business wear. Grey snap brim, brown shoes with medallion toecaps and chamois gloves, he's neatly set up for come what may, and we'll wager she does.

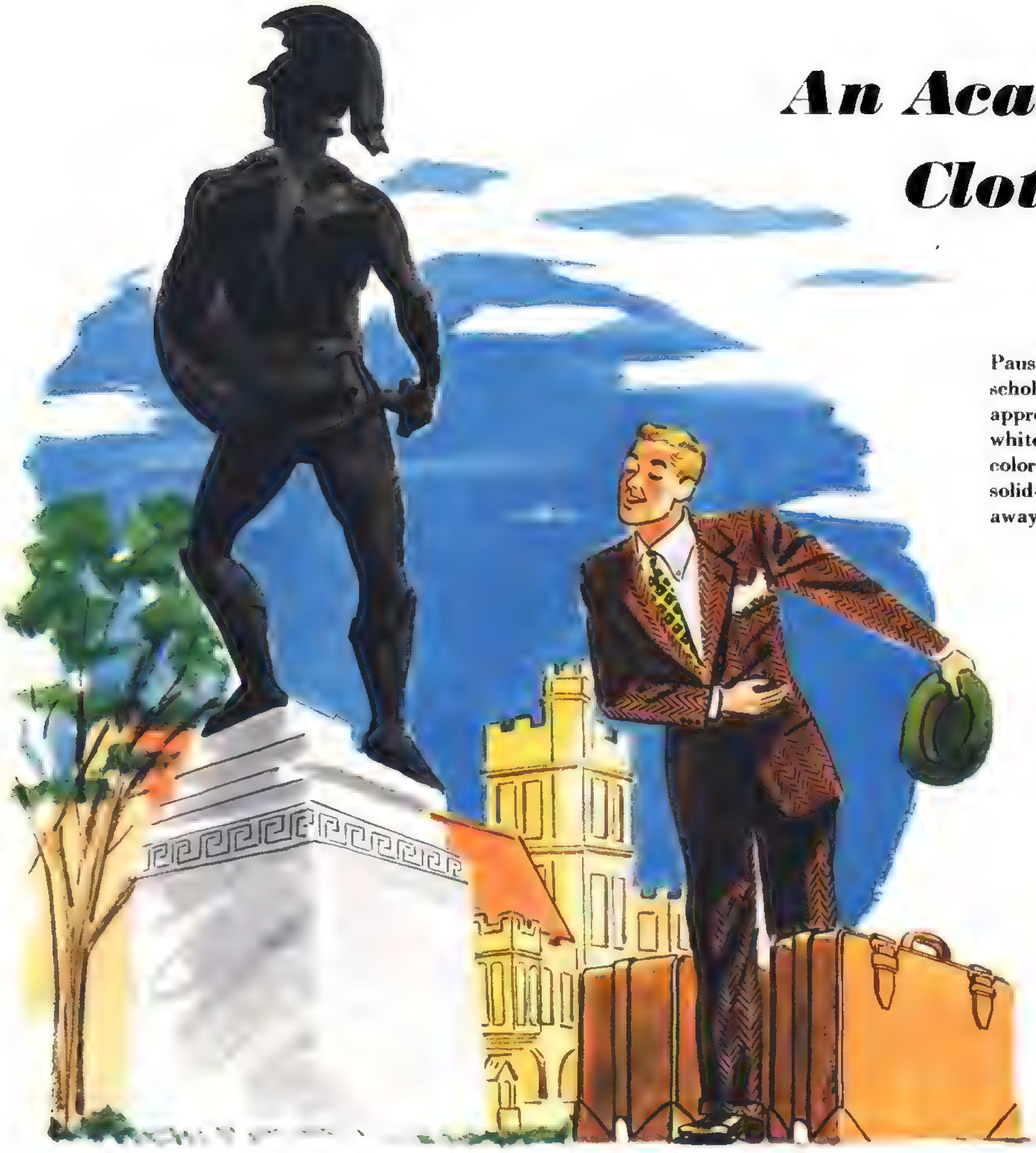


HEADING FOR FALL

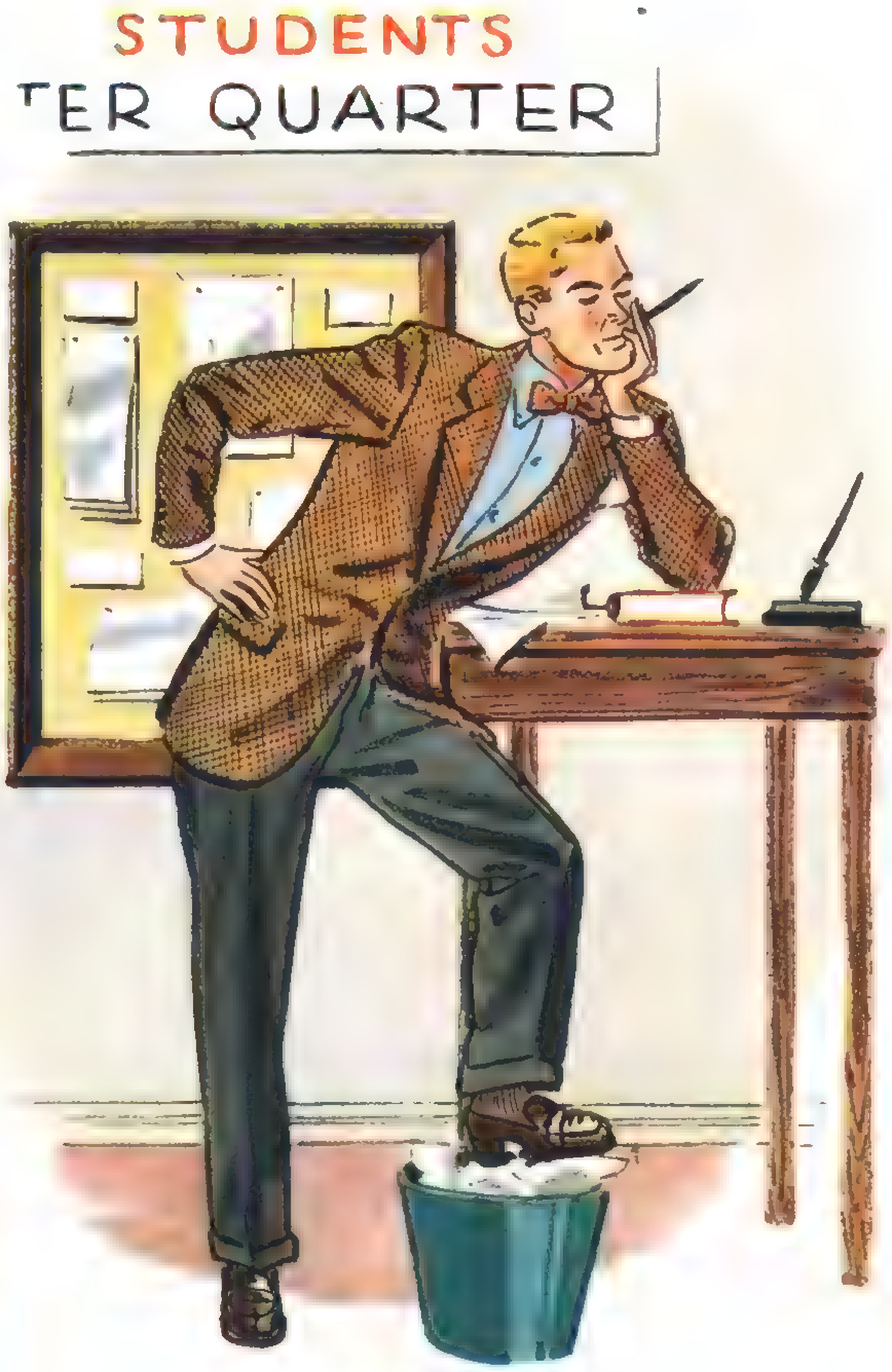
Drawing by Mal Murley

Quietly and without any accompanying yodels, the tyrolean returns. This prewar favorite again will be seen wherever tweeds and the young-in-spirit gather. A narrow brim, tapered crown, cordlike band and rough-finish felt identifies the breed and the greenish-mixture color here is a good example of the available shades. Even from this angle, the panatela puffer looks very well in his brims-up model in Town Brown; it's a hat type that suits many men, particularly when worn center-creased as illustrated.. Off to the right is the basic hat in any man's wardrobe; the snap-brim, pinched-crown model. This fall's version favors a slightly narrower welt-edge brim and the Smoke-Grey shade is also among the newcomers. Good idea to get all three.

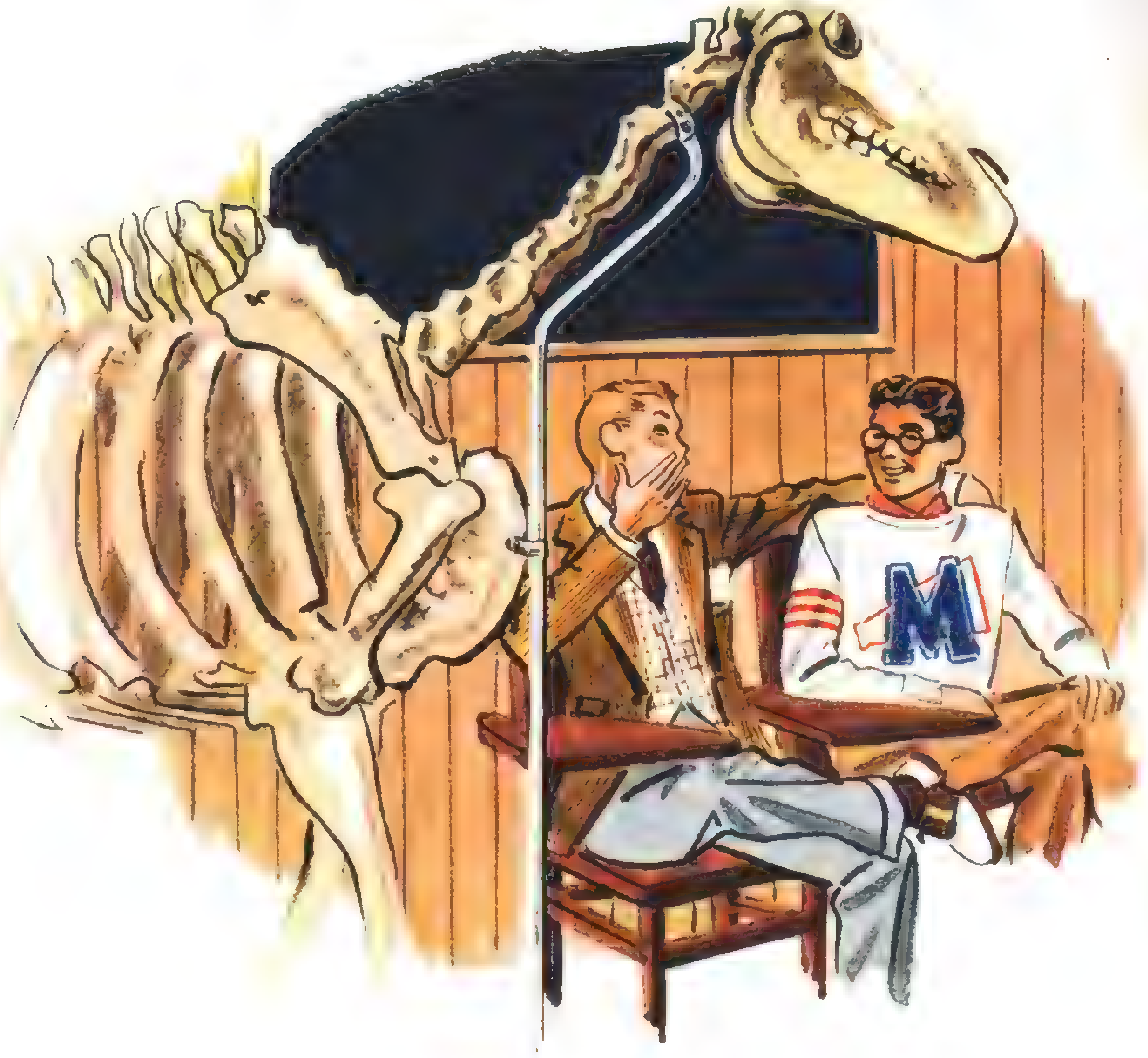
An Academic Clothes Curriculum



Pausing to pay his respects to Alma Pater, the scholar returning to his classes and lasses is appropriately clad in a suit of brown tweed, white Oxford shirt (button-down collar), khaki-colored hat and brown wing-tip shoes. His solid-looking matching luggage was a going-away gift and will outlive the studies he absorbs.



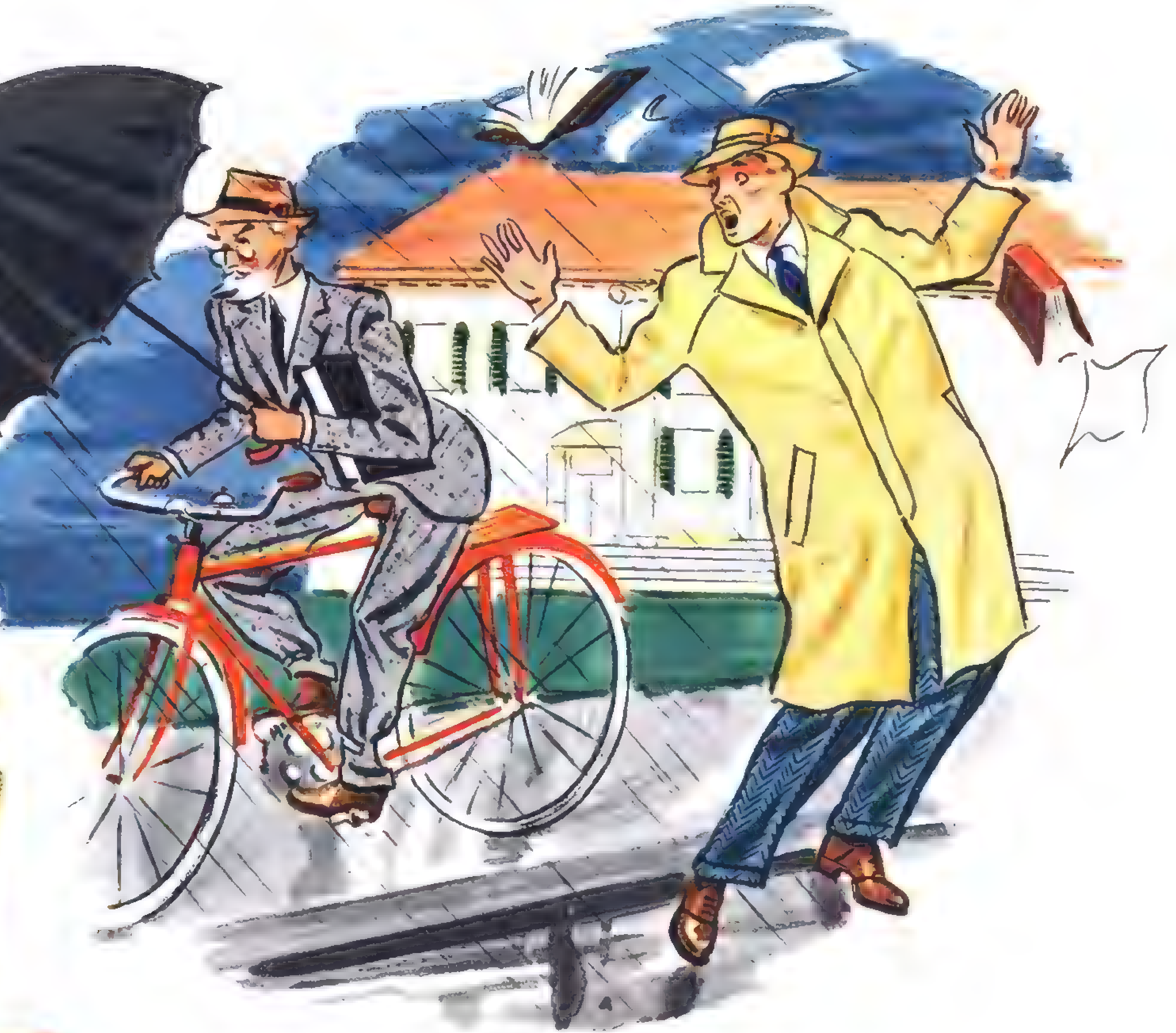
Choosing between "Modern History" and "Phoenician Art" requires a bit of thought, and so did his selection of that brown small-patterned tweed jacket, which blends nicely with those covert-cloth slacks. Accessoried in a blue Oxford shirt, foulard bow tie, and moccasins, he'll probably decide on the latter course. It sounds simpler and it won't change during the year.



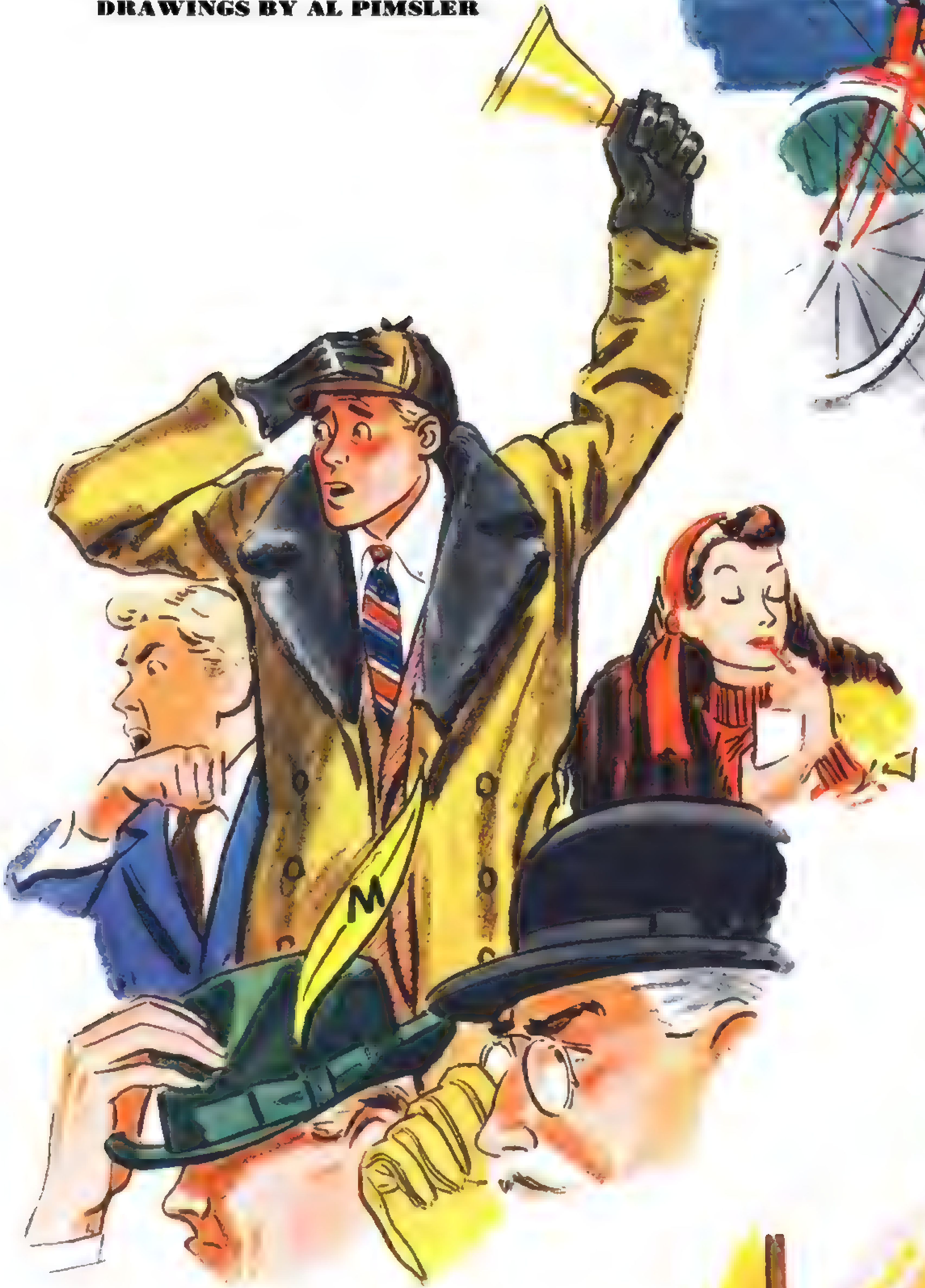
There's a new note in the zoology class, and it's his brown-and-white Tattersall-checked vest worn with a tan corduroy jacket and grey flannel slacks. Just pulled the old chestnut about the prof, that old fossil, posing for a paleolithic portrait, and got a laugh from his side-kick. Note that those hardy perennials, saddle-strap shoes, are still in the picture.

Here's a snap course in dress ideas, prescribed for all campus returnees

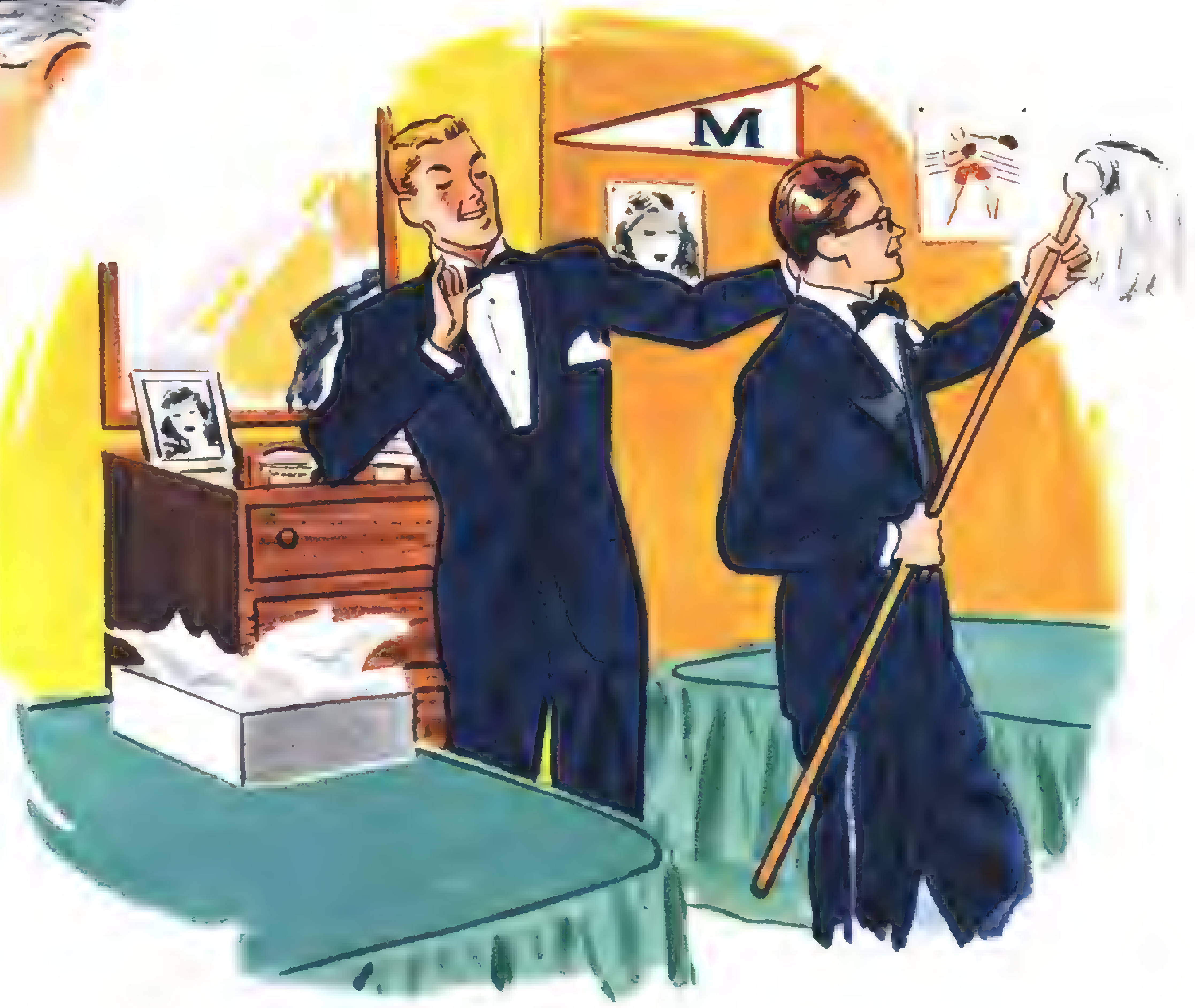
DRAWINGS BY AL PIMSLER



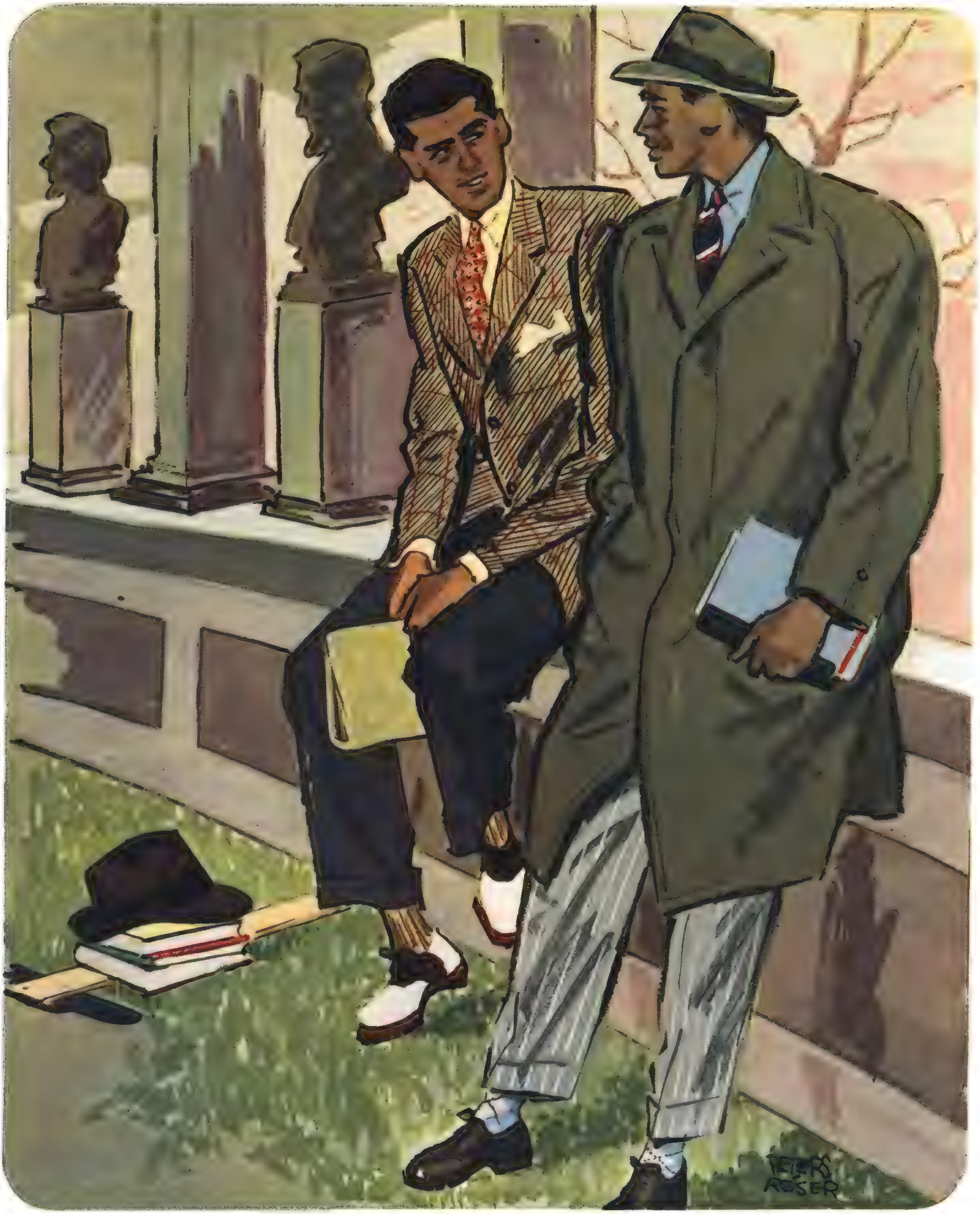
Campus scenes don't change much, and you'll always find an absent-minded professor, usually when you least expect him. This chap happens to be wide awake to rainwear, though, for he saw the inevitable need for a processed cotton raglan-style raincoat with fly front, and got a pork-pie rain hat of similar material too. Weather's fine for his tweeds and brown saddle shoes.



Day of the Big Game finds him sporting his new pile-lined and -collared coat, new lined gloves, new striped tie and not-so-new girl friend. It's obvious that things aren't going well for the team nor for her. The players just lost another down and she hasn't caught a pass either. Fresh war paint may help her, and if it gets too cool in the stands, his hat has ear flaps.



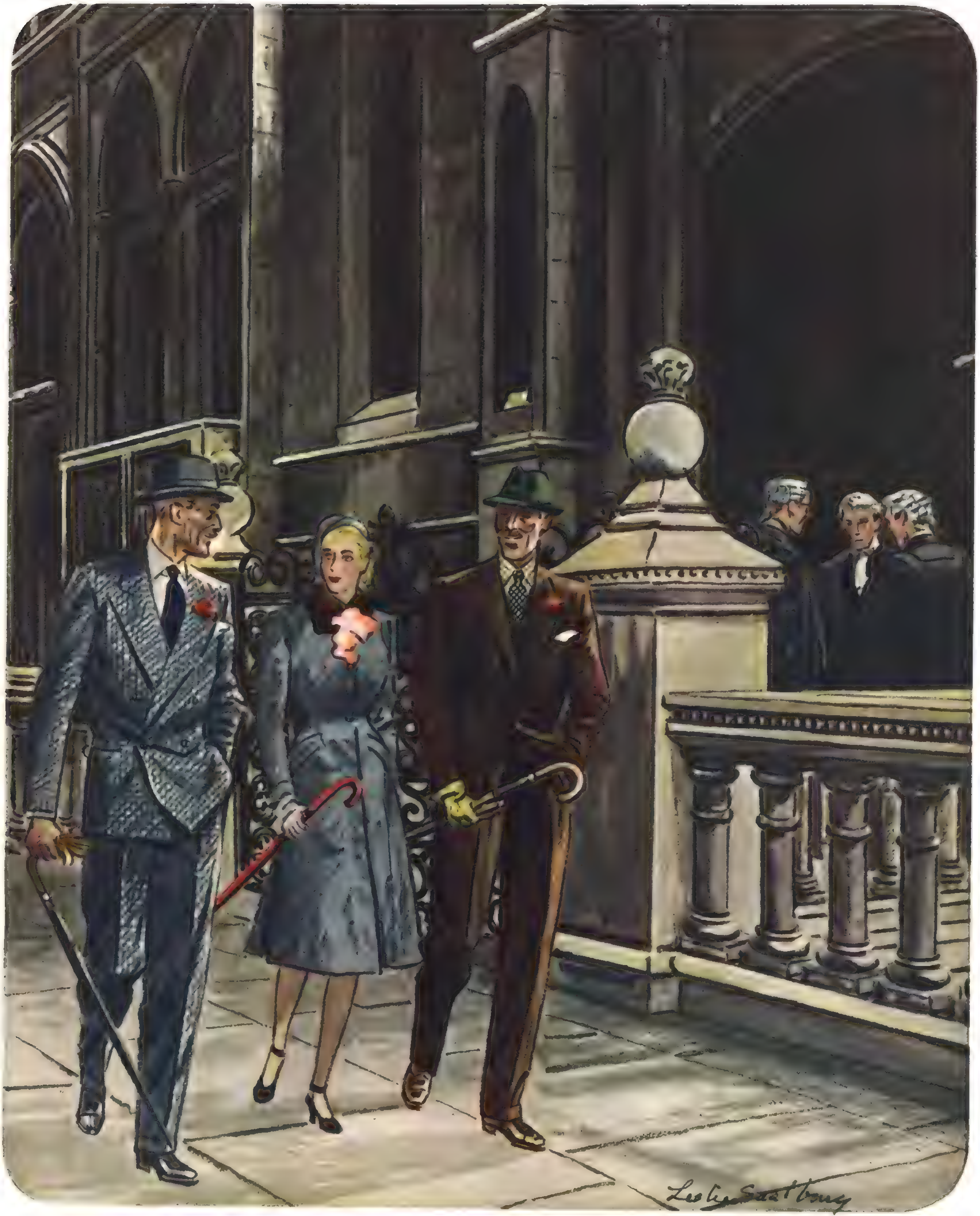
One-two-three-glide, one-two-three-glide. He holds a dance rehearsal for his roommate while putting finishing touches to his semibutterfly bow tie. Wears a cummerbund beneath his shawl-collar dinner jacket and over a plain-bosom dress shirt. Our terpsichorean friend did a lot better in his choice of a double-breasted dinner jacket in midnight blue than in his dancing.



BACHELORS' ART

Drawing by Peters-Reiser

You'd think the rigors of an engineering curriculum would minimize the importance of any unrelated subjects. To the contrary, these undergraduates have strayed from their prescribed course and delved a bit in the art of dressing well, a corollary to any career. Taking time out from theorems and T-squares, we find them completely at ease in some of fall's newest slants in campus wardrobes. There's a reddish overplaid in that brown diagonal-tweed jacket, for instance, and it's quite becoming with his lingering tan. Combined with grey flannels and brown-and-white saddle-strap shoes with red rubber soles, he did very well. His chum wears a raglan gabardine topcoat and khaki-colored hat with lighter binding. Those bearded busts? Hall of Fame-ers.

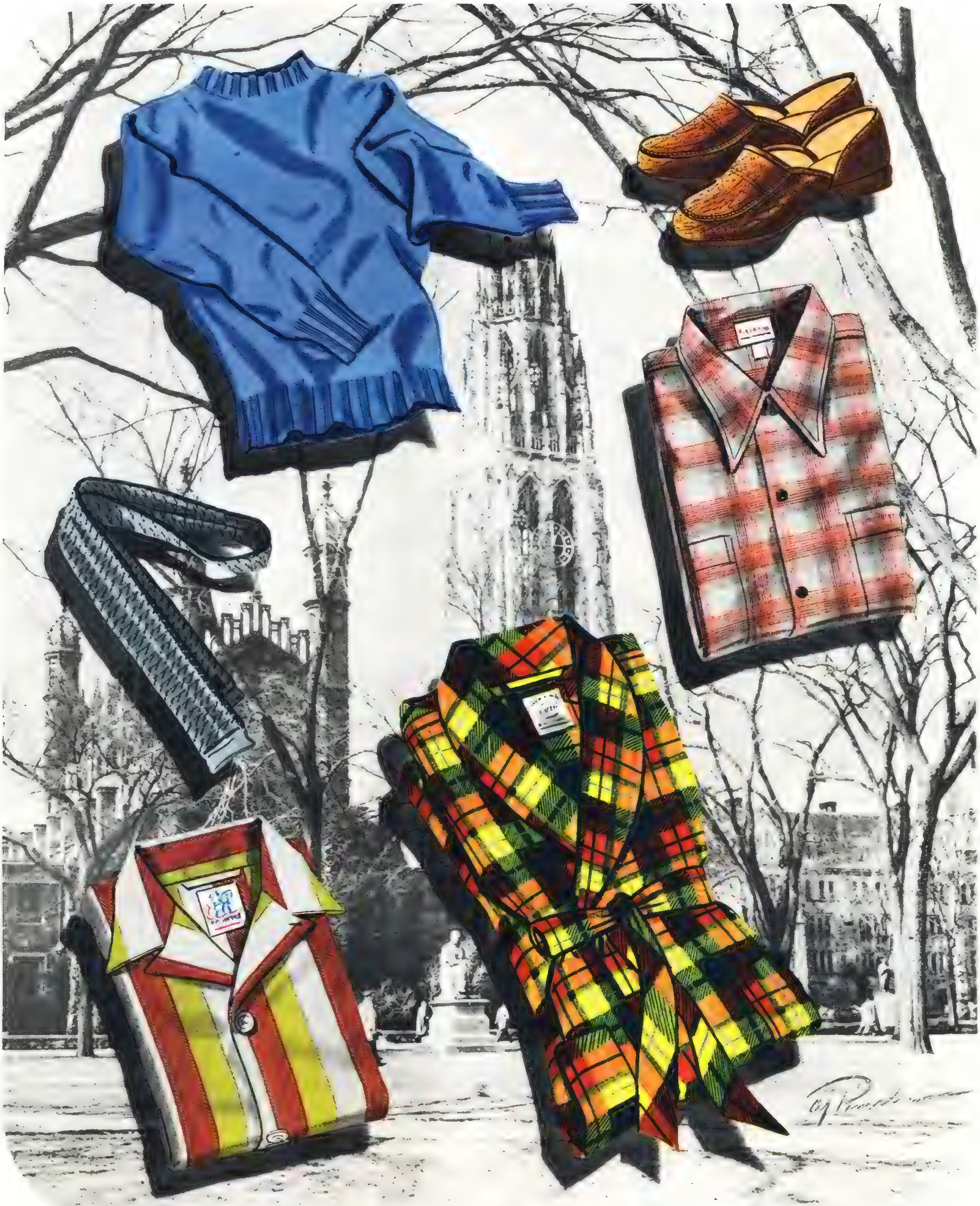


PAINTED IN LONDON, ENGLAND, ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

FASHIONABLE LEGAL TALENT

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

One would hardly think those solemn visaged barristers and these smartly clad strollers were brothers under the silk. But with wigs away there's no telling who is judge and who a juror, which is as it should be. Obvious to all is the fact that here are two men well turned out, so let's see what makes them so. The fellow with the solid-blue tie (note the restraint, there) is wearing a bluish-grey broken-diagonal finished worsted suit, a well-wearing type preferred by many Britains these days. Black Homburg, black shoes and tan cape gloves all keep his reserve under control. His companion likes things a bit colorful and wears a brown worsted suit heightened with a wine-colored stripe. Green snap-brim hat and chamois gloves are in character.



ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT

Drawing by Al Pimsler

The fact being that accessories for your campus wardrobe need slightly more consideration than would your stay-at-home selections. Sweaters are a must, and the knitted Shetland type up there in the round-neck, long-sleeved, pull-over model, will be welcome many an autumn eve. That goes doubly for the soft cushion-sole slippers, patterned after the familiar moccasins, and the plaid tartan flannel robe. You'll find them comfortable companions in the wee hours that come quickly when you're cramming. Undergraduate tastes in pajamas have taken to blazer stripes and the convertible collar type is richly designed in yellow, red and grey. That wool plaid shirt and grey knit tie are indispensable and if you can hint nicely, they'll arrive gift-wrapped.

Pertinent grooming data for undergraduates returning to the scholastic scene, reaffirming the fact that they and their clothes are in a class all their own

Campus Wearwithal

The annual trek is about to begin. Apprehensive freshmen, sophisticated sophomores, jaunty juniors and the seniors of the species are preparing for the early September mass American youth movement we've come to know simply as going-back-to-school. And while many an alumnus is prepared to offer advice along every conceivable subject to the departing scholar, there's little that the older generation can suggest as to what to wear while boning away at good old Siwash U.

Wardrobes for undergraduate wear have changed considerably in the past few years and it might be well worth your while to know the right score in campus wear. You may see turtle-neck sweaters around the campus, but any resemblance to the one Dad wore exists in name only. That goes for all the items you intend packing so let's look at them one by one.

You'll need at least one dress-up suit: you know, for dates, dances, and occasionally visiting the dean. First among the current choices seems to be plain or chalk-stripe grey flannel with a three-button notch-lapel jacket. Next in line for popular approval is a grey or brown Glen Urquhart plaid worsted suit, closely followed by a worsted in bluish-grey.

Since your day-to-day wear will largely consist of slacks and odd-jacket combinations, you'll be wise to stock up along these lines. Look around for a small-patterned tweed jacket in brown and blue mixed weave. An alternating color choice with the same effect would be a jacket in blue, grey or brown. Corduroy, in either natural tan or brown, makes up well as a sports jacket, so give it some thought. For a fourth consideration, there are some handsome tweeds in plain brown, grey or bluish-grey diagonally patterned or in the familiar herringbone tweed.

About three pairs of slacks should see you through in good shape. Of course you'll want a pair of grey flannels, perennial favorites. Changing from those to natural covert cloth and then to natural tan corduroy will make the trouser end of your wardrobe interesting and well wearing too. Mind you, if you're keen on gabardines, assorted tweeds and a flock of flannels, then go to it. We were momentarily thinking of the state of your exchequer, but if we were presuming a bit, forgive and forget. Take a trunkful; we would.

By way of outer coats, your minimum requirements will include a topcoat, an overcoat, and a pile-fabric coat. One of those water repellent tan gabardine raglan topcoats will double in brass in cool and wet weather. Strictly for shower wear, the processed cotton raglan-styled coat has a confirmed following. The fly-front covert coat is a good-looking dress-up effort, and worth your investment. So is the double-breasted tan polo coat. You have another choice in a tweed herringbone with removable wool lining, and for something really on the warm side, take to a double-breasted coat with pile-fabric or spun-glass quilted lining.

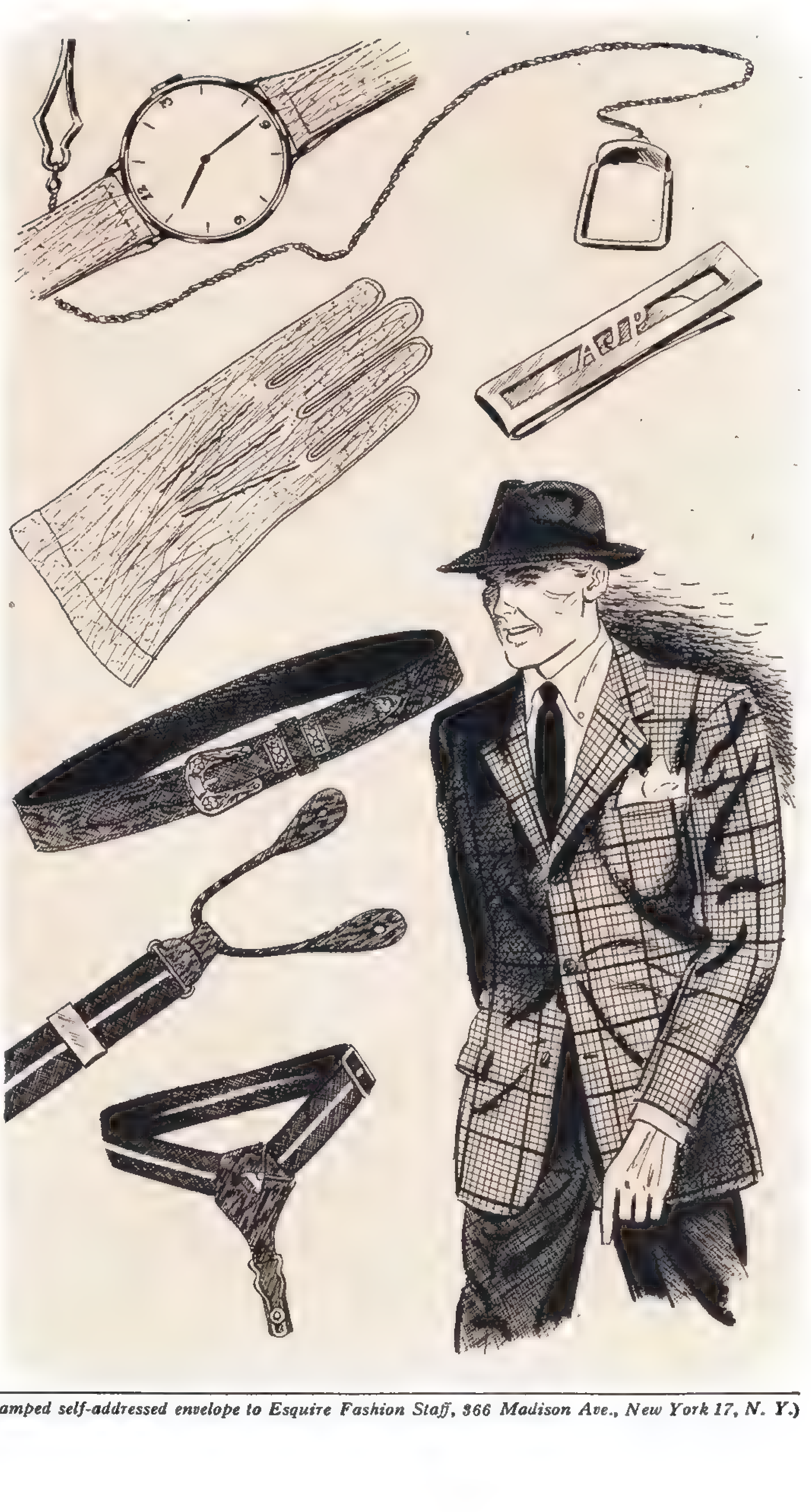
Stock up on at least a dozen shirts, and include white Oxford button-down collars supplemented with plain blues, tans, or striped Oxfords. Two wool plaid shirts should be where they're handy also. And you will require at least a dozen ties, with the assortment including figured foulard four-in-hands and bows, the striped and figured reps, solid or plaid wools, as well as the solid and striped crochet versions.

A clothing category sometimes overlooked and then hastily rounded up from a half-dozen sources is your formal wear for dances, hops, proms and very-best-girl dates. All too often roommates are either too tall or too short, so the best idea is not to rely on what the other fellow will have in his wardrobe, but to come back to the campus well supplied with formal clothes all your own.

The double- or single-breasted dinner jacket is a worth-while investment, and your choice of either model will depend wholly on your preferences. Both types are being worn. Midnight blue seems to be the preferred color, so there again it's up to you. You'll also find shawl collars or peaked lapels wherever dinner jackets are prescribed, and only by trying on the two will you be able to decide which to take.

It would be advisable to include more than one dress shirt in your formal-wear wardrobe, and a small supply of bow ties, socks, and braces will see you through in fair shape. Include the pleated- or plain-bosom collar-attached shirt (or both), and as for the ties, there are a wide assortment of shapes in either midnight blue or black from which to make selections. Your other necessities for stepping out or for pub crawling will include cummerbund, black socks, patent-leather low shoes, formal braces in black and white and, quite important, a white muffler.

Don't overlook or underestimate your underwear and pajama needs nor your sock supply. You're apt to run into laundry delays. Check your shoe and hat situation, gloves and mufflers, and the dozen other clothing and accessory details that add infinitely to your comfort and well-being while pursuing the arts and sciences. ⧻

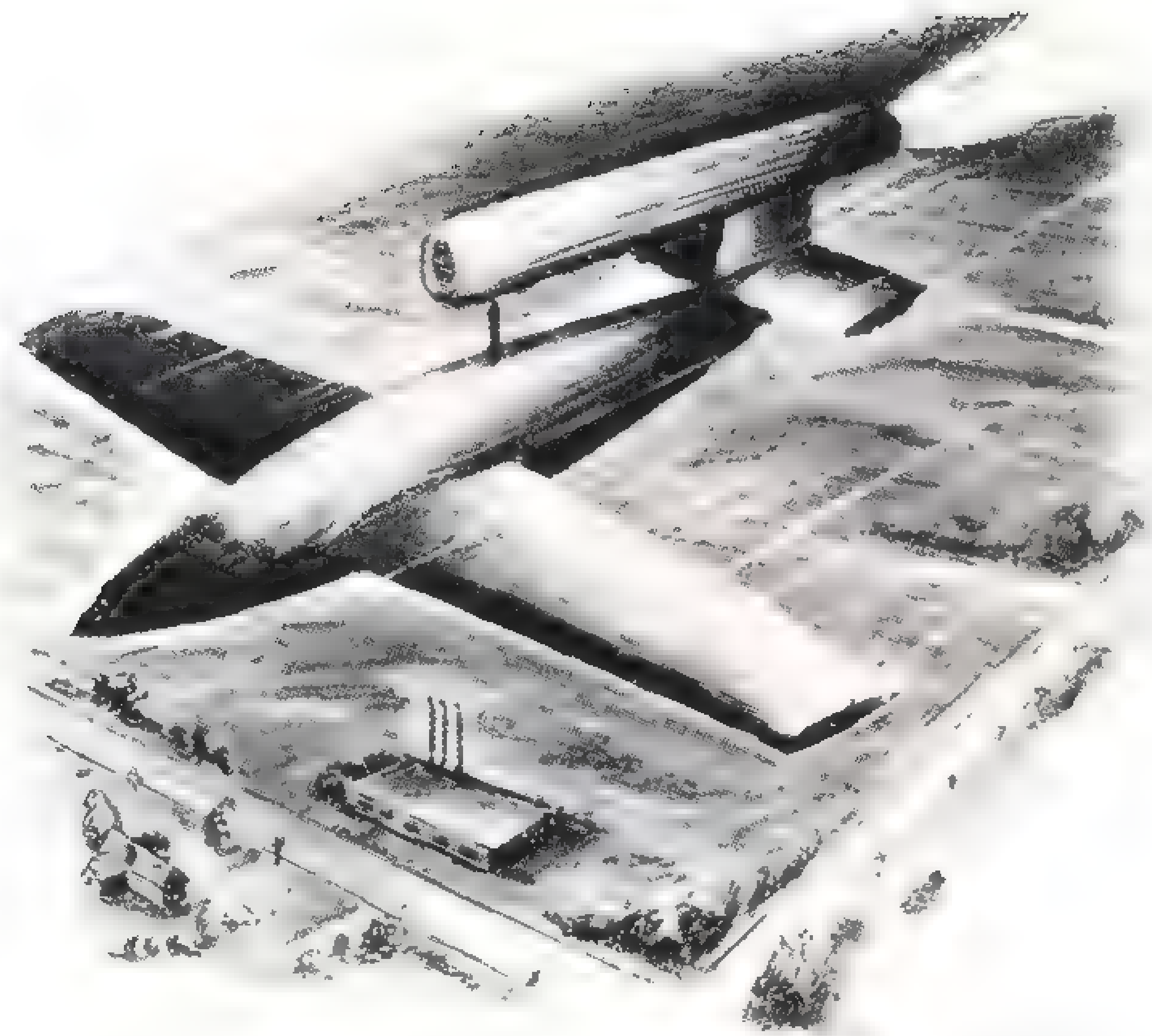


(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Far superior German rockets, given four or five months extra, might have won the war

Where Were Our Rockets?

by JOHN C. ROSS



FAULKNER

It is now well over two years since the war in Europe ended and we have not been able to develop a rocket motor approaching the power performance of that which propelled the German V-2 missile with half-a-million horsepower at speeds of nearly 3000 m.p.h.

Maj. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, deputy chief of air staff in charge of research and development, says the Germans were ten to fifteen years ahead of us in fundamental research and up to five years in research on turbojets and rocket power. If this had been revealed in 1941, says LeMay, "it might well have terrified the stoutest heart, the firmest believer in America's potential might."

The great German rocket superiority seems all the more unaccountable because one of the world's foremost rocket authorities was the late Dr. Robert Hutchings Goddard, an American scientist, from whom the Germans borrowed heavily. Just as Einstein wrote the fundamental energy equation which led to the atomic bomb, Dr. Goddard wrote the basic rocket equation. His paper published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1920, *A Method for Reaching Extreme Altitudes*, is considered responsible for the great revival in rocketry which swept Western Europe in the twenties. Yet, while the German government was spending millions in rocket research, Dr. Goddard never received a cent of Federal funds for research between the two World Wars until he headed Navy rocket development in World War II.

This quiet, publicity-shy scientist solved some of the most fundamental problems of rocketry. He was the first man to fly a liquid-fueled rocket; he flew the first automatically steered rocket; he solved basic cooling problems and was granted, in all, more than sixty patents for rocket improvements. Yet of the many rocket projects he proposed to the U. S. Armed Forces during the thirties, interest was shown in only one—a method for accelerating armor-piercing bombs.

Modern German and U. S. rocket research started about even. If anything, Dr. Goddard's work gave the U. S. an advantage. Both Goddard here and Dr. Herman Overth in Germany made considerable progress in the twenties. Group research began in both countries close to the same time, with the formation of the German Society for Space Travel, or VfR in 1927, and the American Interplanetary Society, later renamed the American Rocket Society, in 1930. In both cases initial funds for experiments and rocket construction came from private enthusiasts who belonged to these societies.

The difference was this: In Germany the government soon noted the promise of rocket development and advanced millions to further it. In the United States the Government turned an embarrassed shoulder to these crackpots who, it was generally understood, expected to fly to Mars. So American Rocket Society members had to finance the only organized rocket research this country felt it could afford.

Considering its resources, the American Rocket Society did some amazing things. It tested its first liquid-fueled rocket in 1932 and made its first liquid-fueled rocket flight the following year. Its findings provided information which gave the U. S. a start when our Government, hastily arming, decided there might be something to this rocket business. The motors which last December powered the Bell XS-1 were built by Reaction Motors, Inc., which was formed by members of the American Rocket Society in 1941.

Meanwhile, the Society's members had some noteworthy achievements. One member, James Wyld, had by 1938 built an experimental rocket motor which used regenerative cooling—one of the ideas proposed by Goddard which later made possible the wonderful performance of the German V-2. Regenerative cooling is a system by which the alcohol used as fuel is circulated within a jacket around the rocket's combustion chamber before it passes inside the combustion chamber to be burned.

This was the general design adopted by Reaction Motors, Inc., in subsequent rocket developments. The first models were not built until 1942 and even then developed only 100 pounds of thrust. Yet by May, 1943, performance had been increased more than thirty times—a truly remarkable achievement in view of the fact that it had taken the Germans four years to achieve equivalent power.

The motor for the Bell XS-1, which developed out of this research, uses the same liquid-oxygen and alcohol combination of the early motors. It can develop the equivalent of 6000-brake horsepower at 750 miles per hour and weighs only 210 pounds. Even more powerful motors are now under way.

In addition to the American Rocket Society and its later offspring, Reaction Motors, a second group had started research more or less informally in 1936 at the California Institute of Technology. The work was financed at first with a private gift.

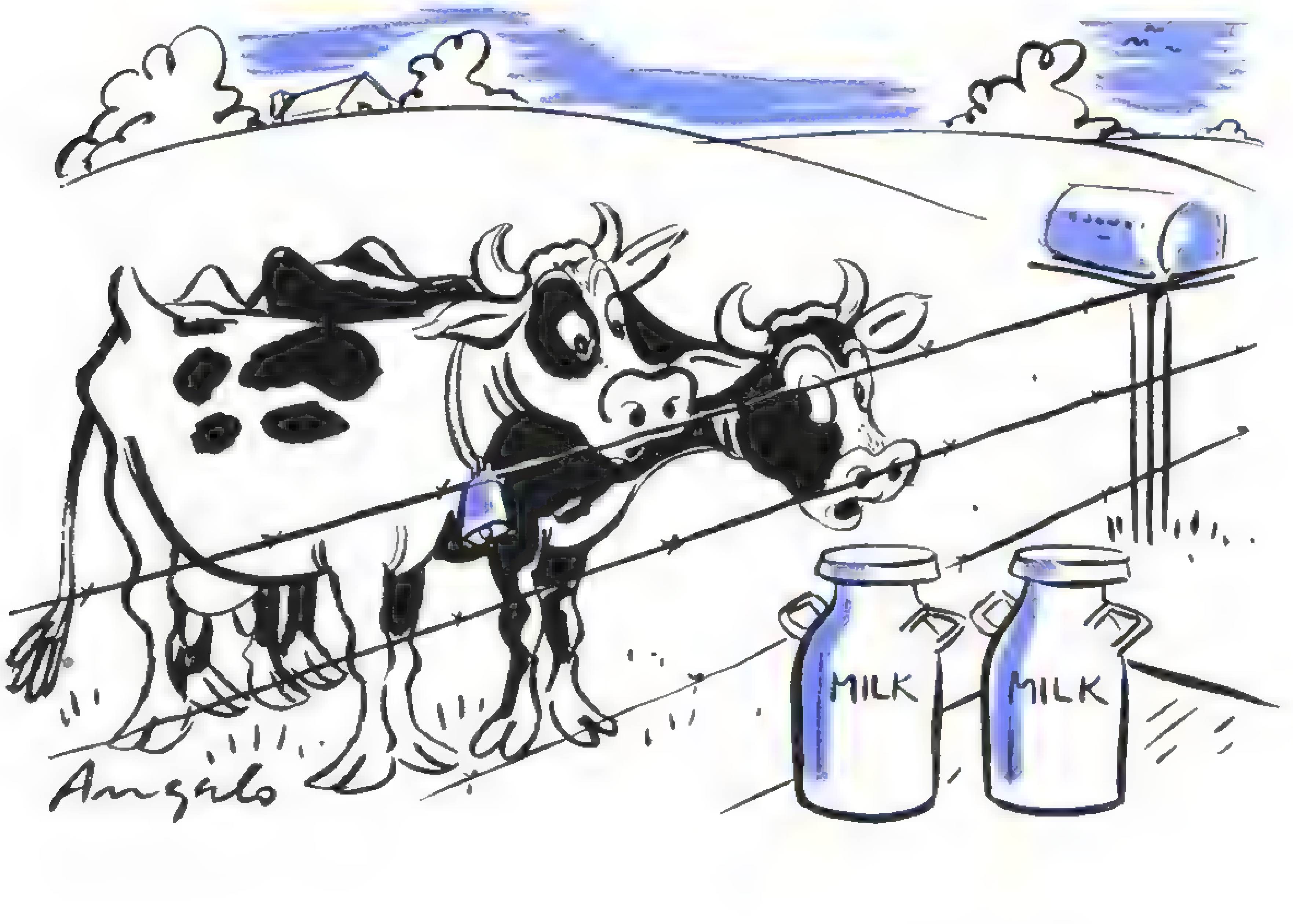
In 1940 the Army Air Corps assumed sponsorship of the group. GALCIT, as it became known, was mainly interested in solid fuels, though it investigated liquid fuels and liquid-fueled motors.

Such research produced very satisfactory solid-fuel rockets during the war in the form of the bazooka, aircraft rockets, barrage rockets, and big attack rockets like "Tiny Tim."

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor neither our Army nor Navy had a rocket in service use. At war's end, the Army was buying rocket missiles at the rate of $150,000,000 per year and the Navy at the rate of $1,200,000,000 per year.

The Germans were ahead of us in rocket ordnance, but not so far ahead that we couldn't catch up. Even today, however, we have not caught up to them on the more significant liquid-fueled jobs which power aircraft and giant guided missiles.

In this they had more than a four-year start. The German army took over experimental work from the VfR in 1933 and rocketry became a secret military development. In 1936 the huge research center the Russians now occupy was built at Peenemünde on the Baltic. By 1938 a successful motor



"I guess we're sort of failures—now it's Pasteurized, homogenized and vitamin fortified!"

with over 2000 pounds of thrust had been manufactured. This was the A-3, essentially a small prototype of the V-2 which demolished so much of London. The calculations for V-2 (officially called A-4) began in 1938 and design work began in 1940—a year before American builders of our XS-1 motor had even been organized.

The development of this rocket is one of the most amazing accomplishments of industrial history. James H. Wyld, the early member of the American Rocket Society who is now chief research engineer of Reaction Motors, Inc., describes the German achievement thus:

"It was necessary to increase the size of the previous A-3 motor, already by far the largest in the world, by a factor of about 20 . . . It was necessary, for example, to work out fuel injectors that would properly vaporize and mix no less than 287 pounds of propellants a second, to burn them efficiently in a combustion space only three feet long and three feet in diameter, and to keep the chamber and nozzle cool in spite of a gas blast scouring the walls at a velocity of over a mile a second and over 3000° F.—and all this had to be done in a contrivance weighing only a few hundred pounds."

The V-2 motor has been called the most important invention of World War II, after the atomic bomb. It is plain that only years of intense research and experimentation could create it. Nor was it the only pioneering liquid rocket type that the Germans produced. Almost as ingenious were the Walter bi-fuel rocket motors which used hydrogen peroxide and a combination of hydrazine hydrate and methyl alcohol. Several versions of Walter motors were used in guided missiles and rocket planes.

With the rocket motors in advanced development, it was comparatively easy for the Germans to develop rocket aircraft. Satisfactory motors have always been the critical factor in airplane progress. Our own XS-1 has just flown. The Germans, on the other hand, started to design their very fast Messerschmitt Me-163 rocket plane ten years ago. Construction began late in 1941 and was completed by the middle of 1942.

This radical little airplane, with sharply swept-back wings and skids for landing gear, was the fastest combat craft in the skies during the war. Its last production version had a top speed of 590 miles per hour, it could operate at altitudes of more than 50,000 feet and could climb to 40,000 feet in a fraction over three minutes. It was heavily armed with two 30 mm. cannon. It was also faster than the fighter planes assigned to cover American bomber formations. And it was only one of several in development.

Why the Germans didn't make more use of this plane is a story of bungling and ineptitude on the part of the German high command.

The air ministry decided that the Messerschmitt company, which had developed the Me-163, was too busy building the important jet fighter, the Me-22. Responsibility for the 163 was transferred to the small Focke-Achgelis, which had developed a helicopter. Development continued with both Messerschmitt and Focke-Achgelis engineers. Finally, in Fall, 1944, the 163 was turned over to Junkers for full-scale production.

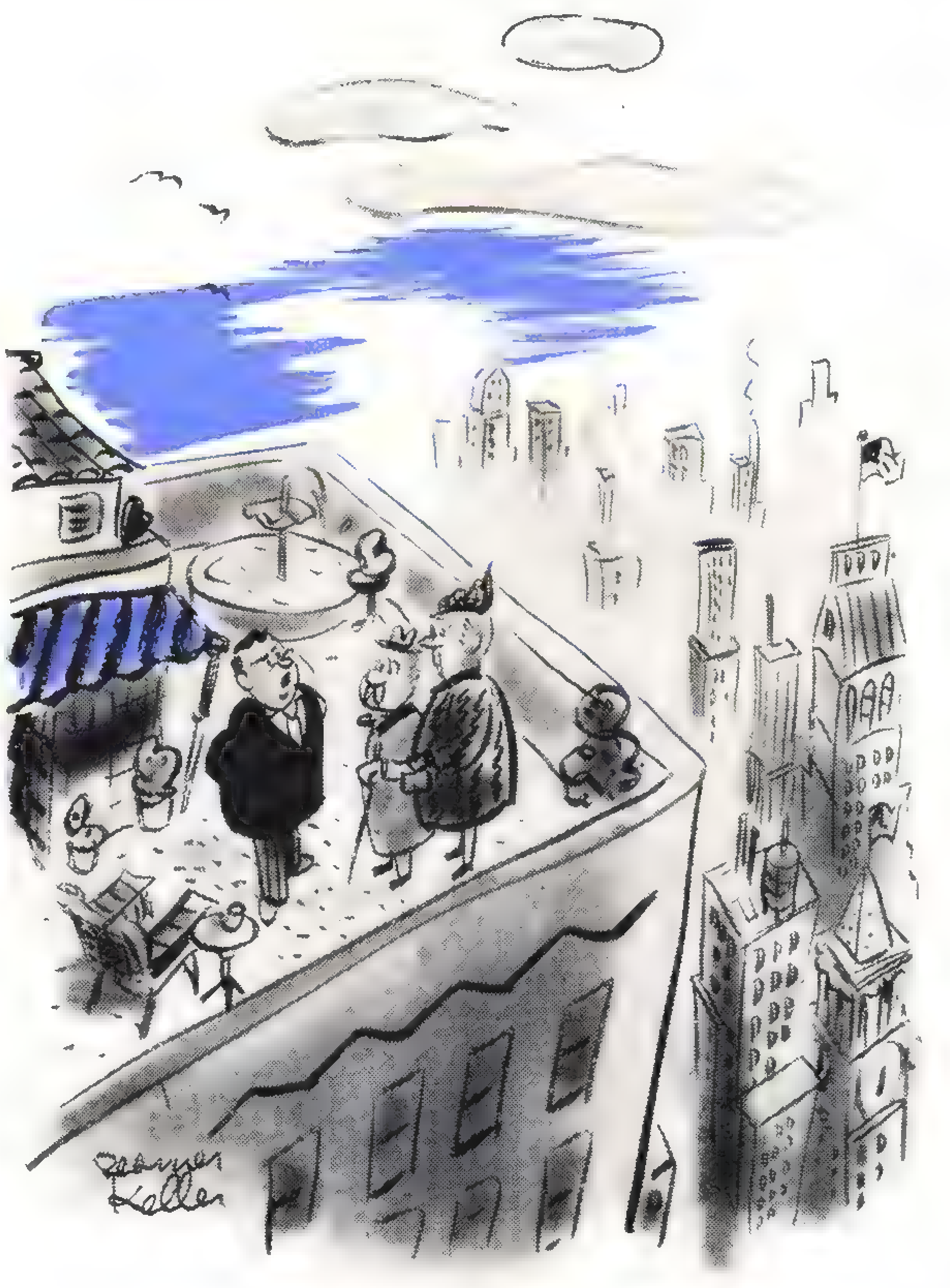
And then Junkers did not go ahead on all-out production, but worked out a new modification of the plane known as the 8-263 which was to give some better performance, but which never did get to fly under its own power before the war was suddenly over.

When they realized that they had been too late with planning all-out production on the 163, the SS hurriedly developed some last-ditch projects. One which was almost ready when war ended was a tiny rocket craft called the "Viper," conceived in August, 1944.

The Viper was designed to be launched vertically, like a skyrocket. Its nose was filled with twenty-four rocket tubes which were to be discharged in a train at enemy bombers. The craft was strictly a bailing-wire project, with a twelve-foot wing span and designed, but for the fine Walter motor, to be built in anybody's back yard.

Like the Me-163, the Viper had great speed but only of a few minutes' duration. It could be launched only when bombers were within range. After the pilot fired his rocket tubes at the enemy, he was expected to dive away to safety, slow up as much as he could, and press a couple of buttons to disintegrate the plane and let the rocket motor fall in one parachute and the pilot in the other.

The SS got impatient after a number of unmanned take-offs had been made, and insisted on a manned launching. The automatic pilot was not yet available and in take-off the cockpit cover blew back, hit the pilot on the head, and the plane crashed out of control, thus discouraging further experimentation.



"We dispossessed the last tenants for dropping bags of water on the people below"

When Hermann Goering was interrogated, he said, "I am convinced that the jet planes would have won the war for us if we had only four or five months more time." Some Allied observers agree with him and believe that the Germans made two critical mistakes.

1. They delayed ordering full-scale production on both the Me-163 and the fast jet Me-262 until too late.

2. For some unexplained reason, Hitler himself ordered the Me-262s used as bombers, though they were the Germans' most effective interceptors which existed in quantity at the time.

These two mistakes were responsible for the following sequence of events which lay behind Goering's conviction:

German defeat was achieved only by the invasion of France. This invasion was possible only because the Allies controlled the air. Control of the air was possible only because the Germans did not have enough short-range but superfast interceptors with which to counter our long-range and necessarily much slower strategic bombers. The bombers did far more damage to the German war machine than anticipated; delayed production of aircraft, destroyed factories, halted transportation, and generally snarled German supplies and manufacturing—especially that of aircraft and fuel. Witnessing this vicious cycle, the Germans gave a frantic go-ahead to build fast fighters, but they simply could not be produced in time. By the time production was getting on, the avalanche had started, the invasion was under way, the bombers had done their damage. A dozen large fighter-aircraft factories not yet in full production were found underground by our victorious troops.

If the Germans had had enough jet and rocket planes they would have driven off our bombers, kept their industry fairly intact, and controlled the air over Western Europe with enough effectiveness to have prevented invasion or inflicted more serious damage to our invading troops. Thus the work of German engineers went for naught, but not because of our engineering superiority. No one studying these developments can fail to realize the great research and development superiority of our enemies in this field. Their scientists were officially backed and superbly equipped, willing to try anything that sounded reasonable. And if their air ministry had not blundered, these scientists could well have changed the outcome of the war!

It is terribly important that we realize these facts. If there is another war, the U. S. will not have time to sit behind ocean barriers and prepare to meet an enemy at the time and place it chooses.

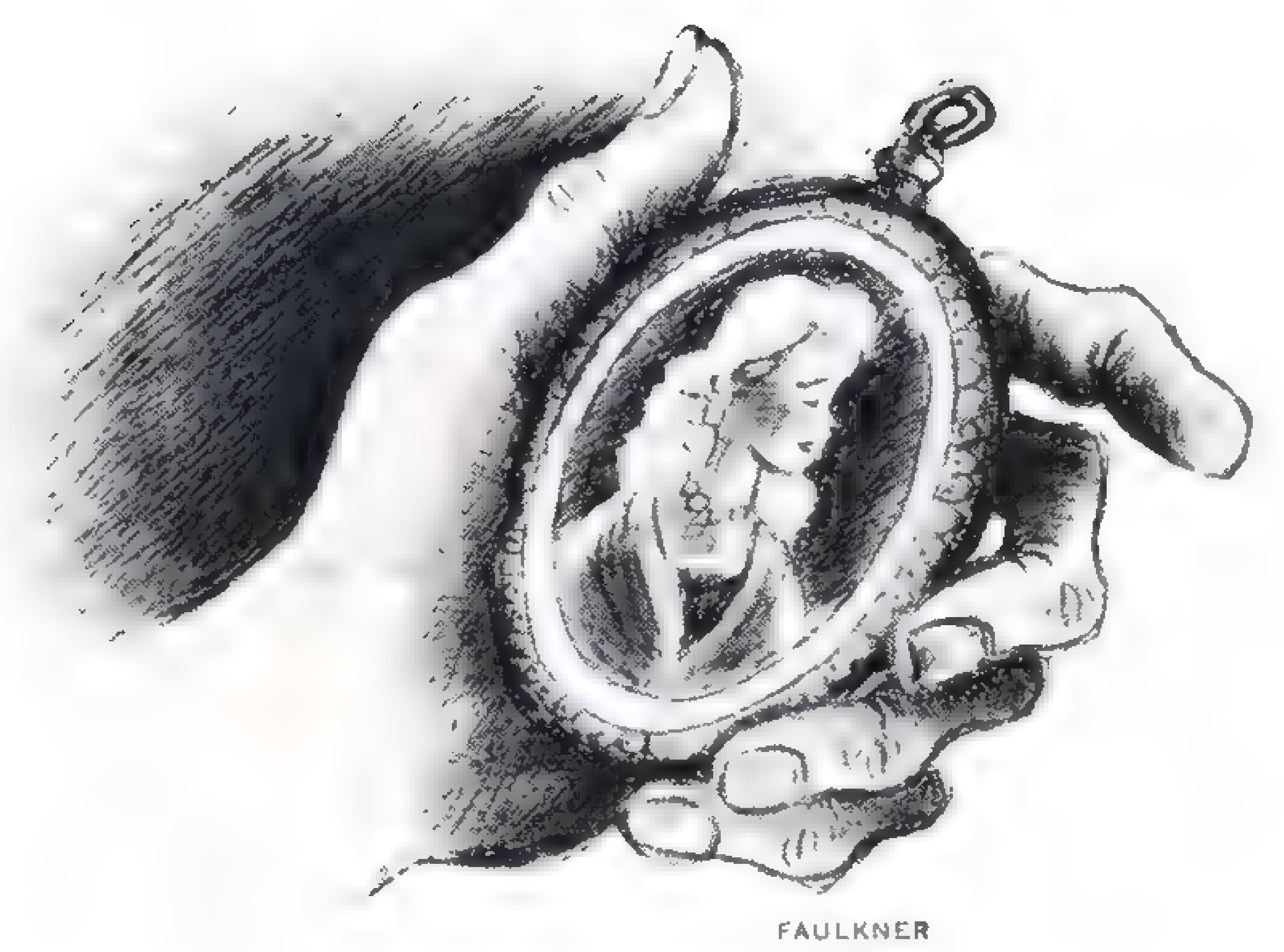
Military studies of our past shortcomings have now resulted in a proposal for a vast Air Engineering Development Center, in which all work of the Army Air Forces, Navy Bureau of Aeronautics and National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics will be centered. Eventually all aeronautical, rocket and related research and testing activities will be conducted or co-ordinated here.

Rocket research is still in its infancy. Such a research center can find ways to make rockets fly faster, last longer. Intensive investigations are needed to select better materials and better means of cooling the materials. Burning gasoline and liquid oxygen, for example, can produce temperatures as high as 6000° F. No known materials can withstand such temperatures. Yet the hotter the rocket propellant burns, the faster the rocket. Truly this is a challenge to our scientists.

If the new Congress seriously considers its predecessors' mistakes, it is scant comfort to us that it took V-1 and V-2 bombs falling upon England to force the change. From what we know now of German missiles designed to bomb the U. S., we are lucky public opinion was not reinforced by V-rockets falling on New York and Washington. #

To identify the lovely miniature of a young girl was the obsession which had made an art expert of romantic Mr. Dean

The Wedding



by JOSEPH E. SHANER

Mr. Dean's fingers trembled. He placed the miniature portrait of the young man on his desk blotter and clamped his left hand with his right and squeezed hard, trying to steady them. Was it possible the delicate blue background, the touch of warm yellow, might lead to the girl's identity after sixteen year's bafflement?

Mr. Dean pulled the desk lamp down. He peered through his thick glasses, but gradually, as he uncovered the traits and technique of the artist, his excitement abated. His hand shaking no longer, he picked up the picture again, disappointed in his ability to discern so easily the artist's halting, broad strokes, especially in the face and head. The artist who'd painted the miniature of the girl had employed short, brusque, slanting strokes throughout. Here were both, an abnormal procedure, an anomaly, indeed.

A sigh escaped Mr. Dean. Miss Agnew glanced up, her face showing she expected a wry comment to float across the museum's portrait and miniature room, but Mr. Dean had none. He settled back, rebuking himself for letting downright wishfulness startle him so.

The young lady, his young lady! Mr. Dean hadn't needed to go to the display case to compare the two miniatures. He knew her picture detail on detail, the microscopic minutiae of the unknown artist's individual style. His practiced eye could distinguish a Wollaston from a Fraser or Trott, or the work of Anna Peale from that of Rembrandt or Raphaelle Peale.

That skill he owed to the lovely painting of the girl. He'd come, then 40, to the museum staff as a naval historian, and he smiled, recalling that it was her picture that drew him into this fascinating field, where now he ranked with the nation's experts. The preciousness, the marvelousness of the little art escaped him at first, he recalled ruefully. It had been the sentimentalist in him that lured him on, the dusty typewritten card beneath her lonely portrait: "Unknown Young Lady."

That at first, and then he'd noticed the faint, yet throbbing yellow of her dress, a yellow whispering of springtime, and he'd scrutinized the displays, searching in other artists for that striking personal chord of color. None had it. The yellow dress set off the girl's lustrous black hair, her blue eyes and pearl-like complexion. The cloud-flecked blue sky in the background, dainty, enchanting, emphasized her gracefulness and sweet countenance. The great Malbone? No, the methods were too dissimilar, just as Mr. Dean learned in time they differed from every known miniaturist.

Then the piquancy of the girl's expression had overwhelmed him, and the luminous deep blue eyes, gazing wide-eyed, as though marveling upon what treasures life might soon unfold. So his wife had looked on their wedding day. Often Mr. Dean had wanted to lodge the miniature on his desk, so he could steal an occasional glimpse of the girl. Someone long ago, he reflected, must have secured it as a keepsake of loveliness to fasten one's weary eyes upon and to bolster one's heart in its darker moments. But now the picture must remain on view, to warm all with its beauty.

Perturbedly, Mr. Dean struck the desk with his fist, smashing away his daydreams. The colors, he reminded himself insistently, must be linked! In the portrait of the sad-eyed young man, presented now to the museum by an estate in Kentucky, was an odd, yellow kerchief, and the exotic blue sky. Had the artists mixed their pigments together? They must have known one another, he assured himself. Or, he probed, could one artist have painted them both? Could technique vary so widely?

Mr. Dean unlocked the display case and placed the two pictures side by side on his desk. He did not realize how long he'd studied them until Miss Agnew stood by and urged him to leave. "Time for dinner," she murmured. "You'd better not be staying so late."

Mr. Dean drummed on his desk. "Oh, any minute now."

The other staff members trekked by, calling good night, and Mr. Dean happily set about his task again. The coarseness in the picture of the young man, he decided, made it impossible that one artist had painted both.

Mr. Dean had searched out facts too long to retire without an out-and-out battle. He measured the gold frames. They were exact. He was certain the pictures were connected, but how?

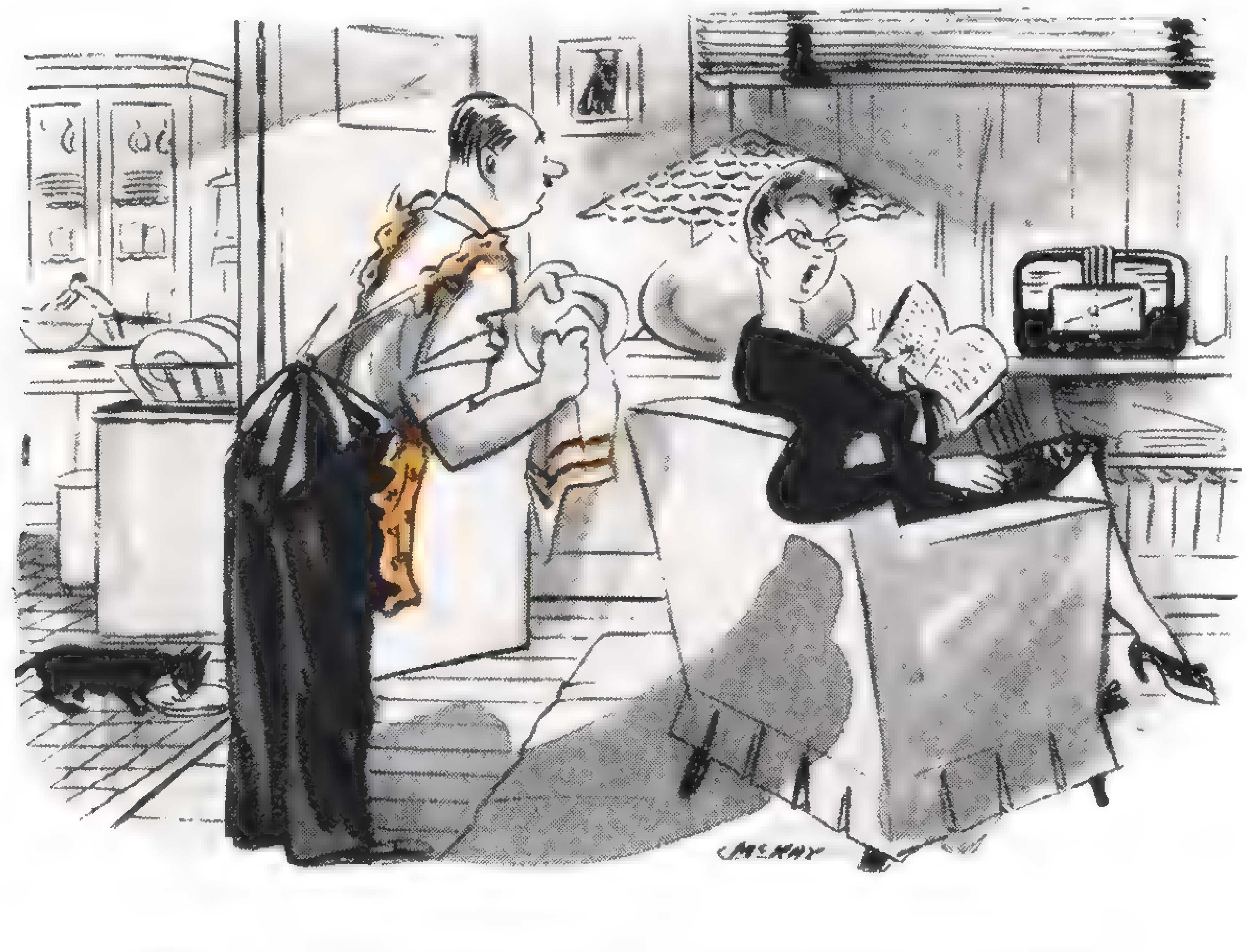
With agile fingers, Mr. Dean broke open the portrait of the boy. A lock of dry, brown hair fell from the case; such an inclosure had been a practice of that far-off day. Rich black hair had been contained with the portrait of his young lady, but the picture he now viewed provided something more, and Mr. Dean's heart beat rapidly as he glimpsed the initials, V. B., on the reverse side.

Benbridge? Birch? No, it couldn't be either. He mentally listed other great miniaturists, though he'd covered that ground long ago. Simes, Freeman, Trumbull, Sully, Copley, Savage, Hesselius, Pratt, West, Fulton, all of them. The work of each was distinguishable from the other, and easily from the two miniatures occupying him.

Mr. Dean dismissed the thought of dinner, and went instead to Mr. Fulbertson's office, snapped on the light and pored over the books, bric-a-brac, jeweled snuffboxes and other articles delivered to the museum by the trust company settling the estate. As the hours ticked away, he read through Mr. Fulbertson's file and studied each of the other gifts, but each lane he trod proved a cul-de-sac.

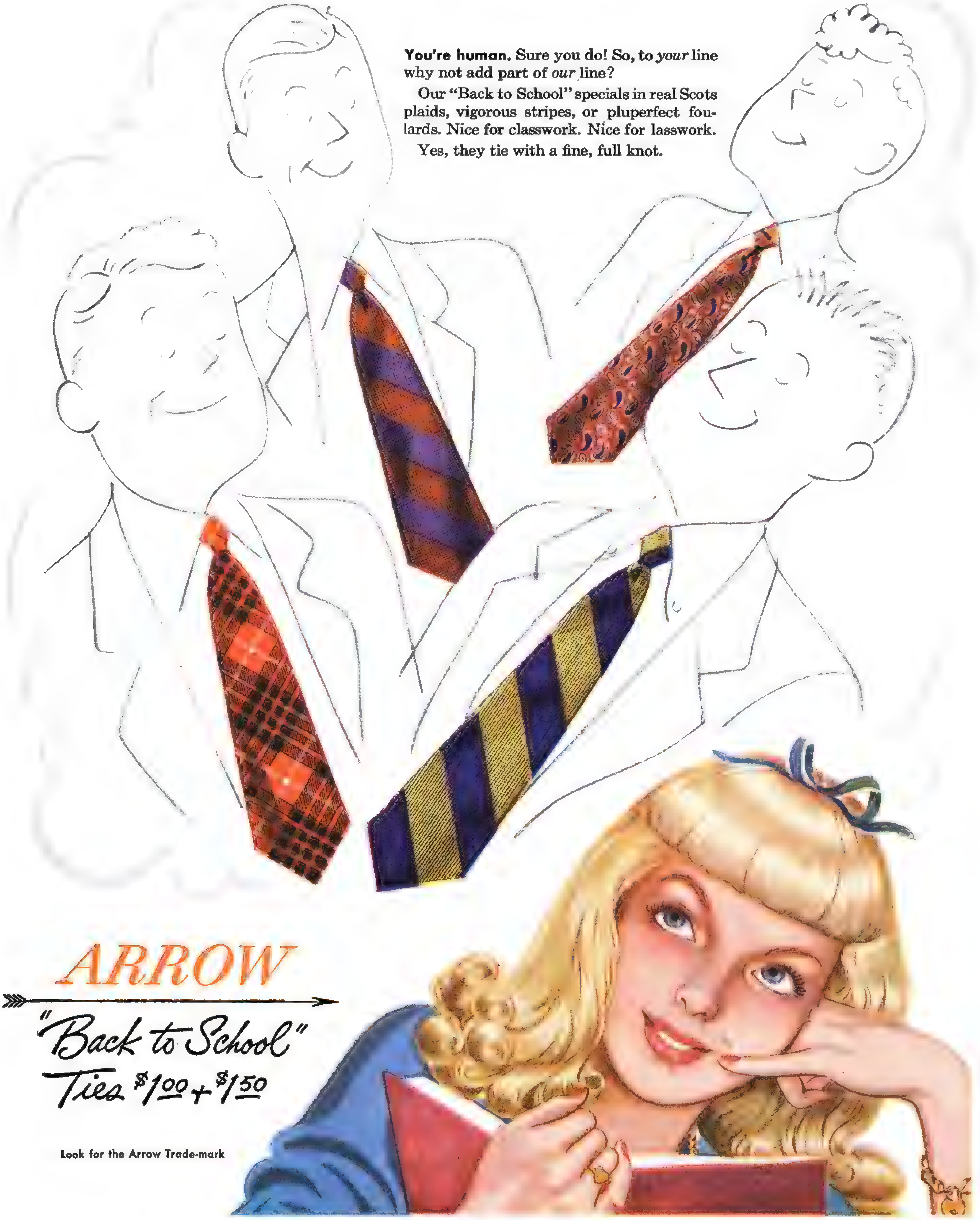
In a letter describing the shipment was his lone hope. "Our client," it stated, "would have been pleased to know the Museum of your State had pledged itself to preserve these articles. Although she had attempted several times to trace her complete genealogy, she failed. She seemed positive, however, of hearing when a child, that certain ancestors had come from your State. She suggested the possibility of Bankert, Banquette, Bankins, but none of these names proved fruitful."

Mr. Dean irresolutely (*Continued on page 152*)



"No, we can't go to a show—now stop nagging me!"

Want to take a gal's mind off her books?



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Yes, they tie with a fine, full knot.

ARROW

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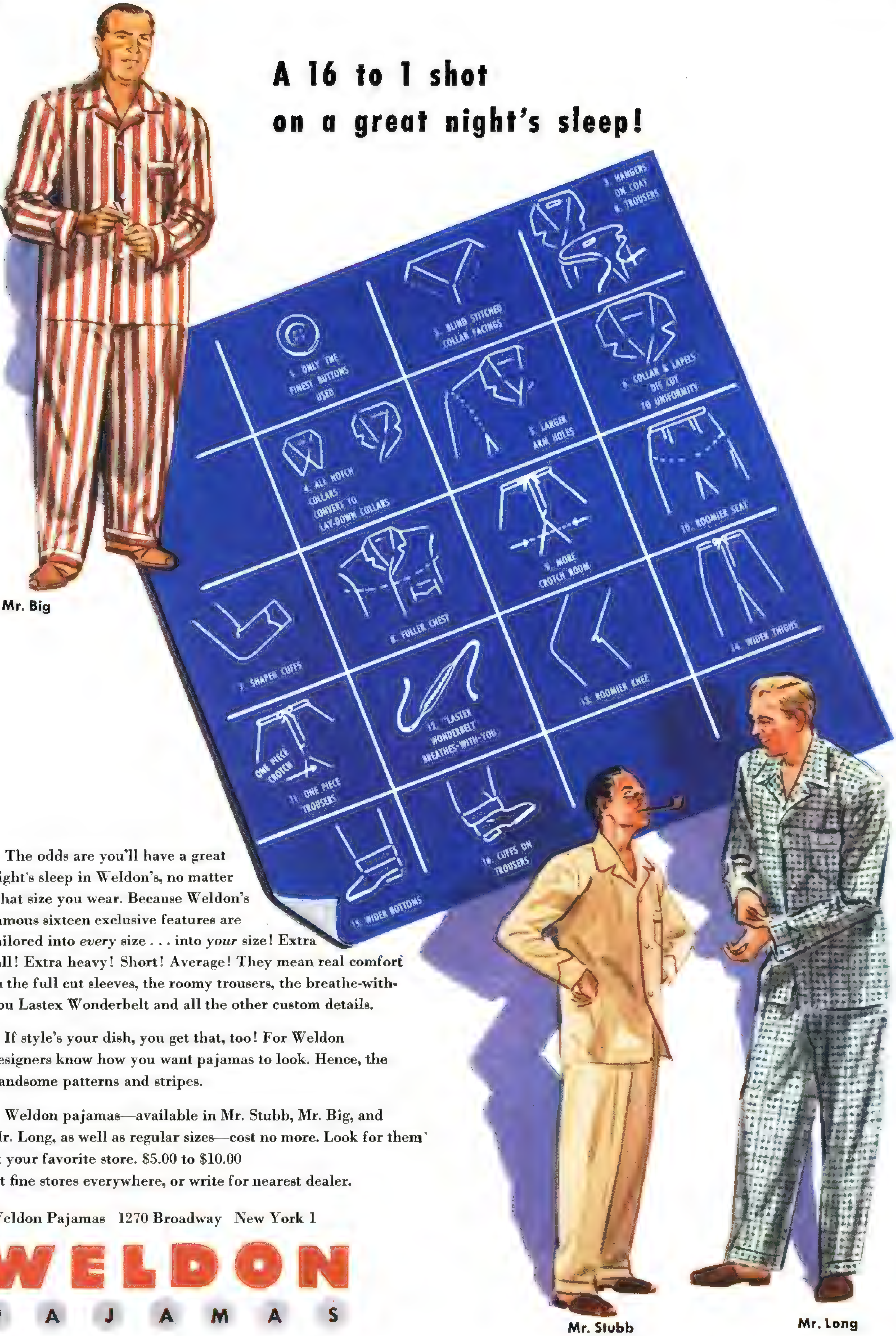
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1. ONLY THE FINEST BUTTONS USED
2. BLIND STITCHED COLLAR FACINGS
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5. LARGER ARM HOLES
6. COLLAR & LAPELS DIE CUT TO UNIFORMITY
7. SHAPED CUFFS
8. FULLER CHEST
9. MORE CROTCH ROOM
10. ROOMIER SEAT
ONE PIECE CROTCH
11. ONE PIECE TROUSERS
12. "LASTEX" WONDERBELT BREATHES-WITH-YOU
13. ROOMIER KNEE
14. WIDER THIGHS
15. WIDER BOTTOMS
16. CUFFS ON TROUSERS
Mr. Stubb
Mr. Long

The odds are you'll have a great night's sleep in Weldon's, no matter what size you wear. Because Weldon's famous sixteen exclusive features are tailored into *every* size . . . into *your* size! Extra tall! Extra heavy! Short! Average! They mean real comfort in the full cut sleeves, the roomy trousers, the breathe-with-you Lastex Wonderbelt and all the other custom details.

If style's your dish, you get that, too! For Weldon designers know how you want pajamas to look. Hence, the handsome patterns and stripes.

Weldon pajamas—available in Mr. Stubb, Mr. Big, and Mr. Long, as well as regular sizes—cost no more. Look for them at your favorite store. $5.00 to $10.00
At fine stores everywhere, or write for nearest dealer.

Weldon Pajamas 1270 Broadway New York 1

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. . . happily married to comfort . . .
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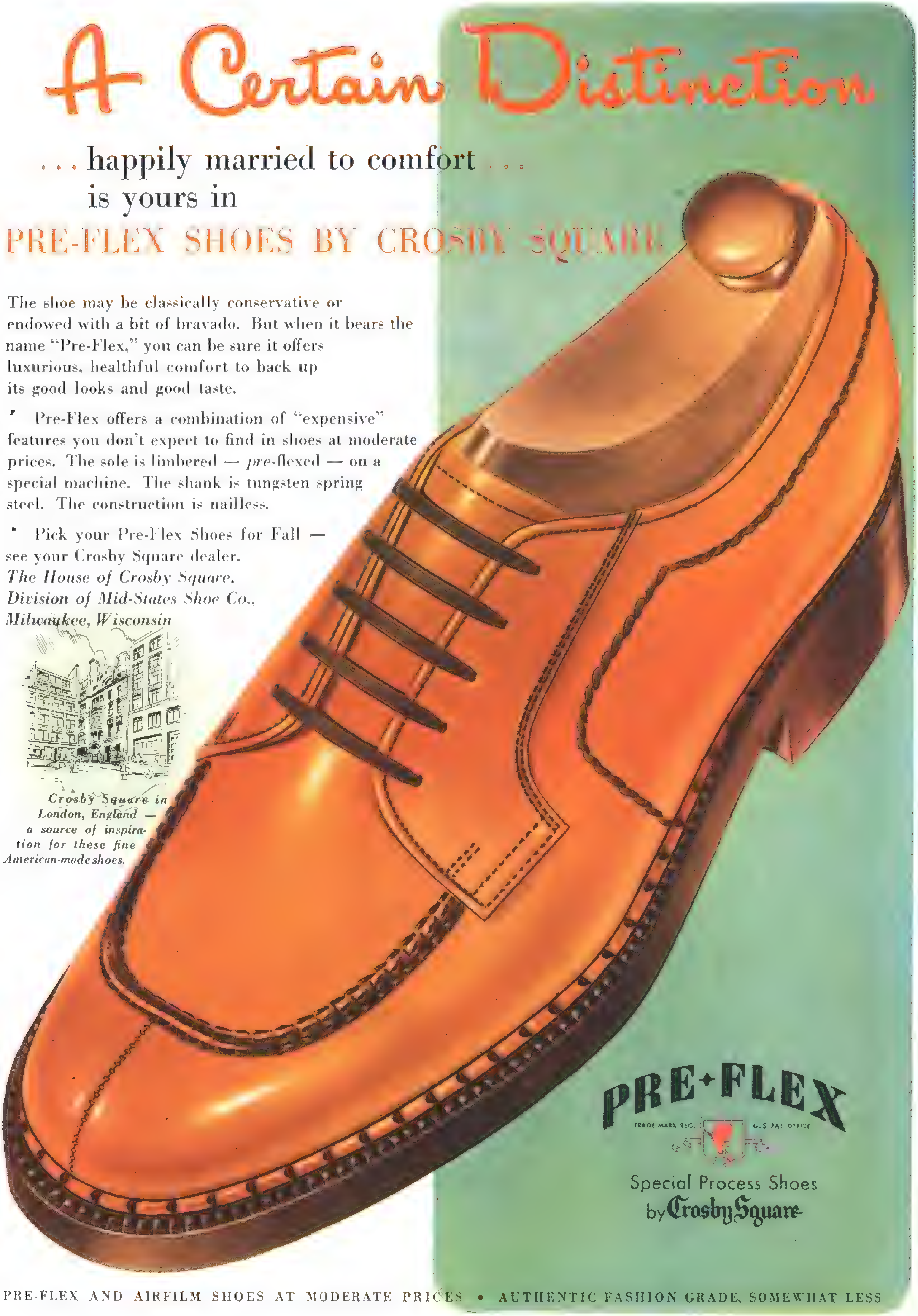

The shoe may be classically conservative or endowed with a bit of bravado. But when it bears the name "Pre-Flex," you can be sure it offers luxurious, healthful comfort to back up its good looks and good taste.

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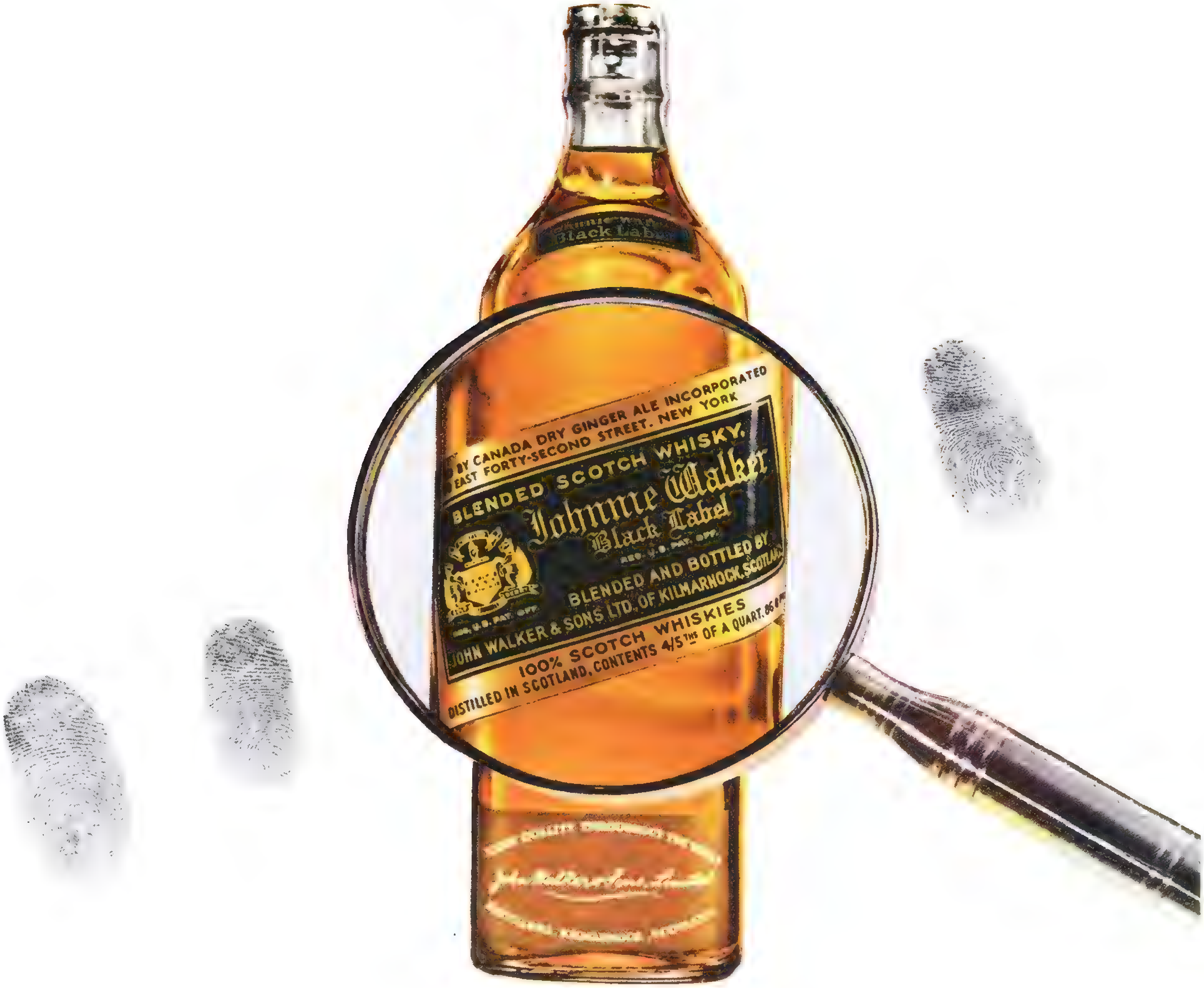
Only one of its kind...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Honorable Choo Choo

Blistered in the war, the Imperial Roads now operate Toonerville style

by **WILLIAM JACOBSON**

The Japs, like Mussolini, used to boast that their railroads were always on time. This was a matter of national pride with them, for the roads are government owned and operated. To be employed on the railroad carries with it the prestige of being in the service of the Emperor. But today service isn't so good and the Japs—taking resignation in stride—are happy if the trains run at all.

Much of their rolling stock was destroyed as it lay in the yards by our incendiary raids. The burned and twisted skeletons of former coaches and freight cars can still be seen on spur tracks of the larger stations. And most of what is being used at present is in such sorry shape that we would have relegated it to the graveyard in this country long ago.

In addition to a lack of equipment the Japanese railroads are, like the rest of Japan, suffering from an acute shortage of coal. This lack of coal was caused by the repatriation of Korean and Chinese slave-miners released according to the terms of the surrender. Although there is widespread unemployment in Japan, the government is having great difficulty in finding Jap labor to replace these former captives. The demobilized Jap soldier and munitions worker spurn an occupation formerly fit only for foreign slaves. They are proud but also cold.

The newspapers constantly appeal for more mine "volunteers" by featuring stories of students offering their vacation time to the mines and stressing the patriotic angle. The Jap still will do things for his Emperor that he will not do for himself.

In the meanwhile the railroads don't have enough coal to go get the coal to run the railroads. Experiments have been made to run the modern engines with wood. This was not a bad idea except for the fact that there is also an acute wood shortage.

The Jap train looks like a quaint five- and ten-cent store version of the American model. The engine is modern and powerful but built along somewhat different lines to meet the requirements of the eccentric Jap terrain. The tender is shorter than ours because it carries a water tank only large enough to get it to the next station where the train will invariably stop for a long drink.

The freight cars are four-wheel affairs, just half the size of our own. They resemble an oversized version of a model railroad and everything packed in them always sticks out somewhere.

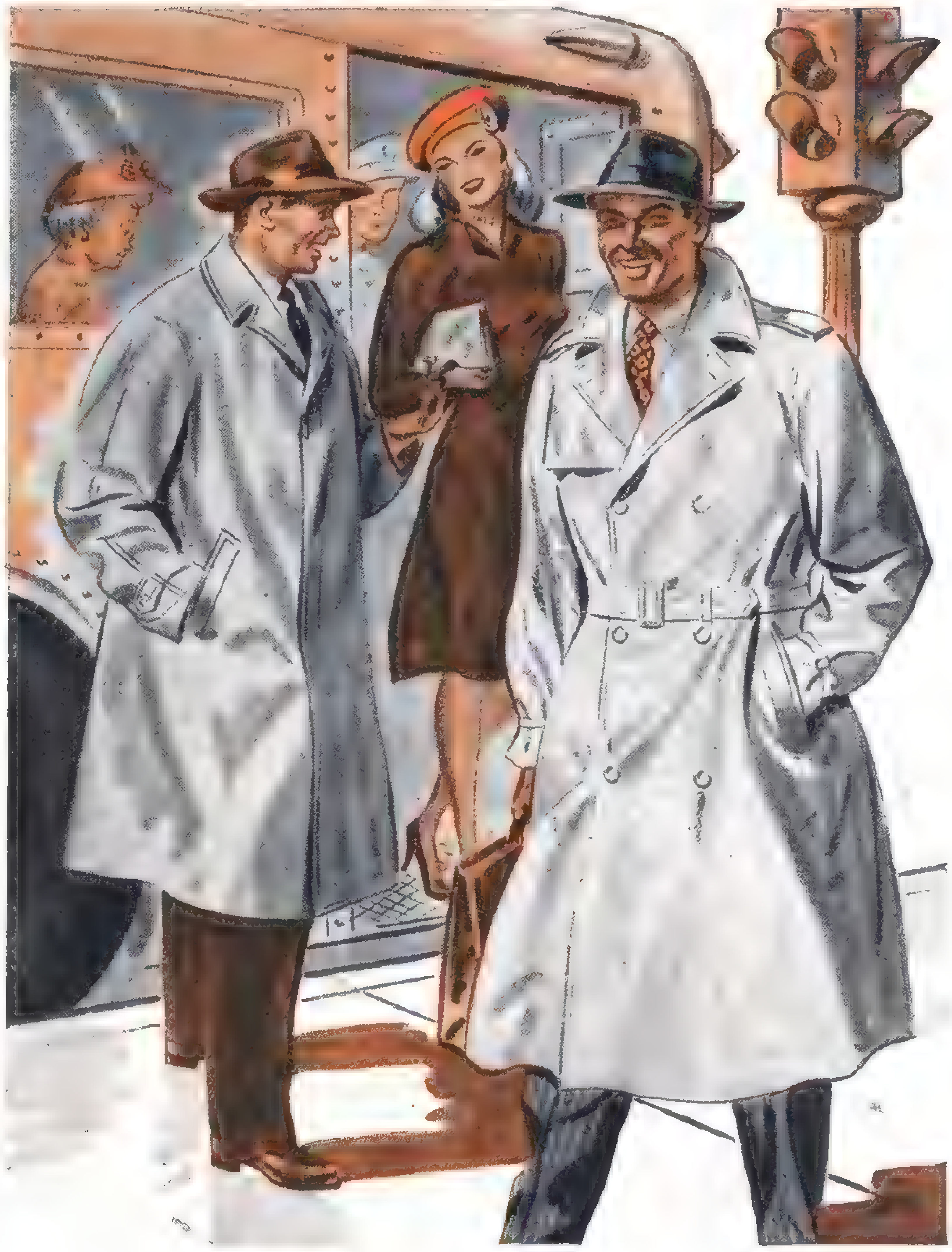
Before the war Japanese railways had three classes. The first-class cars were sleepers built along the European compartment style, more for comfort than luxury. Their Pullmans are similar to ours save that when the berths are put up you find yourself sitting with your back to the window. But these types of cars are rarely seen today.

In the second category are coaches with the green plush upholstered seats of the American railroad of the last decade. This also was, evidently, the last time the upholstery was cleaned, although the Army is careful to spray each coach it uses with D.D.T.

The ordinary Japanese passenger train is made up only of third-class coaches. These are filled with hard, wooden, two-seater benches that face each other:

Continued on page 114

THE REVOLUTIONARY RAIN TOPCOAT
Like Two Coats for the Price of One



Gives Topcoat Smartness Plus Showerproof Protection

Tailored from Super-Fabrics so its Smart Appearance Lasts the Long Life of the Garment

Well-dressed men everywhere are now discovering an invaluable addition to their wardrobe.

It's the Rain Topcoat by Rainfair. Made from amazingly improved fabrics, the Rain Topcoat sheds water, but allows the body to "breathe," and rain or shine, presents the finely tailored good looks of the smartest topcoat. Rain Topcoats by Rainfair come in fine gabardines, twills, poplins, with comfortable raglan shoulders or set in sleeves, in models to meet your individual taste. When you wear such a double duty coat—a Rain Topcoat by Rainfair—you'll be sure of approving glances in any weather. See your retailer or write for name of nearest store featuring Rainfair Rain Topcoats.

Grafton . . . $14.50—(*at left*) Made from fine combed yarn gabardine. Trim fitting collar shaped to neck line, raglan shoulders. Open-thru pockets. Yoke and sleeve lining of lustrous rayon. Colors: light olive and taupe.

The Captain . . . $18.50—(*at right*) Careful designing gives this officer's type trench coat the feeling of military swagger. Of fine gabardine in bleached bone and light olive colors. Full military collar, trench flap, epaulets. Deep yoke and sleeve lining of lustrous rayon.

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Shower proof RAINFAIR Rain Topcoats

V-SEALD—A 100% waterproof Rainfair—$8.75. Made from a light service weight war-developed fabric which contains no rubber or oil. Guaranteed not to stick, stiffen, or crack. Resists oil, greases, acids, stains. Cleans with a damp cloth. Can be rolled or folded. Stays soft and flexible indefinitely.

Others may boast larger cars, costlier homes . . . but nobody can smoke a better cigarette!

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MARLBORO
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THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
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PHILIP MORRIS & CO LTD INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
Plain Ends
Ivory Tips
Beauty Tips (red)

MARLBORO

Merely a Penny or Two More

Honorable Choo Choo

Continued from page 113

their backs are perfectly straight and immovable and are of exactly the right height to deliver a smart rabbit punch below the ear each time the train hits a bump, which is not seldom. The roadbed, like all things Japanese, bows quite frequently and unexpectedly.

The narrow seats were definitely not designed to meet the comprehensive requirements of the sedentary American bottom. Both seat and back are made of sharply grooved slate. A ride on these cars leaves the passenger deeply impressed—with an interesting horizontal striped effect that reaches to the very flesh.

There is one lavatory per coach. It is almost invariably so badly in need of repair or cleaning that it is useless. Since there is no heat anyway, broken windows are ignored or loosely boarded over. In the mountains, train tunnels are frequent and every time the train passes through one, smoke pours in through the broken windows. Everything is covered with a thick oily soot.

The railroad tracks follow the line of least resistance, winding along the seacoast at the foot of the mountains, which come up to the very beach in many cases. The scenery is often quaint and sometimes beautiful. When you get bored with the mountain view, you have only to look out the other window and watch the sea for a while. But you can never escape the monotony of the rice paddies that border the roadbed on both sides.

All Japanese railroad workers are government employees and heir to all the faults of petty bureaucrats. Each wears a uniform designating his position and salutes in a weary military fashion every other employee who makes more money than he. All employees co-operate, however, in pushing around the customer, who is never right.

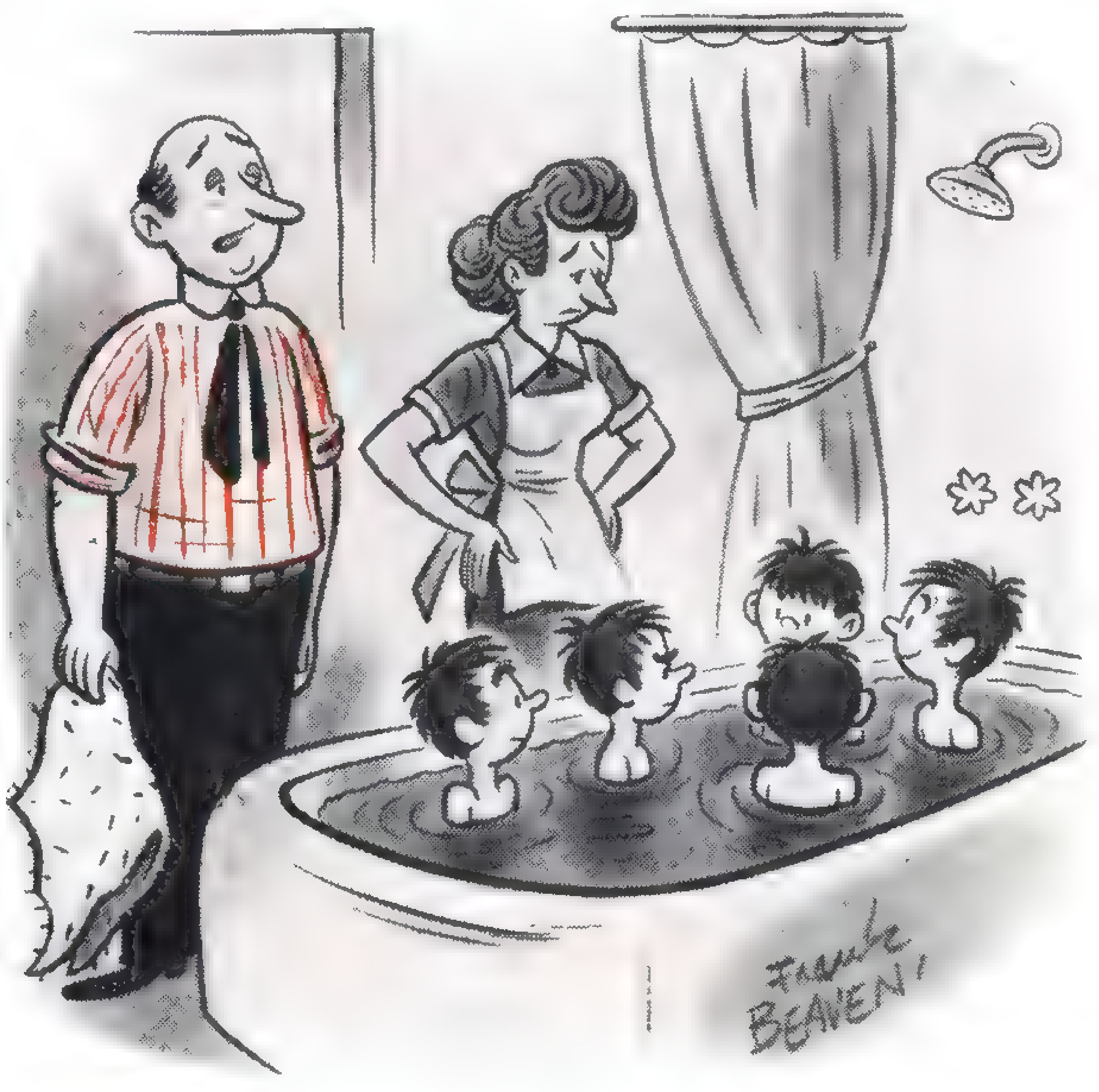
Each station has its line of standees. Travel is rationed and people line up for hours for the privilege of being abused by these petty officials. The dean of this hierarchy is the little red-capped stationmaster. He strides the length of the platform as each train arrives and departs with the air of a worried general.

Young girls, apparently of school age, replaced men in the operation of the rail stations during the war and they are still on the job. They are dressed in black overall uniforms with white blouses. They are as seriously intent about their jobs as a three-year-old holding a tea party in the doll's house, and are probably the only women in Japan, as a group, who do not giggle. When the train pulls in they run back and forth along the platform shouting the name of the station. As the train pulls out they stand smartly at attention facing it as if sad but stoic at your leaving.

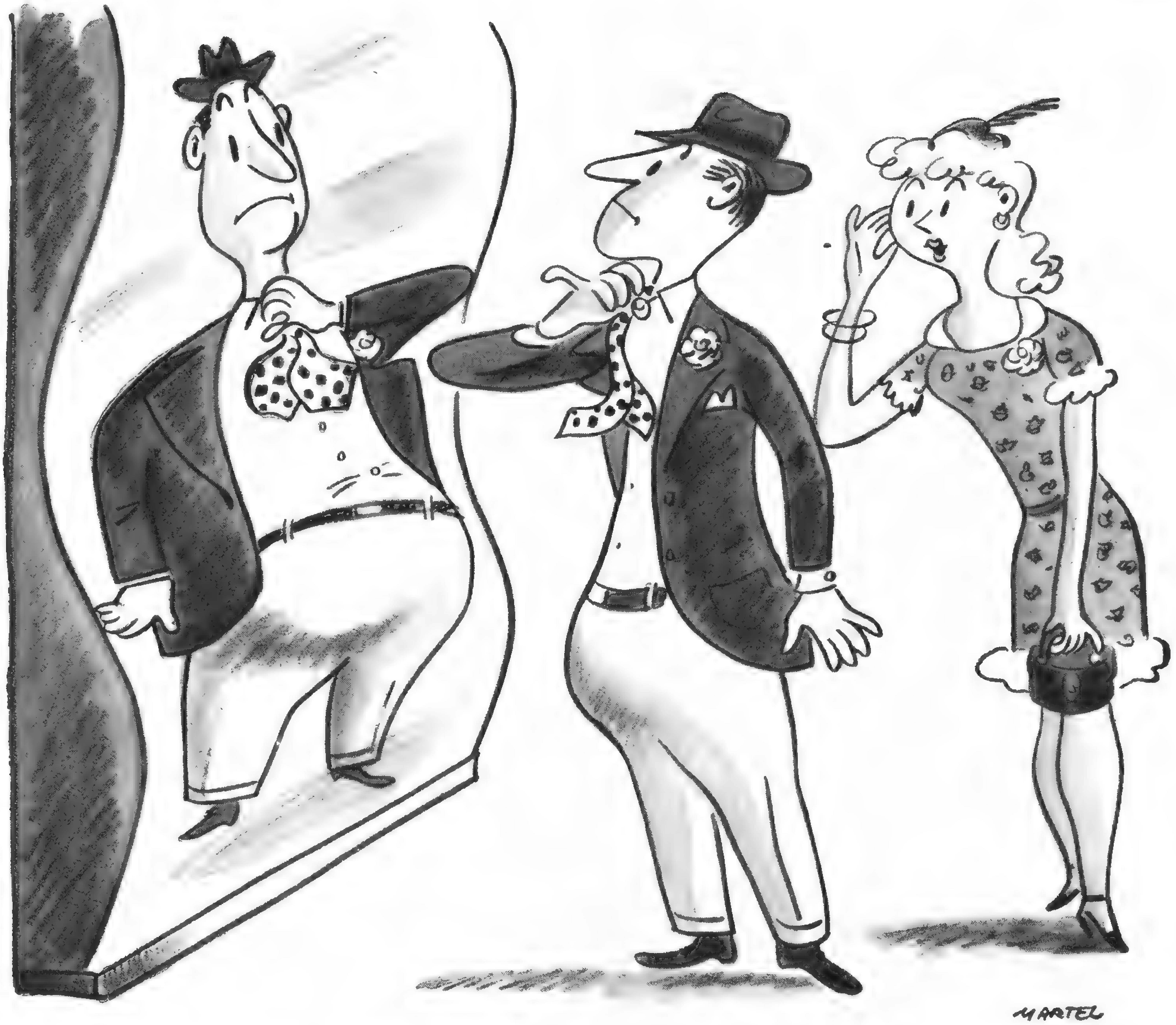
All the while the train is at the station one of these young girls sits inside the station building at the microphone of an amplifying system which is usually off pitch. In a quavering soprano she screams the itinerary of the train, in rapid Japanese, calling off the stations over and over again until the train is actually under way.

Her singsong has become for the occupation troops what "Hubba-Hubba" was to the New Guinea G.I.—a convenient way to let off steam when no other expression would fill the bill. At any G.I. beer party it is only a matter of time until someone will start to call off the stations. This must be heard to be appreciated. In comparison, the tobacco auctioneer's chant, which has been so well publicized over the radio, sounds like a considerably slowed-

Continued on page 116



"Okay. You wash and I'll dry!"



Do you have a "funny-mirror" figure?

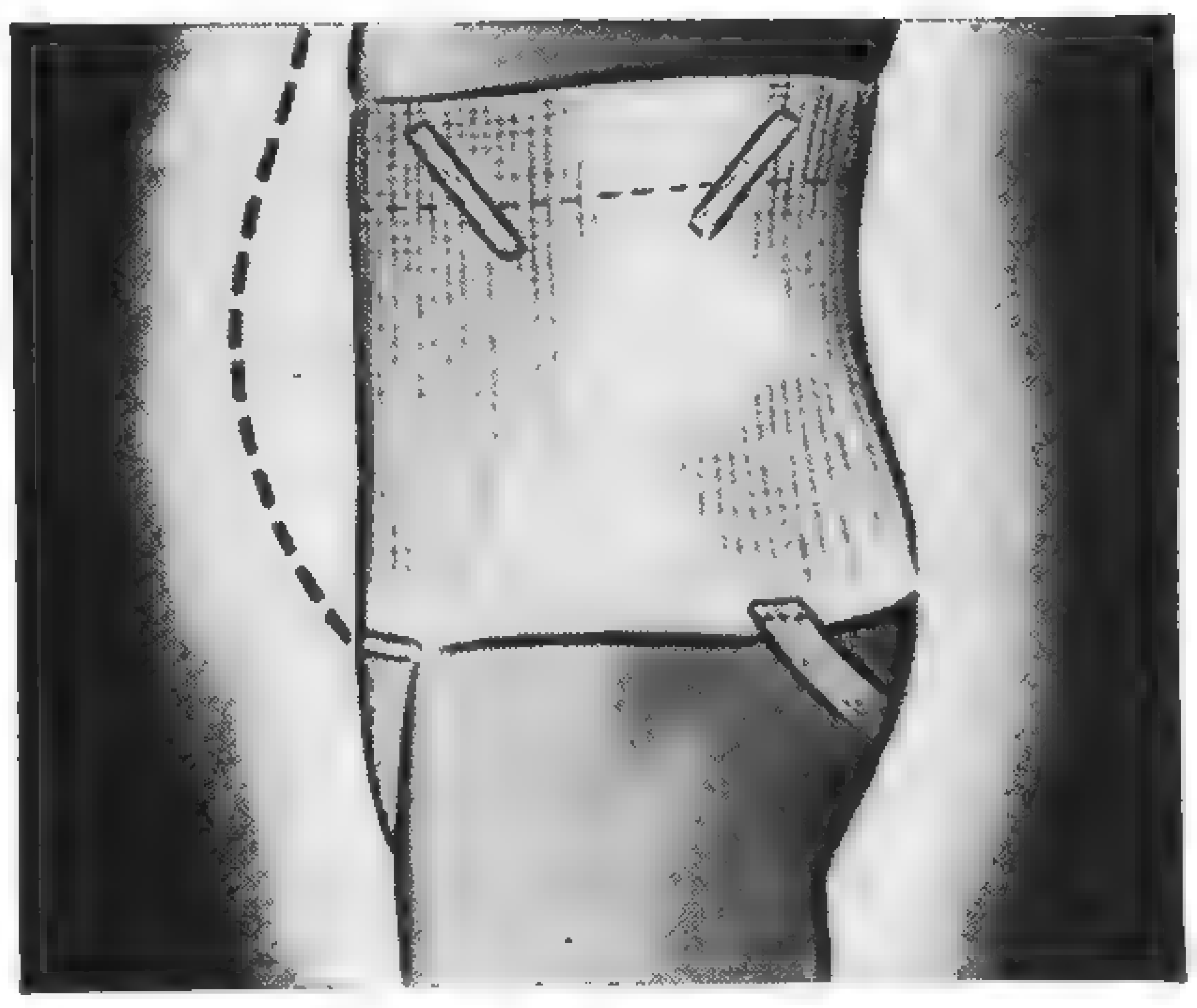
Few women fool themselves about their looks. But we males sometimes *keep on dreaming* that we have the slim figure of our youth. Have you taken a hard, appraising look in the mirror recently? Is Prince Charming beginning to bulge at the belt?

Men have secrets, too. A Chesterfield Supporter Belt helps *take five years off your figure.* Your suits look more *thirtyish.* You also have protection for golf and other sports, plus back support for occupational driving and hard physical labor.

Naturally, you'll feel better too. Good posture guards energy. For your internal organs function in the normal position that Nature intended.

The Chesterfield is made by Johnson & Johnson — famous for fine surgical products for fifty years. Ten-inch waistband of the finest elastic fabric. Tailored to fit. Two-way stretch. Porous, elastic mesh pouch with convenient fly-front.

Why not try one for a week? We believe you'll find you'll look and feel lots better. Sold at drug, department and men's wear stores. A remarkable value at $3.50. Write to Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., for interesting folder.



YOU LOOK TRIM—FEEL FIT

The dotted line charts the telltale abdominal slump of many men past 30. Note how the Chesterfield corrects this unsightly bulge—streamlines the figure. You can see how much it improves posture—helping to reduce fatigue.

Johnson & Johnson **CHESTERFIELD** **SUPPORTER BELT**

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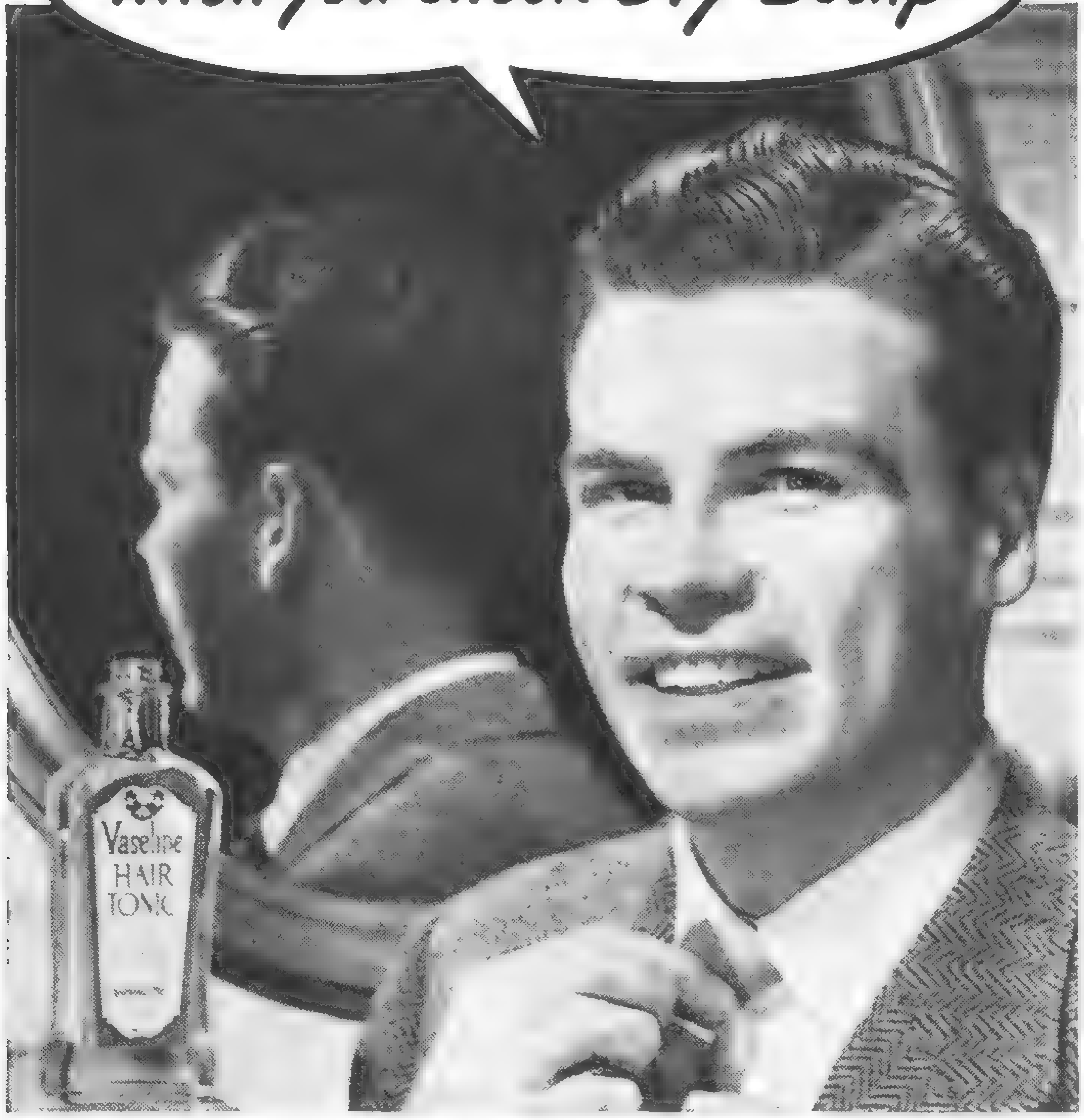
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . I DON'T NEED** glasses to see that he's got Dry Scalp! His hair certainly is a mess . . . it's dull looking and unkempt . . . looks as though he *never* combed it, and there's loose dandruff, too. It's time somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



IT'S EASY as can be to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day make the difference. It supplements natural scalp oils . . . leaves your hair natural-looking, your scalp feeling like a million. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . excellent with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care to both scalp and hair . . . and it's so economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Honorable Choo Choo

Continued from page 114

down rendition of *The Lost Chord*.

On top of their homemade troubles the Japanese railroads have been given the task of operating all rail troop movements of the occupation army. This is done under the supervision and at the orders of the Rail Transportation Office of the U. S. Army which has offices at every large railroad station in Japan. Small detachments of one officer and several enlisted men usually man these offices. The R.T.O. is a welcome oasis for the G.I. on the move—somewhere in a strange Nip town where he can warm up, get a K-ration or a cup of coffee or just bat the breeze until his train arrives.

All American troop movements within Japan are accomplished in special coaches which the R.T.O. hitches on to regularly scheduled Jap trains. These cars are distinctive in two respects—they are kept clean by the Japs as scrupulously as they ignore all other coaches and they carry the name of a U. S. city or state painted on the side by the G.I. trainmen.

These carriages are usually coupled on directly behind the locomotive and tender to assure a supply of steam for heating. It is a frequent sight to see a long Jap train of third-class coaches, crowded till they bulge at the seams, while up forward six or seven G.I.s occupy the entire R.T.O. coach for themselves. R.T.O. is also responsible for the movement of American supplies from ports to supply dumps. In cases of large shipments of troops they will order special trains inserted in the Jap schedule.

Most R.T.O. men were railroad men before the Army got them. Their conductors ride the trains acting as liaison agents with the Japanese trainmen, safe hand couriers for official and unofficial mail between stops, and general trouble shooters. Their job is to order the Japs to do it and to most of them this comes natural. They demand from the Japs the same efficiency of operation where American shipments are concerned as they would from an American line. The Japs have learned what they can do to any excuse that comes walking into their office and they give them the results they demand.

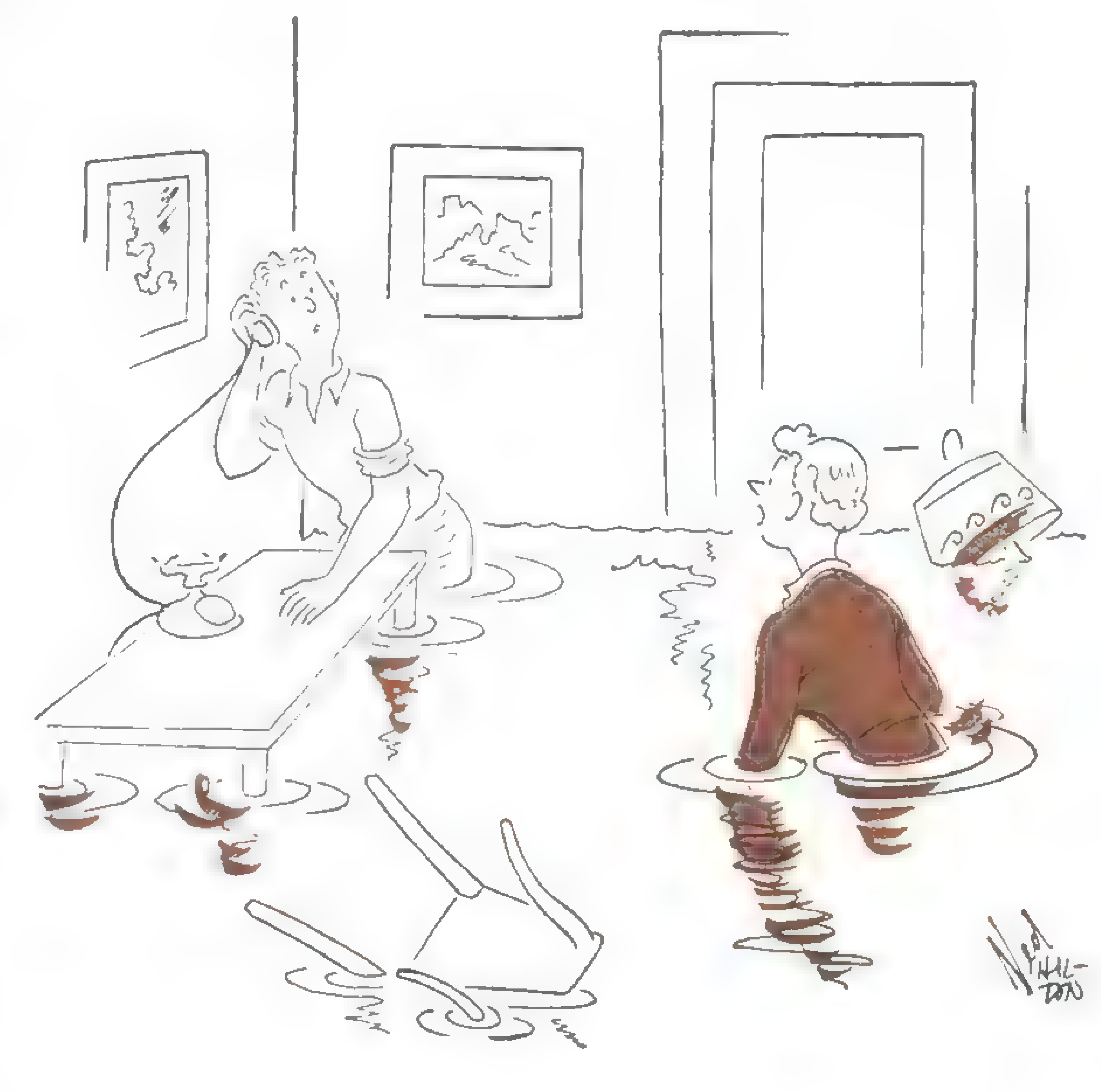
These men live at the station itself, separated from the other occupation troops, for railroading is a twenty-four hour a day job. They have to fend for themselves in the way of small comforts. Their fending has been very good with the aid of a device euphoniously referred to as "local requisition."

The Nagasaki railroad station got in the way of the atomic bomb. Where it used to be stands a newly constructed rough-plank building, not gaudy but neat, and cozily heated. It bears a large R. T. O. sign; all other railroad business is transacted under hastily built lean-tos.

At the Fukuoka railroad station the R.T.O. office has an immense electric stove, large enough to heat the Garden.

At Kagoshima, a Lt. Fritsch and his enterprising crew have supervised the installation of steam heat and a hot-water shower in their office shack by utilizing the abandoned boiler of a locomotive shot up by our planes. The boiler was too large to move so they had to run a seventy-five-foot length of pipe to it.

In this particular office can be found an item that belongs in any museum of curiosa belli. It is a hand-carved western-style toilet bowl—not just the seat but the entire fixture—primitively but gracefully carved from a single block of wood. Who says the Japs are not repentant? ⧺



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Do You Know Your Sports Definitions?

You don't have to be an athlete to score high on this sports quiz

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

QUICK! What's an eyas peregrine tiercel? . . . Hm. You don't know? And you claim to be interested in sports? Well, being a tiercel, he's a male, and being an eyas, he's a bird that's been reared from the nest. "Peregrine," of course, stamps him as a species of falcon, and there you are.

And now that we've disposed of the tough one, here's a sports quiz based on some better-known pastimes. All the statements following are cockeyed in one or more respects because of the rules. Your job is to point out where they err:

1. The batter hits a slow roller to shortstop. The batter might have beaten the ball, but the shortstop bobbles it momentarily. The batter is safe, and Umpire Smith rules that it goes as an error for the shortstop, not a base hit for the batter. Both of them squawk. What is your decision?

2. Mr. and Mrs. Gotrocks are proud of their Thoroughbreds which include a dozen money-winning race horses; Bluegrass Pal, a Kentucky saddle horse; a fine string of polo ponies; and several champion pacers and trotters. How about it?

3. A & B are about to play a tennis match when A measures the net by the length plus the head width of his racket, and says: "The net's too high." B uses his own racket for measuring, and retorts: "Look, it's just right." A claims that the head of B's racket is illegally wide. Who is right?

4. Hockey Manager Brody withdraws his left defense man and substitutes a forward, after which his team scores a goal. The opposition protests the goal, saying Brody had four forwards and one defense man on the ice instead of the required three forwards and two defense men. Does the claim stand?

5. Bowler Riordan bowls an apparent winning score in an American Bowling Congress tournament, but a jealous rival claims he is professional, having accepted a cash prize for winning a previous tournament. Riordan claims there are no restrictions about professionals in ABC tournaments. Who doesn't know from nothing?

6. Football team A throws a forward pass. It is touched by one of its eligible backs, bounces off the hands of a defending player and is then grabbed by team A's right tackle, who runs it for a touchdown, the ball never having touched the ground. Team B claims the tackle was an ineligible receiver, but team A claims (and proves) that on the play the tackle had lined up on the end of the scrimmage line, and was therefore eligible to receive the pass. The officials consult and allow the touchdown. Were they right?

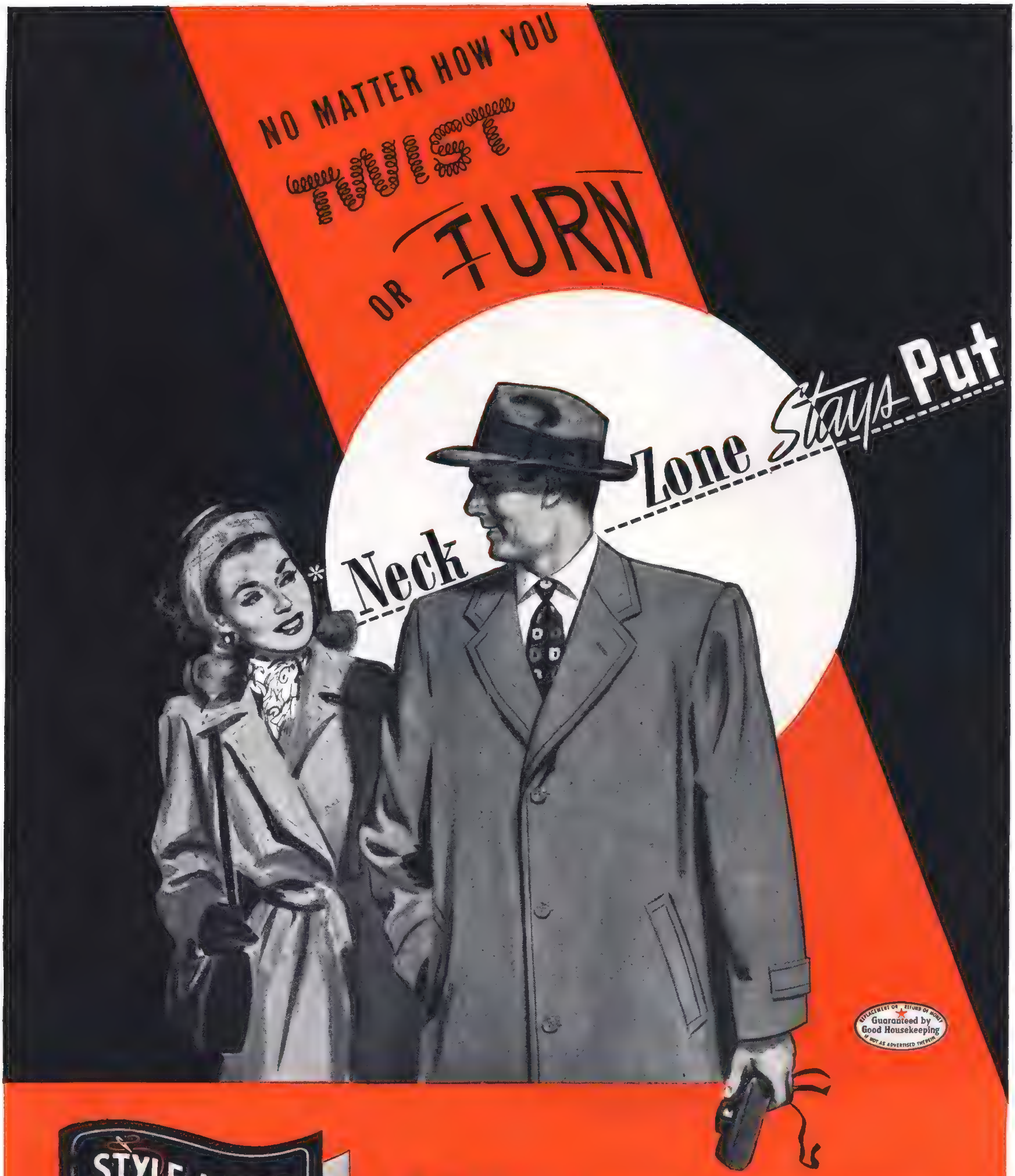
7. Golfer McPar competes in a 72-hole medal tournament. In the first 18-hole round, he is drawn against a man who shoots a 65 against McPar's 68. McPar claims it was a tough break to get eliminated in the first round by a guy who happened to get red hot. Is his squawk justified?

8. Joe Greevus of the basketball Comets emerges from a mix-up, and shoots the ball into his own basket. Is the score disallowed or does it go as two points for the other team?

9. Kid McSlug and K.O. Hammerhead milled through their championship encounter last night. At the end, one judge voted for McSlug, the other for Hammerhead, and the referee rated them even. So it went in as a no-decision bout. Anything wrong?

10. Captain Crawford took his fishing smack, the Yankee Lady, and bagged forty tons of cod. Claiming his catch to be a record, the captain boasted this made him the leading angler of the fishing fleet. Was that just a fish story?

See answers on page 120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PARIS BELTS GARTERS SUSPENDERS

Answers to Sports Quiz

Continued from page 118

1. If Smith knew his business he'd have known that an umpire's job is to make decisions of fact and to enforce and interpret the rules, not to rule on what constitutes a "hit" or an "error." The latter comes under the province of the official scorer, who sits in the stands. Therefore your decision should be that the umpire was all wet, or, more likely, that it couldn't have happened.

2. The Gotrocks' Thoroughbreds included a dozen race horses *period*. The others may have been purebred, and probably were, but they don't qualify as Thoroughbreds. The Thoroughbred line only fits race horses and an occasional hunter or jumper. The Kentucky saddle horse was developed on Southern plantations. Polo ponies are usually Western cow ponies crossed with Thoroughbred blood. The trotter or pacer is a standardbred, not a Thoroughbred.

2. A & B are both talking through their vizors. In the first place, the height of a tennis net at the center of the court is exactly three feet, and that is the *only* correct height. In the second place, there is no such thing as an illegal tennis racket. Baseball bats, golf clubs and hockey sticks are restricted, but tennis rackets aren't. It's just coincidence that the familiar racket-and-a-half usually does an approximate job.

4. It must have been something the opposing manager ate. Although a hockey team usually consists of two defense men and three forwards (plus goalie), a team can play with five forwards or five defense men, or even six if it chooses to.

5. Riordan was half right and half wrong. Cash prizes are the rule in ABC bowling tournaments, and do not disqualify a bowler. However, in a broad sense Riordan erred in saying there are no ABC tournament restrictions about professionalism. There is such a thing as an "alley man," and he is defined as an alley owner, manager or employee, or any instructor, exhibition bowler or salesman who because of his bowling skill receives pay for services. However, even one alley man may compete on a team of two or more.

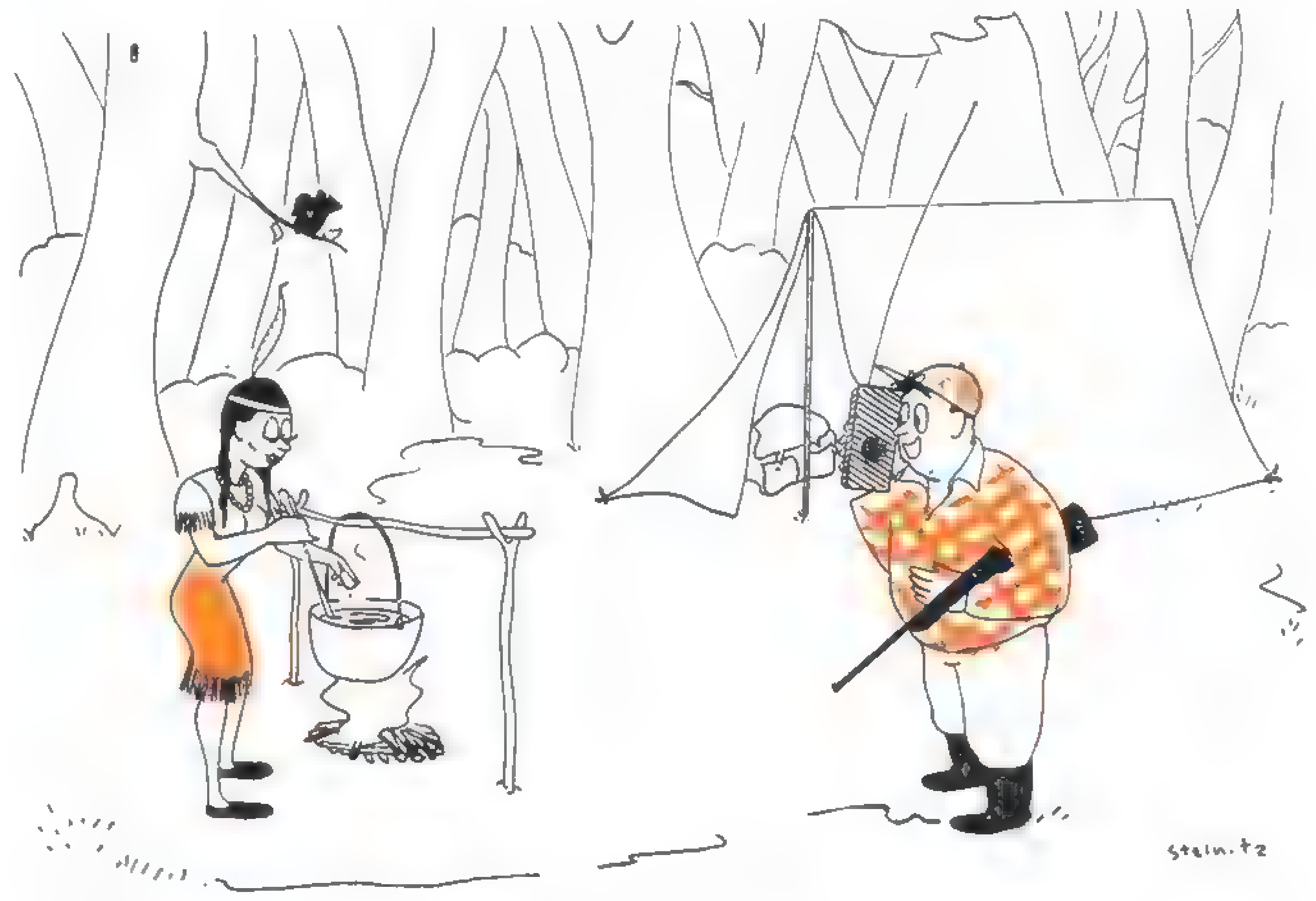
6. Your decision here should be that the officials should have been penalized for taking up a lot of unnecessary time. The instant a forward pass strikes a defending player, all twenty-two players become eligible if they can snare it before it touches the ground. Therefore, that right tackle was eligible even if about to flunk his English, and the question of where he lined up was immaterial.

7. McPar obviously dreamt this, because he *wasn't* eliminated. In *medal* play the lowest 72-hole score wins, and therefore 54 more holes remain. Match play would have been something else again. Here two players are drawn against each other and play on a hole-for-hole basis. If McPar's opponent had won more of the 18 holes than McPar, then McPar would have been eliminated.

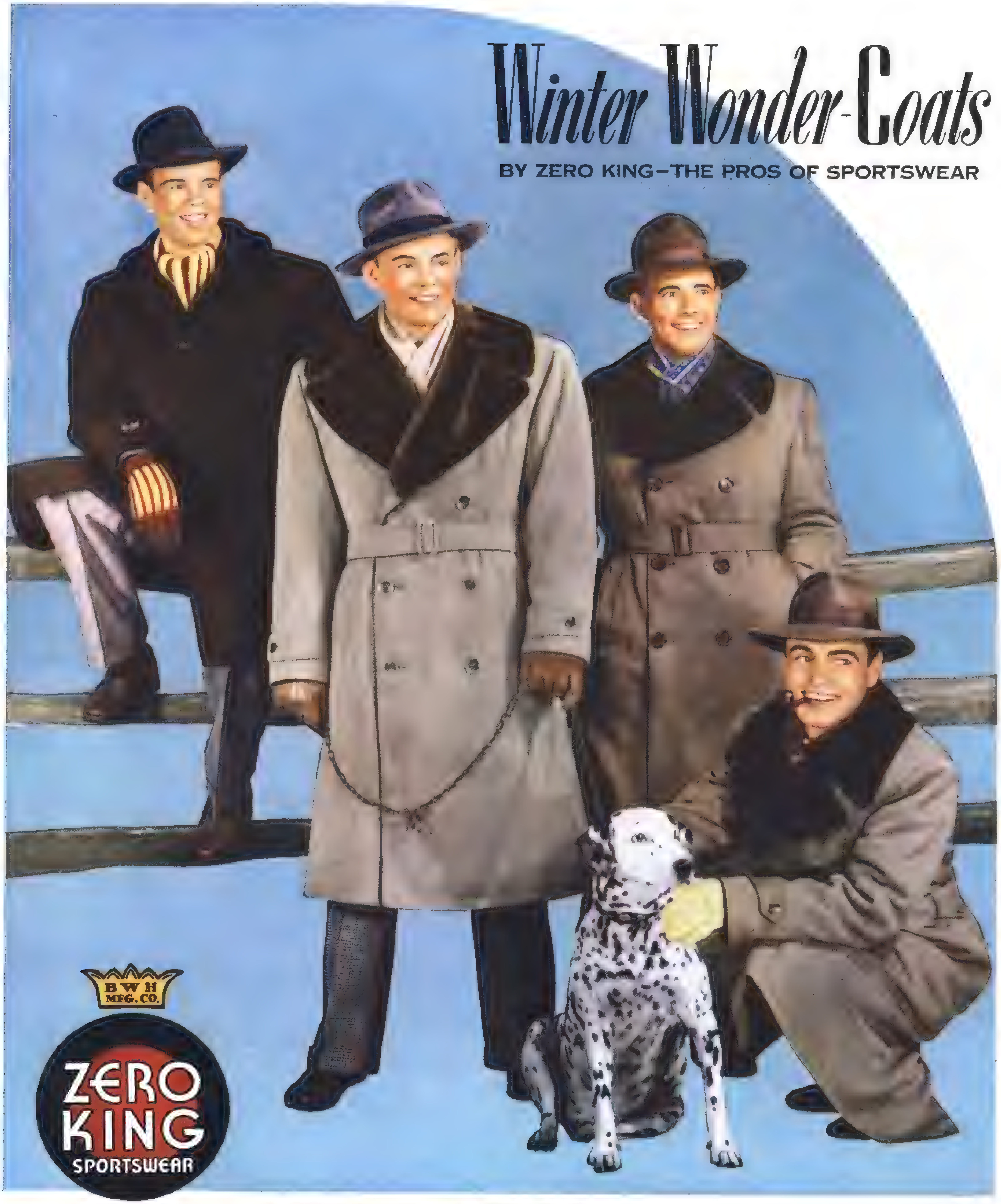
8. Neither. Joe merely chalked up two points for his own team. *Own* basket is defined as the one into which a team tries to throw the ball. The confusion here is that basketball uses a terminology opposite to that in most sports, where a team's *own* goal is the one it is defending.

9. Yep, something wrong. It was a draw, not a no-decision, and the champion, of course, retained his title. A "no-decision" bout is one in which it is agreed beforehand that no decision will be rendered. But since the fight in question was for a championship, a "no-decision" bout was out of the question.

10. It was. Captain Crawford was a fine fisherman, no doubt, but not a champ angler, for angling is defined as the sport of fishing for fun, not as a means of livelihood. (Furthermore it's highly improbable that the cod were caught by anybody.) Granting that the Cap had a better-than-average Yankee appetite for New England fish chowder, it's still a good bet that he sold some of those cod for profit or tried to. ⌗



"Hello, darling—well, here I am up in the woods, with nobody around but me and the Indian guide . . ."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LEFT REAR: Campus-coat of gabardine—50% wool, 50% cotton. Sleeves and body fully lined with warm pile. Bobble collar of Laskin Lamb. Brown or tan. Sizes 36 to 46. About $50.

RIGHT REAR: Sheeplined Ulster of fine combed cotton gabardine. Quilted lined sleeves. Laskin Lamb collar. Tan only. Sizes 36 to 48. About $50. Also in 36" length, about $40.

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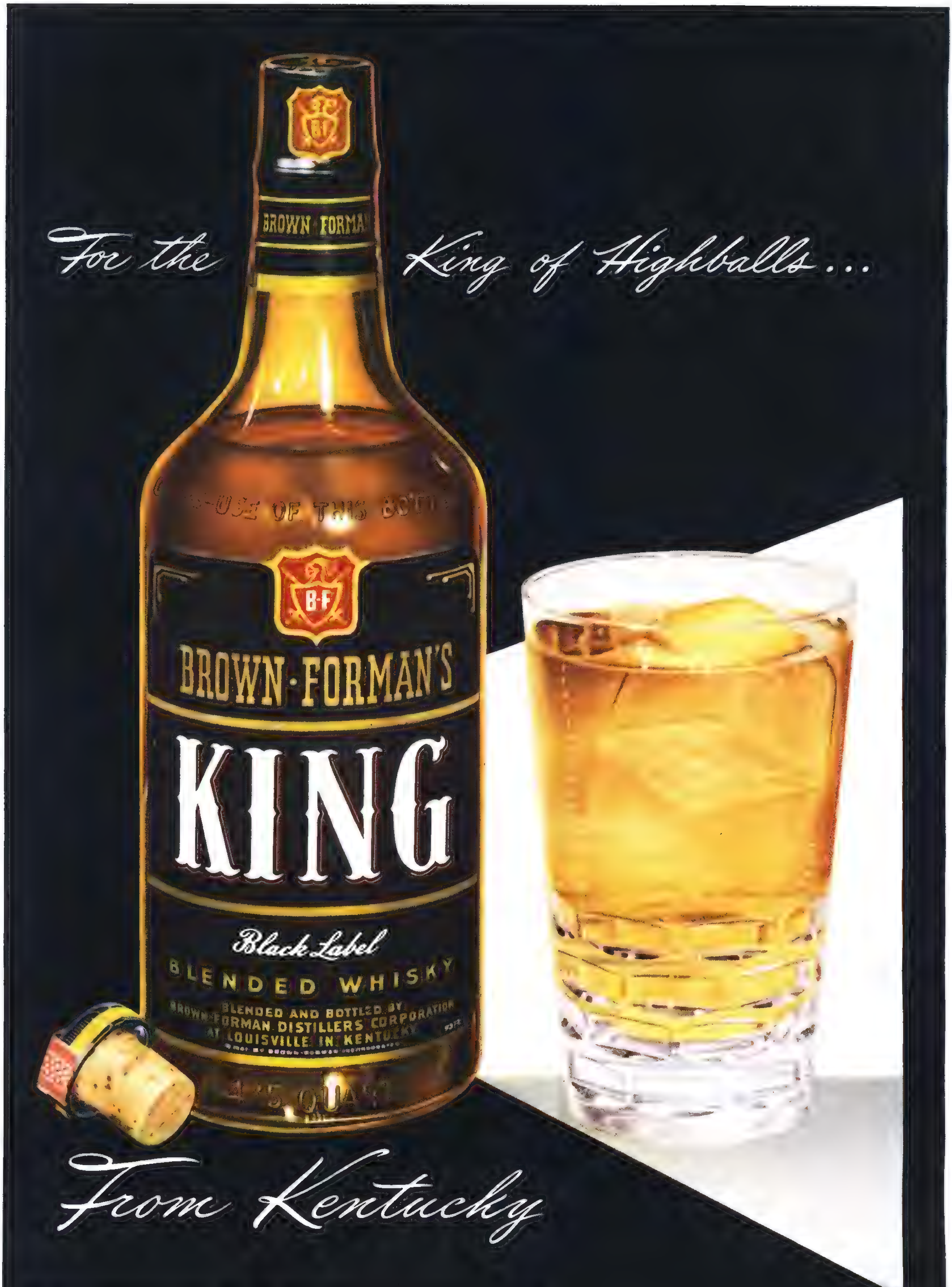
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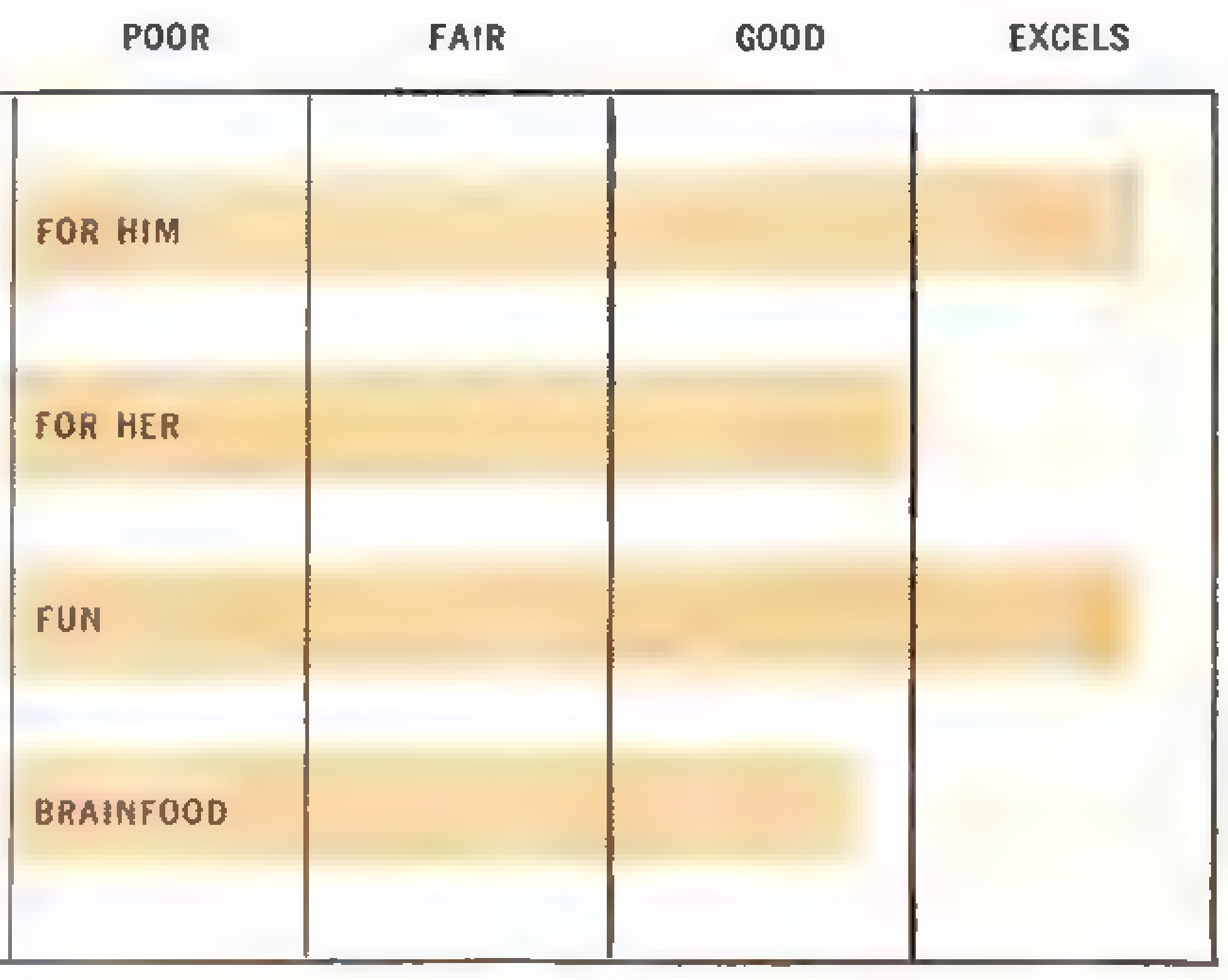
Book Briefs

Checkup on five new novels which deal with man's struggles against the elements and prove we still haven't licked environment

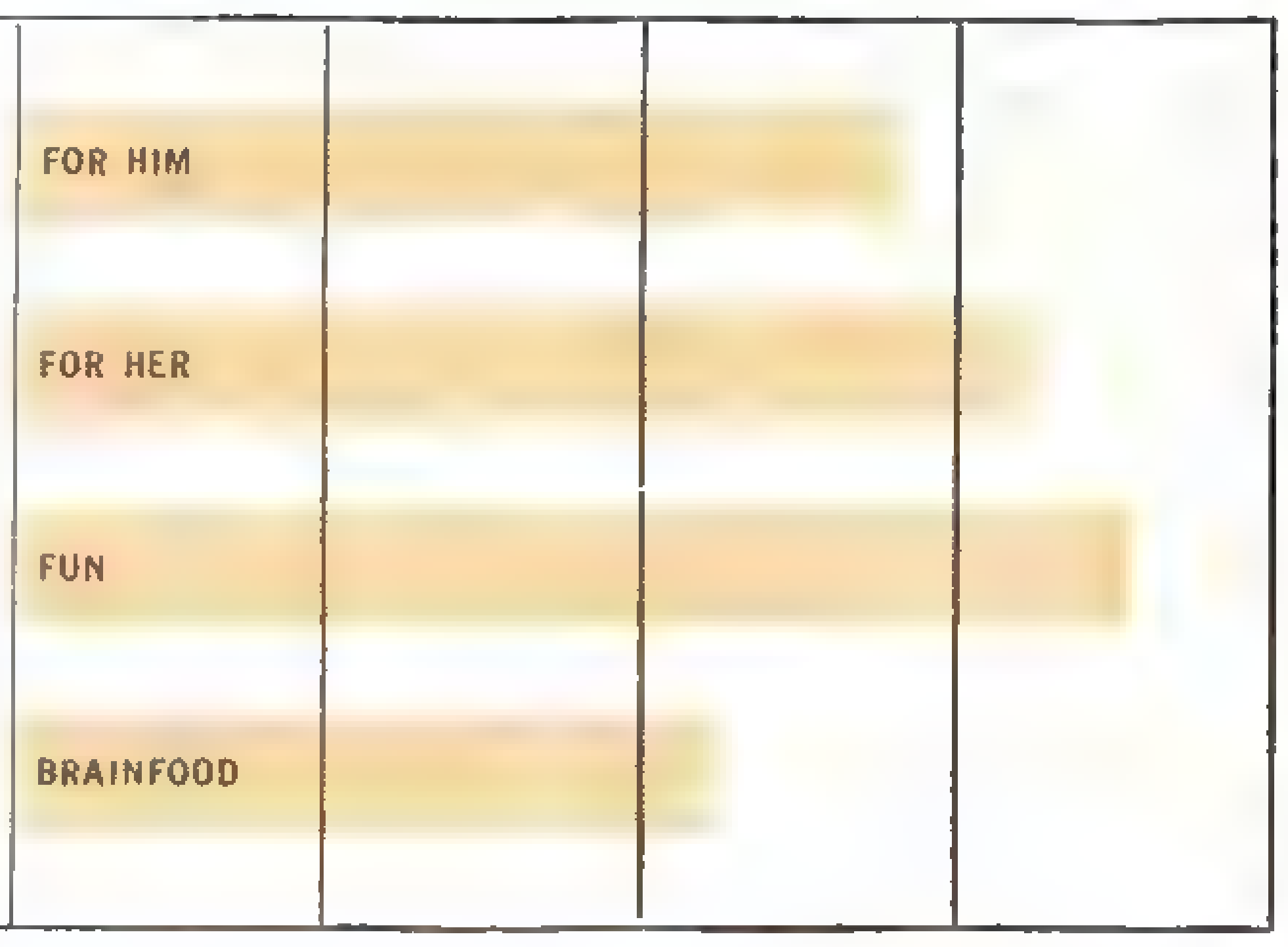
The Great Snow
by Henry Morton Robinson
(Simon & Schuster, $2.75)

Story of how an unprecedented blizzard affects and nearly obliterates one man's family in the New York area, and how it causes them to overhaul their notions on morality and convention.



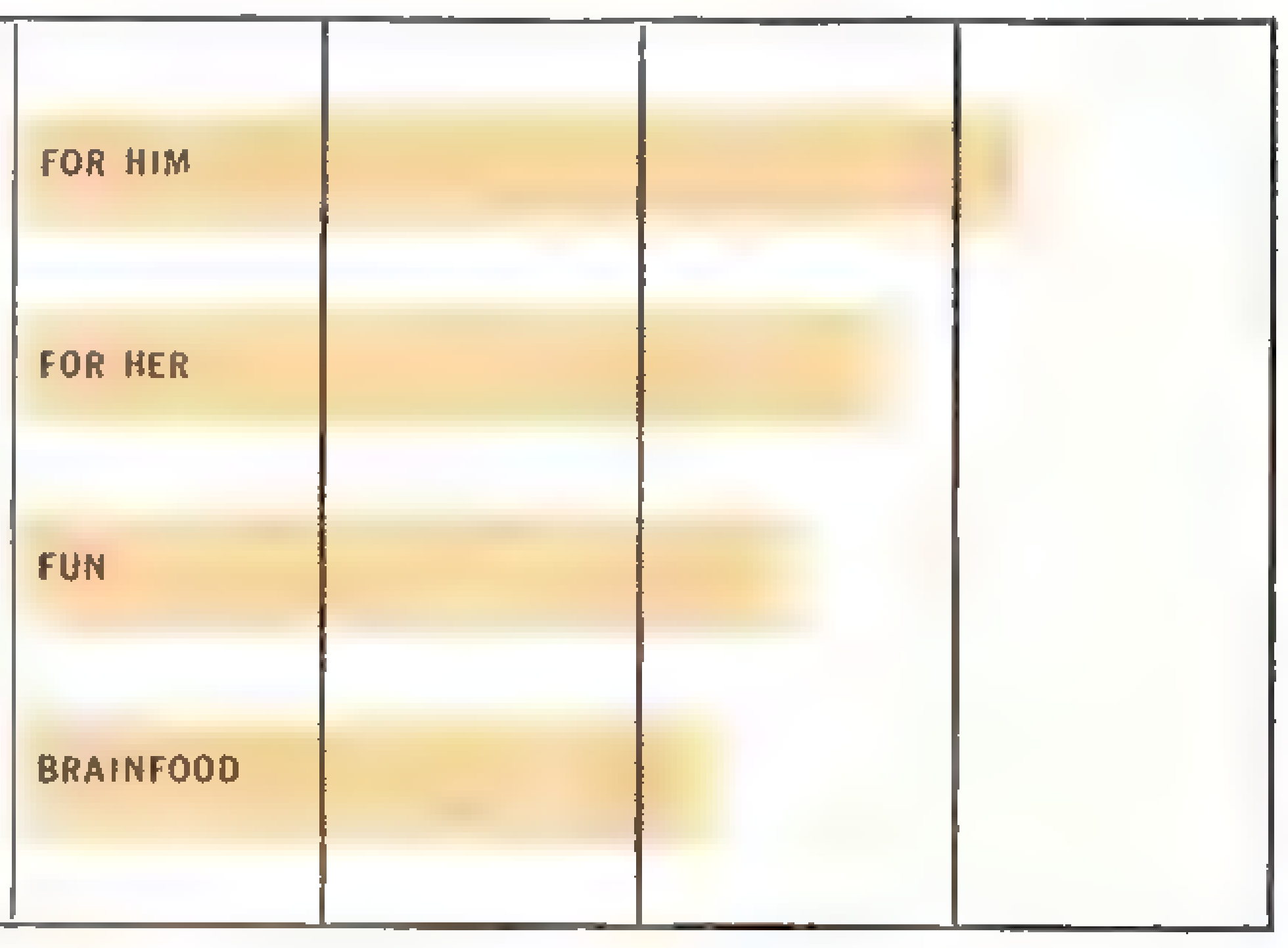
The Sudden Guest
by Christopher La Farge
(Coward-McCann, $2.50)

Riding out a hurricane with a selfish, rich and proper old lady who discovers that she is not, after all, sufficient unto herself. Contains plenty of eerie details on fixing up a house to take a storm.



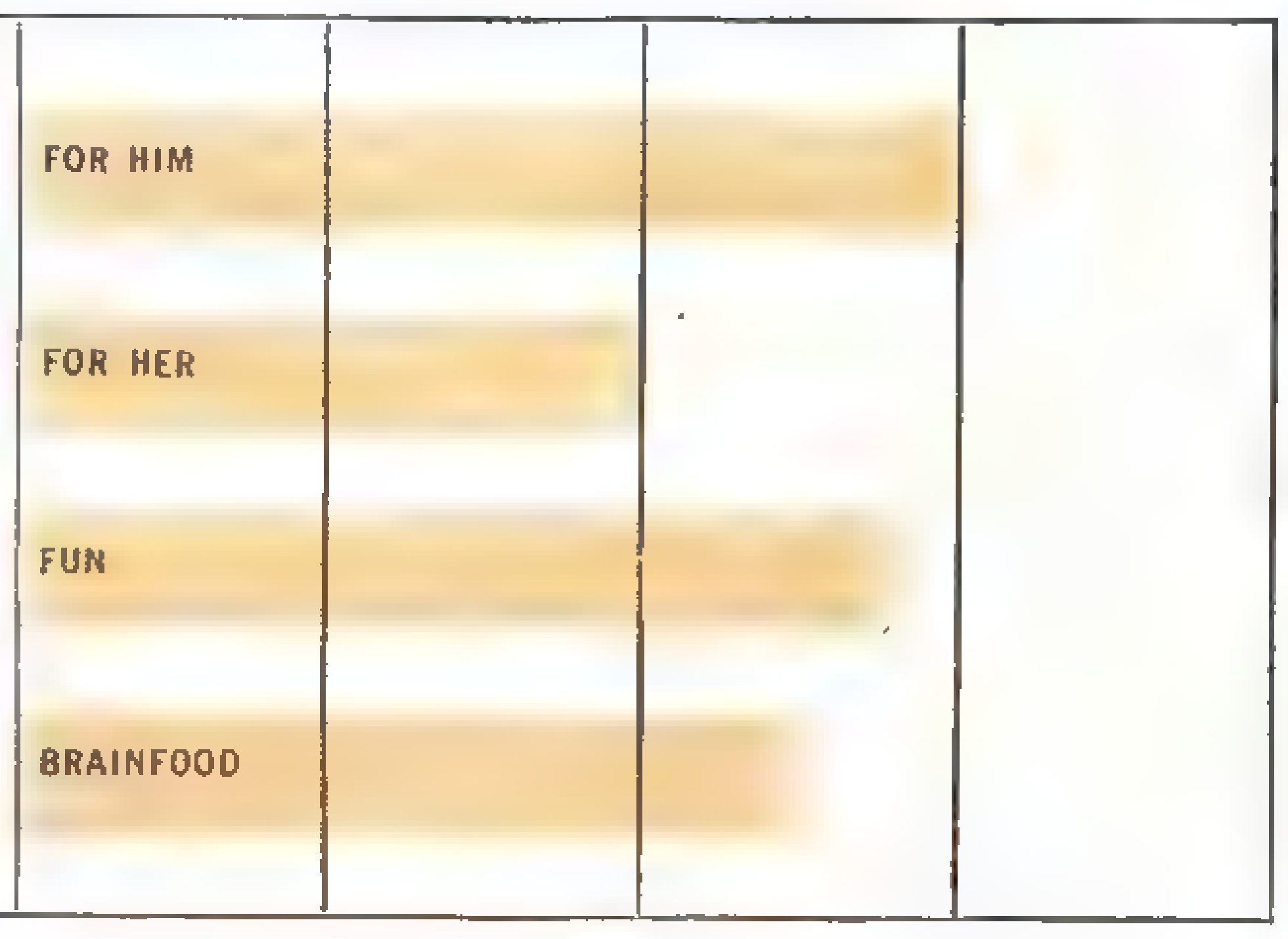
The Big Sky
by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.
(William Sloane, $3.50)

In the mountains one begins to wonder about towns and laws and, for the hero of this historical romance, they ceased to make sense. Set a century ago, the characters of course include Indians and renegades.



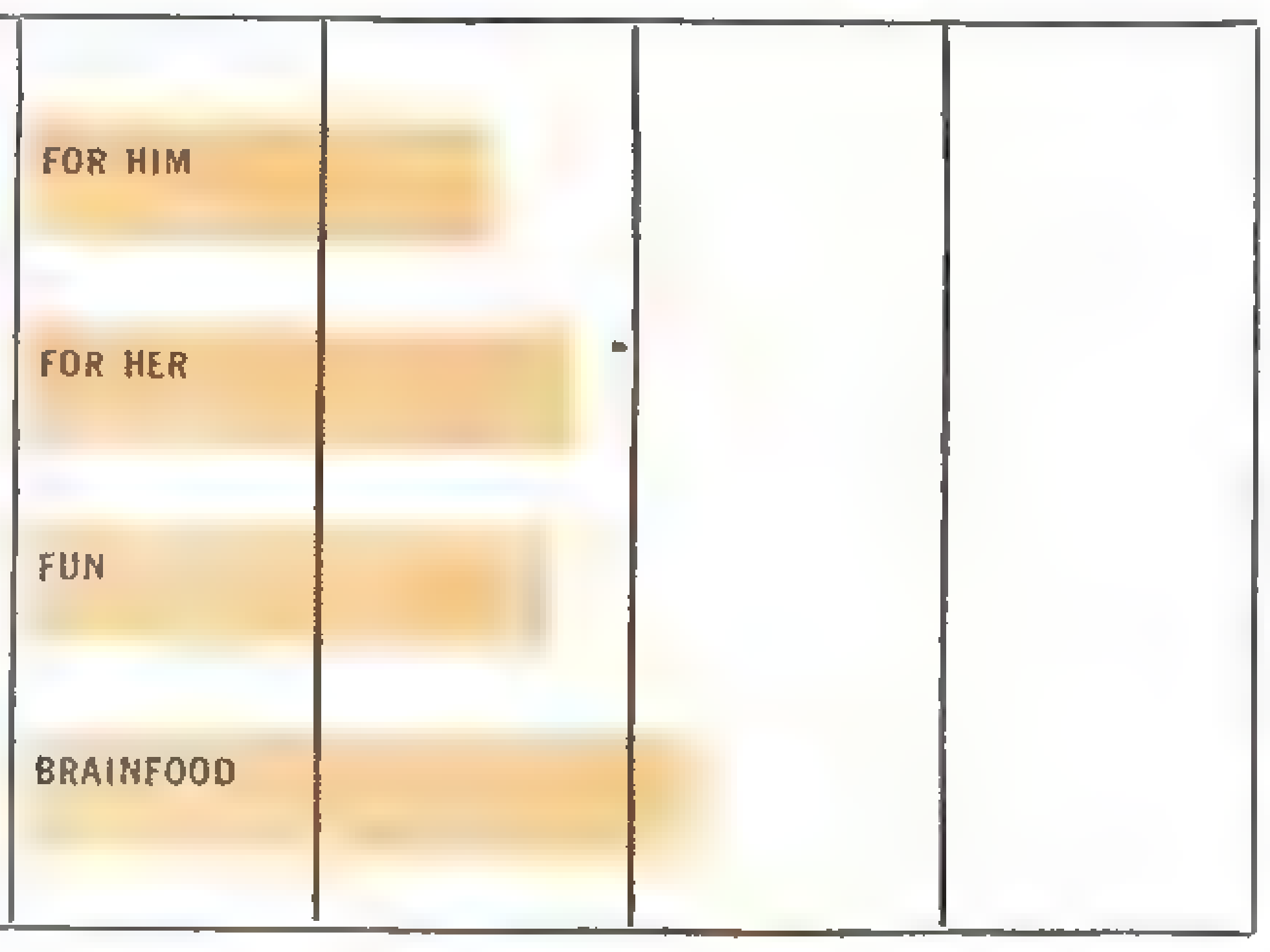
Easter Island
by Philip Freund
(Buchhurst, $2.50)

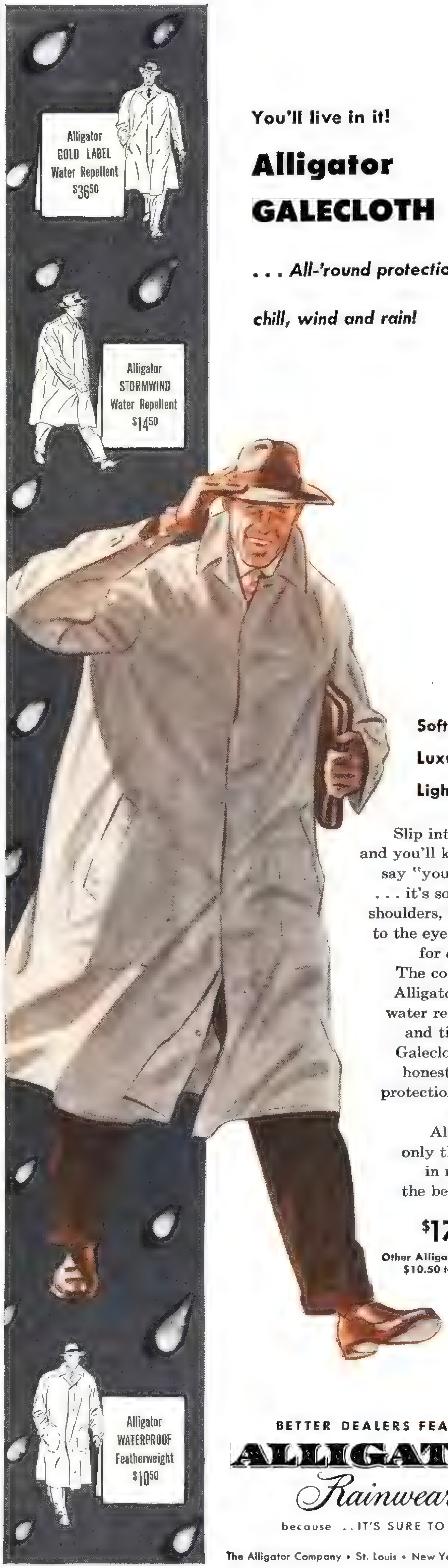
Not all Polynesian islands are paradise, including this one which, with its barren volcanic slopes, causes three men to re-examine their scale of values and brings about the disintegration of a sadist.



Deep Forest
by Norman E. Nygaard
(Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50)

Having to do with the extreme difficulties overcome by a group of Colombian (S.A.) farmers in hacking their living out of the jungle and in marketing their produce in a politically hostile village.





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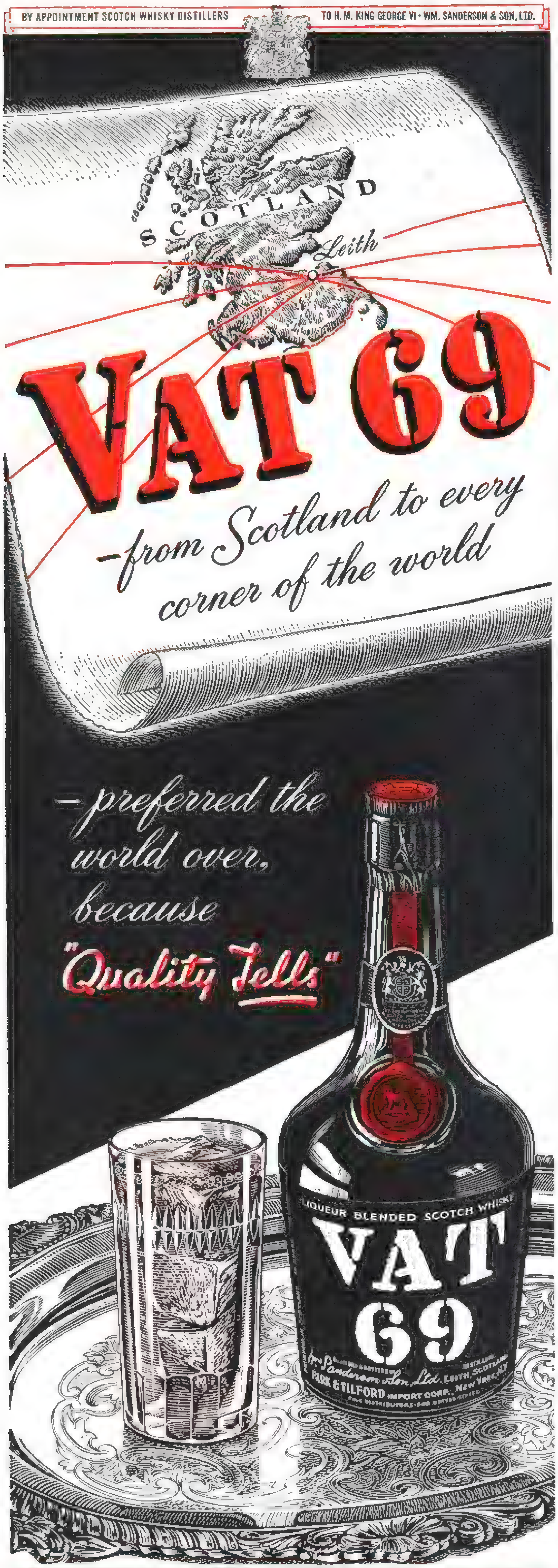
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Tattoo—Art or Taboo?

The ancient art of epidermis embellishment is nowadays more scorned than appreciated

by **ALBERT PARRY**

"YOUR social security number, please?" says the girl sweetly. The man, just as politely, rolls up his sleeve. There is the number on his arm—tattooed.

Sometimes he bares his chest. If not too hairy, it can also serve as a convenient spot for the number. No fumbling around in one's wallet and pockets amid a year's accumulation of needless receipts and memoranda. No fraying of the edges or smudging of the printer's ink. No deciphering. All the girl has to do is look up and copy the tattooed numerals.

Quite a few receptionists and social workers wince. Theirs is a natural shock when a strange man bares even a decent part of his body before a girl. The shock is heightened by the sight of the skin that is tattooed. For tattooing to a sizable portion of our society is grossly weird or faintly unclean. To most of us tattooing is something taboo. Not in vain, linguistically, tattoo and taboo are a pair; they are among the few Polynesian words in wide use in the English language.

But whether or not receptionists are shocked, men who have their social security numbers engraved on their limbs or torsos seem to be pleased with the trick—all except that Connecticut man who, having perpetuated his number on his shoulder, was notified by the authorities that his number had been changed.

As this new tattoo vogue became known in the early thirties, a gentleman or two in our War Department thought of borrowing it for their purposes. While we were waiting for the second World War and our role therein, a proposal was considered in Washington to supplement "dog tags" with tattooed numbers on each man's skin.

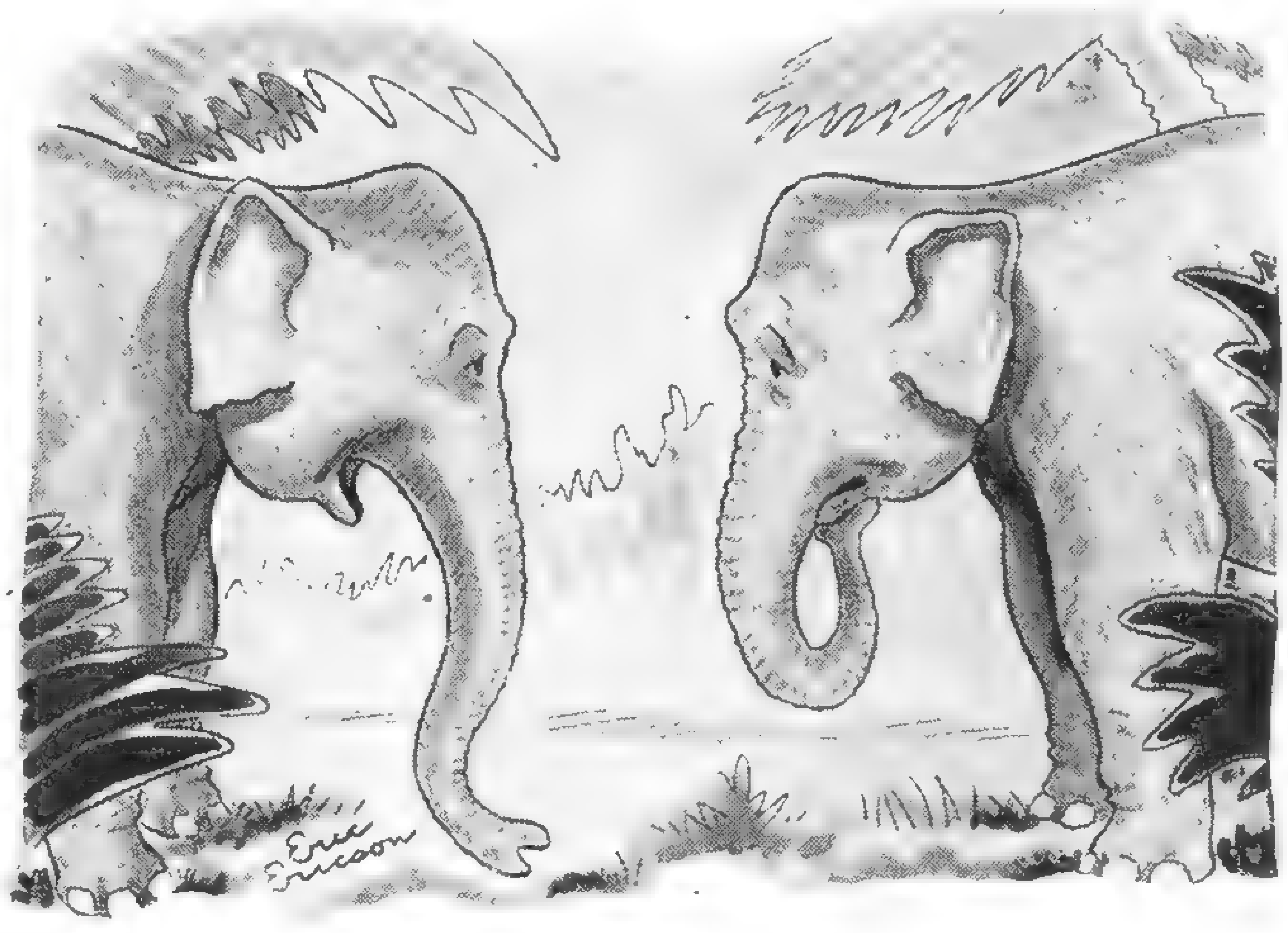
Opponents of the measure shuddered at the horrifying implication that another war was coming, but the real objection stemmed from the feeling that any tattooing was indecent, and that a democratic government had no business imposing it on citizens.

A nondemocratic government has no such scruples, as our intelligence officers learned on meeting the enemy in World War II. Some of my readers of overseas experience may recall such scenes as this: "Strip and raise your right arm!"

The German prisoner would obey; the American interrogator would peer closely at the underside of the man's arm near the armpit. When he detected certain tattooed marks he knew he had an SS soldier or officer. No frenzied denying helped the captive.

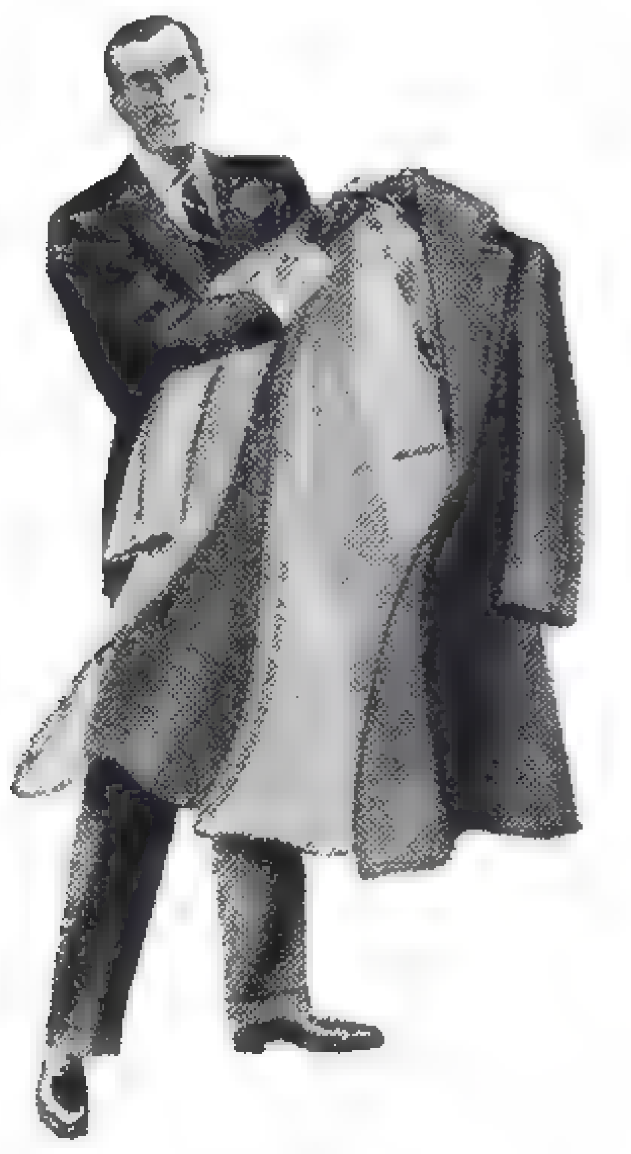
Thus the Nazi state-fostered usage eventually worked against the Third Reich and its privileged characters. But earlier in the war tattoo had worked for, not against the Nazis. While Hitler was yet strong and ruling much of Europe, the rare man or woman or child who escaped from a concentration camp didn't have much of a chance to stay out for good or for long: the prisoner's serial number, tattooed by the Nazis on the victim's arm, betrayed him or her in no time at all. For, unlike the SS identification, this tattooing was done on the exposed side of the arm, in plain sight. And a tattoo in India ink cannot be removed except by cutting out the undesirable patch of skin and grafting new skin. A delicate operation even in the case of a small design, such as the SS initials or mottoes

Continued on page 126



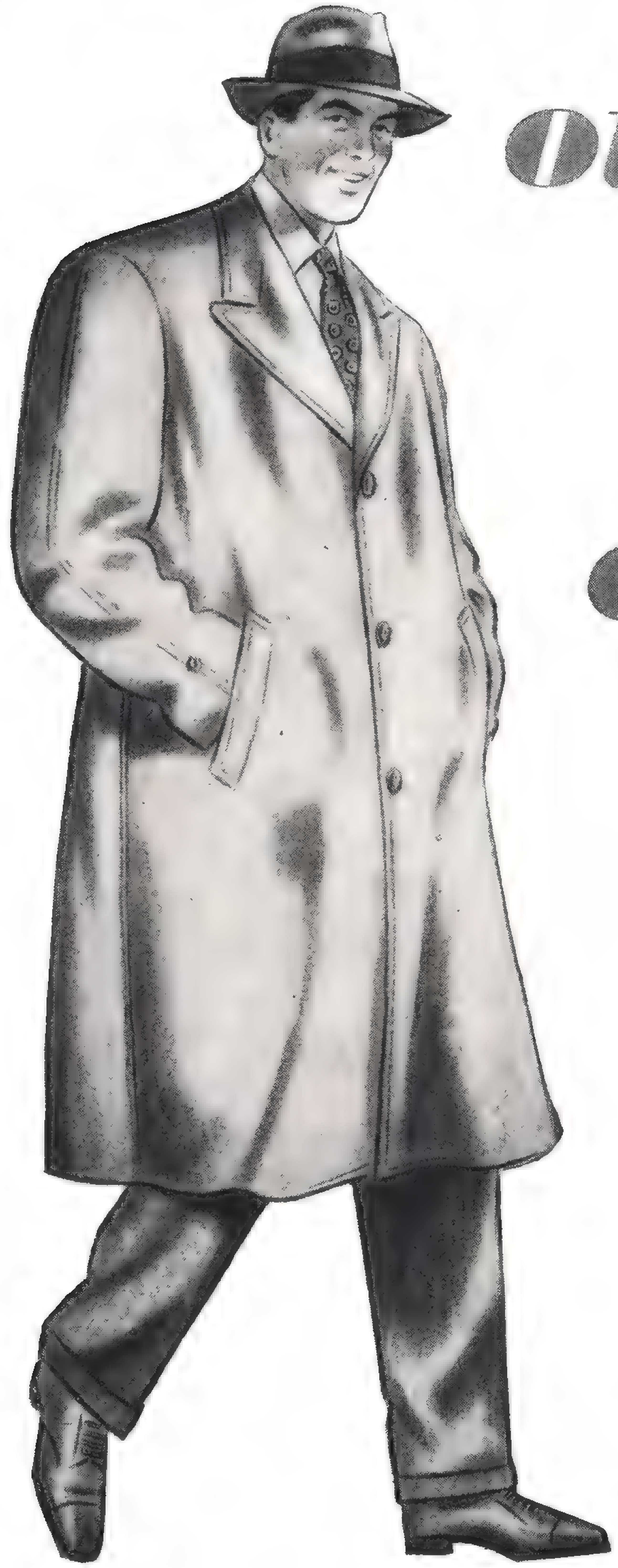
"You mean you don't remember me?"

it's the patented lining that does it



In goes a lining . . .
sleeves and all

in . . . it's an overcoat



out . . . it's a topcoat

on . . . it's a smart coat

September weather—blowing hot and cold—won't bother you in a Season Skipper*. Because Season Skipper is a versatile coat that you wear to fit the weather. For mild days it's a light, handsome topper. Comes a drop in the temperature and you have an overcoat—warmth-without-weight—just like that. All you do is button in the all-wool patented lining. It fits smoothly . . . no unsightly wrinkles . . . no gadgets to fuss with. And the same lining fits any of the handsome Season Skipper styles you choose. All Season Skipper coats are tailored by expert craftsmen in *Continental Quality* Tweeds and Fleeces, as well as in Gabardines and Venetian Coverts, Camel Hair and Alpaca. Buy the coat and lining separately if you wish, but better buy both at one time and be tailored and comfortable in any weather!

$60 and up with the lining
$10 less without the lining

it's the Season Skipper

two complete coats in one

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For nearest Season Skipper* dealer, write C. B. Shane Corp., Dept. E-97, 325 West Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill.; 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.; 608 South Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

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does lots more than keep hair Looking Handsome!

NO OTHER HAIR TONIC CONTAINS THIS SPECIAL COMBINATION OF HAIR GROOMING INGREDIENTS

Handsome, healthy-looking hair needs a 'hygienic scalp'. So why be content with just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the *extra* advantages of Kreml. This *highly specialized* hair tonic not only keeps hair handsomely groomed but does *lots more* besides!

NEVER GIVES HAIR THIS OFFENSIVE GREASY LOOK

Kreml goes in for modern, 'natural-looking' hair grooming. It keeps hair in perfect order all day—gives it a rich, attractive lustre, too. Yet Kreml never feels greasy, sticky or gummy. Kreml always makes hair feel so CLEAN—the kind ladies like their men to have.

WHEN HAIR IS SO DRY IT BREAKS AND FALLS

If your hair is so dry it breaks and falls when you comb it—Kreml actually helps 'condition' it in that it leaves it feeling so much softer, more pliable. It's simply great to lubricate a dry scalp. At the same time it removes itchy loose dandruff and leaves your scalp feeling *so alive.* Change to Kreml today and *get your money's worth.* Remember —Kreml does *lots more* than keep hair looking handsome.

Buy a bottle of Kreml at any drug counter. Ask for an application at your barber.

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

KREML *Hair Tonic*

For Better Groomed Hair -a more 'Hygienic' Scalp

Tattoo—Art or Taboo?

Continued from page 124

and the concentration camp serial number, it requires time and a competent surgeon.

The Nazis were fond of tattooing in more than one way. Among the SS sadists running slave and murder camps there were men who prided themselves on their appreciation of certain examples of skin adornment. They staked out for their personal ownership the epidermis of prisoners who happened to be tattooed with especially interesting designs. Such unfortunates were then killed "carefully," so as not to damage their "galleries," and out of these embellished skins the Nazis had lamp shades made!

Democrats, too, have made use of tattooing, but on a strictly individual basis. During the war stories reached me of courageous anti-Nazis in Europe who, to show their contempt for Nazism and Fascism, had pictures of Hitler and Mussolini tattooed on their heels. In the darkest days of the war they felt immense satisfaction —and ran tremendous risks—in trampling on the dictators' likenesses all their walking hours.

The war produced surprisingly few original American designs. Honolulu's seven tattoo shops had to bow to the popular demand by introducing at the opening of hostilities one new design: A bomb about to drop onto the words, "Remember Pearl Harbor," with the memorable date of "December Seventh" on either side of the bomb. Later, as victories came or certain ships or divisions distinguished themselves, these were celebrated in appropriate skin embroidery. Finally, V-E and V-J days were made permanent on men's epidermis. A popular number was a dove of peace with the historic May and August dates appended.

Marines called not only for the old stand-by, "Semper Fidelis," but also for bulldogs wearing modern tin helmets of the Corps. Aviators requested and got a toothy death's-head with a flight helmet topped by a black cat. These were easy for the tattooers' needles. But up-to-date tanks and jeeps never came out right. No matter how hard the tattoo masters sweated, the tanks and jeeps always wound up looking vague—in some cases more like frigates and brigantines.

The war, as all wars have, boosted the tattooers' trade. But the boom was not as proportionately great as might have been expected. In the Navy from fifteen to fifty per cent of men were tattooed.

About half of the Marines wore skin galleries. In the Army about ten in every hundred eventually got tattooed. ETO men were less affected by tattooing than the CBI- and Pacific-theater men.

How do these opposing elements work? Let's start with the mania which reveals itself in two ways:

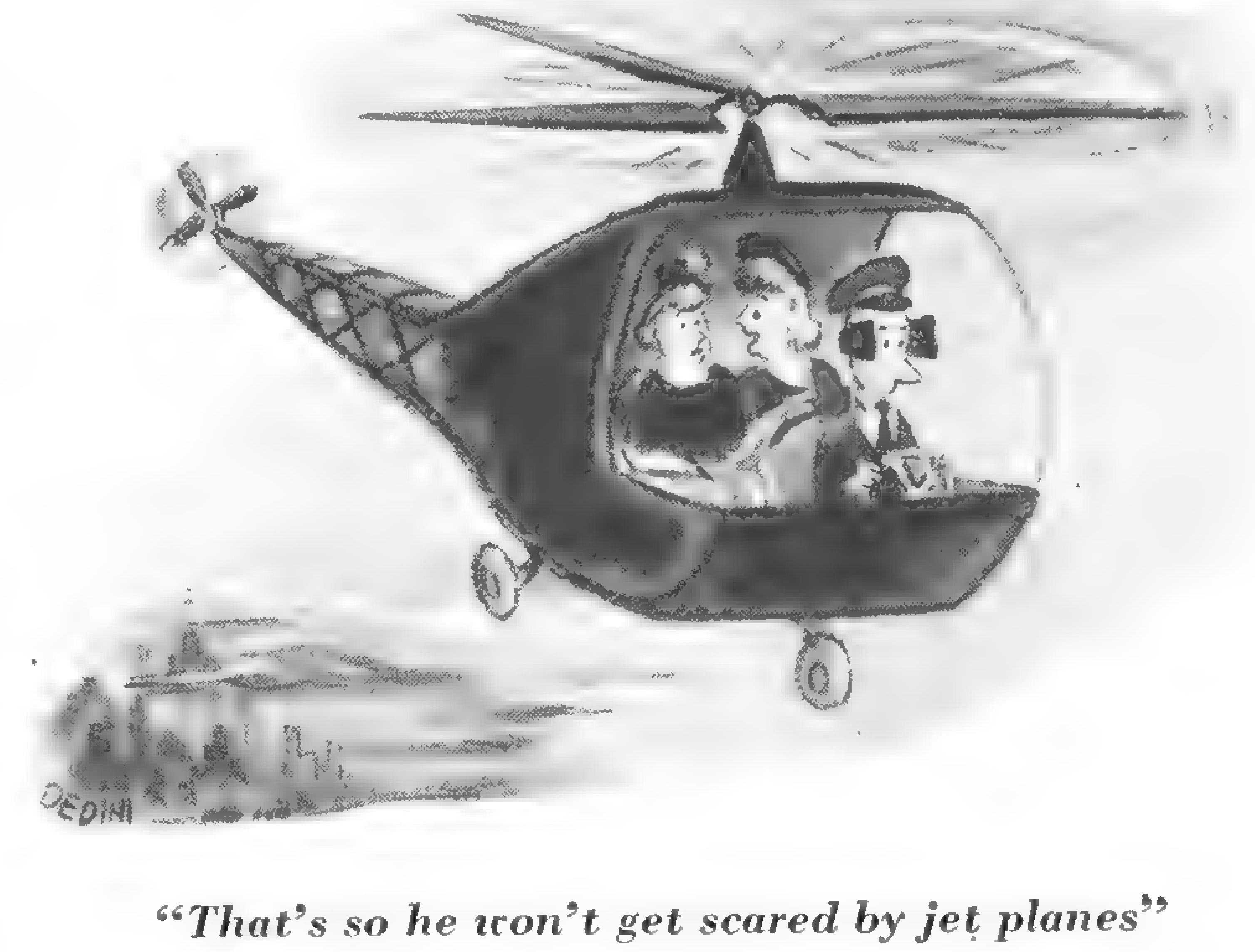
First, a tattoo fan begins with a design or two. As time passes, he adds other pictures until in some cases he is almost as rare a sight as that tattooed gal of the old folk song:

Tattooed from head to knee
She was a sight to see.
For over her jaw
Was a British man-o-war,
While on her back
Was the Union Jack,
And could one ask for more?
All up and down her spine
Was the King's horseguard in line,
And all about her hips
Was a line of battleships,
And over one kidney
Was a bird's-eye of Sidney,
But what I liked best,
Across her chest
Was my home in Tennessee.

Most devotees, no matter how enthusiastic, stop short of having their faces tattooed. However, some bald-headed gents order for their pates a big butterfly or Christ's head with crown of thorns. An uncommon brainstorm struck one young American: He had his wife's name together with his own, plus the date of their marriage, engraved on his upper lip. Thereupon he grew a mustache, but now uncovers the design once a year by shaving the mustache off on each wedding anniversary.

Humor softens the grisly aspects of tattooing even when the tattooee himself doesn't feel like

Continued on page 128



"That's so he won't get scared by jet planes"

"You're Headed Right under a HARDEMAN HAT"

Says
DANA ANDREWS
popular Samuel Goldwyn star

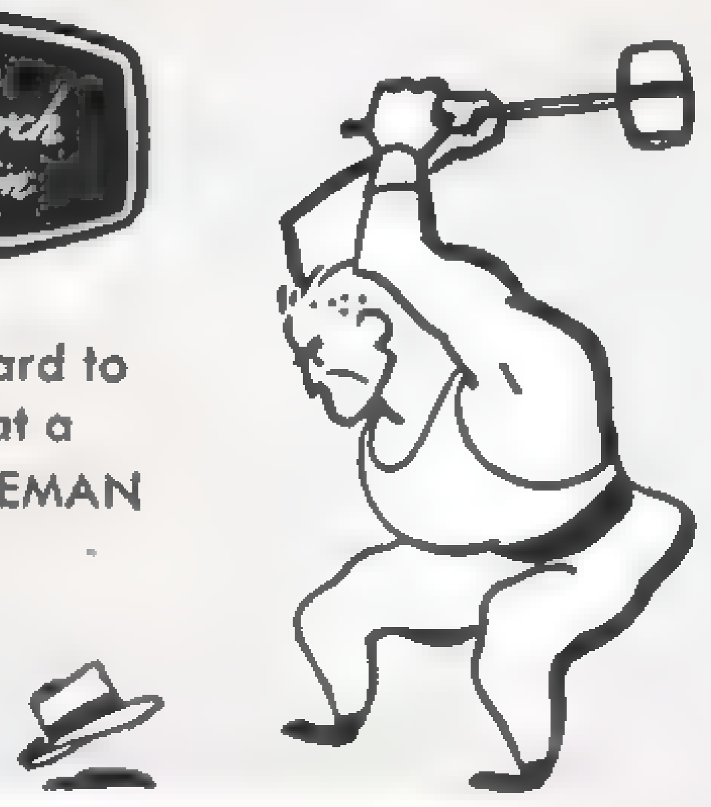
See Dana Andrews
in RKO Radio's
"MEMORY OF LOVE"

IN EVERY genuine Hardeman Hat you find step-ahead smartness of styling. You find the rich good looks and easy comfort of selected mellow felts. And each small detail reflects the skilled craftsman's touch—because a half century of fine hat making is back of every Hardeman Hat. There are plenty of colors, both mixtures and regular shades in pleasing color combinations. Ask your dealer to show you the new Hardeman Hats for Fall. Made right—priced right. *J. T. Hardeman Hat Co., Seattle, Washington*

Dana Andrews is wearing
a new
HARDEMAN ROYAL

MEMBER
Hat Research Foundation

It's hard to
beat a
HARDEMAN



If it's a Western you're after, see Hardeman's "*Hat-of-the-West*"... No finer Western is made

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the world's finest suiting
GENUINE
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MERRIMAC-GAUNT
100% VIRGIN WORSTED

Made expressly for those who demand perfection in custom tailored clothes, *ARISTO-TEX* enhances your personal prestige.

Men who wear suits of *ARISTO-TEX*, as well as the exclusive custom tailors who make them, prize *ARISTO-TEX* for its appearance and beauty of color and pattern.

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Tattoo—Art or Taboo?

Continued from page 126

laughing, as in the tale of the French criminal who had this motto around his neck: "Executioner, when cutting, follow the dotted line." Or this case: The name "Mary," accompanied with a lover's knot, was tattooed over the heart of an American Army officer. Two months later those who took their bathing at the same beach noticed a tattooed addition below the familiar inscription. The fresh letters spelled out "Traitress."

Tattooing is considered by many as a sign of scant intelligence and low life. It's surely no accident that criminals go for it even more than sailors or side-show people. The fact that some fifty or sixty years ago the male royalty and nobility of Europe were also tattoo addicts in a sort of fashionable craze (begun by a few dukes serving in their navies) does not alter the general rule.

When a man hides his tattoos from the general public his high position in society and his impeccable clothes sometimes conceal a queer personality indeed. I have in mind a banker, tattooed on his body where his clients and business associates can't see the marks, but fond of exhibiting them to his fellow fans of the skin game. He once called on a New York artist, who was also tattooed, but with a difference: the artist had tattoos on his arms, and was far less exhibitionistic about it. The artist had been forewarned about the visit, but did not know what sort of person to expect. The artist later related to me:

"I had never imagined this banker as he turned out to be—a sort of mild-looking fellow, around fifty years old. An Irishman, I learned, and for all his Timid-Soul appearance, he must have knocked around a good bit. He evidently expected me to be as nutty about the subject as he was himself. And believe me, he was psychopathically screwy about it. So I gathered he was rather disappointed when I didn't get into a heat over it.

"He talked for a while, apparently waiting for me to ask to see his stuff. But I rather perversely and intentionally refrained from doing just that. So he offered to show his designs and proceeded to do so, without reserve. He was covered from neck to toes with the oddest jumble of designs, many of them self-inflicted, some good and some bad, and of various vintages. This was all very interesting, of course, and he was conscious of his pride in this odd diversion. 'I suppose,' he chuckled with much satisfaction, 'that a psychologist would call me an exhibitionist!' He certainly was."

And yet the same artist complained to me about anti-tattoo phobiacs. Said he: "When a herd-minded, nontattooed ignoramus sees tattoos on my arms, unless he or she has discretion and excellent manners I immediately hear one or more questions, such as, 'Were you in the Navy?' 'Why did you have that put on your arm?' 'I'll bet you wish that was offa there, dontcha?' 'Does it hurt to have that done?' and 'How much did it cost to have that done?' "

That the phobiacs as well as the maniacs can and do belong to a herd all their own, ridden by their own conventions, is not to be disputed. Still, a powdered and marcelled nontattooed girl is more pleasing to the eye than a tattooed one. A necktie, no matter how atrocious, is less unpleasant than a tattoo.

Only the old Japanese masters of the needle succeeded in making of their art a thing of poetry and beauty. They did their marvelous birds, flowers and landscapes with such miniature exactness and complete finish that sometimes it was necessary to use a microscope to appreciate some of the artistic details. There was delicate motion in many a design: a carp going lazily up a rapid; a spider on the hip linked by a black line with cobwebs on the shoulder and two or three red maple leaves; a tree blown by a wind, every branch and leaf alive; a bird gracefully on the wing, or trying to steal a breast nipple tattooed as a jewel; a cat playing with a gaily colored towel—usually tattooed on the hip, the design moving as its proud owner walked. Such artistry was, to quote an old-time authority, as superior to ordinary Western tattooing as Heidsieck Monopole was to small beer.

But it's small beer verily that now dominates our Western—American and European—tattooing. Eager to become Westernized, even Japanese masters have deteriorated. Typical is the Japanese tattooer who tattooed the back of a husky Finnish seaman with a gigantic reproduction of Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*.

The banker of whom I have already spoken has a pet idea that if only the tattooers of America would move to better and cleaner locations there wouldn't be any taboo left, for people of better classes would patronize them. He once called on "Professor" Harry V. Lawson of San Diego to congratulate him on his neat shop in a more respectable part of town.

"Don't you think," the banker said earnestly, "that a number of people are deterred from indulging in the art because of the dirty and low-class premises in which it is usually practised?"

"Nope," was the answer. "I made just as much money, if not more, in the tough back streets as I do in this place. Those who want to be tattooed will seek out the tattooer wherever he may be. Anyway, mister, what are you so proud about? Tattooing is a mug's game, and only saps go for it."

And there you have it—from a master who hates his needles and admits their lowness in a rare moment of frankness! ⧺

The Astounding Syrian

Continued from page 61

did not have in the bank. So he said all right, he'd like to take a crack at it. But he told the mighty men of William Morris that he had two conditions. The first condition was that he had to change his name. As Amos Jacobs he had a reputation to uphold in Detroit and Toledo. His second condition was a peculiar one. He was to open at the North-Side joint on a Monday night. He requested that the men from the William Morris office refrain from coming down to see him, to catch the act, until the following Friday. He wanted that much time in which to warm up—to feel his way around. The William Morris men smiled at the youngster's audacity, and said okay, both requests granted. But if he didn't want to use the name of Amos Jacobs, what name did he want? Amos Jacobs thought fast. He had one brother named Daniel, and one named Tom. "Danny Thomas," he said.

The joint Danny opened in was known as the 5100 Club. It was located at 5100 North Broadway. That it had once been an automobile showroom was obvious. It had seventy feet of very transparent glass across the front of it. The trolley cars ran down Broadway. "People used to ride the trolleys," says Danny, "and see the show." He opened at the 5100 Club on an August night in 1940, and the rest, as they say in the William Morris office, is history.

After the first week the boss raised Danny's salary $10. The next week he raised it another $10. He continued to raise it $10 a week for twenty-seven consecutive weeks. And not foolishly, for the 5100 Club almost immediately became a new Mecca in the mad whirl of Chicago night life. Danny played there for three years. The club got so prosperous the boss took out the plate-glass windows and put in glass brick. (The people in the trolley cars registered complaints, to no avail.) Danny's name became, as it still is, synonymous with the 5100 Club, and it is the original devotees of those days who used to come from all over Chicago to hear him nightly who are still his most loyal fans.

Danny became a brighter and brighter star in the Chicago offices of William Morris. One day God was passing through Chicago on his way from Hollywood to New York, and he was taken over to the 5100 Club to see Danny Thomas. God, in the William Morris organization, is a man named Abe Lastfogel, a short, quiet man who commands a vast amount of respect in the entertainment business because he is, in the general consensus, a very smart cookie. Lastfogel has little to do with the Morris night-club department, but he had heard of the new boy in Chicago and he asked to be taken down to the 5100 Club to see him. He saw him. After the show Danny was asked over to Lastfogel's table. "What are your plans?" asked the short, quiet man.

"Well," said Danny, "I've been offered a half interest in this joint. That looks pretty good to me."

"What do you want to be," asked Lastfogel, "an actor, or a saloonkeeper?"

"An actor," was the reply.

"All right," said Lastfogel. "Leave the rest to me."

Danny started at a theatre in Chicago on the following Monday at $1250 a week. Then Lastfogel took him to New York. He took him on a tour of all the New York night clubs. "Pick," said Lastfogel, "the one you like." Danny picked the Martinique. "All right," said Lastfogel. "You start here next Monday night at $750 a week for four weeks. After that, four weeks at $850. After that, four weeks at a thousand a week." Danny started at the Martinique at the figure Lastfogel had named, on the night he named. He stayed there for seventeen weeks.

It has been that way ever since. Lastfogel has engineered every Danny Thomas deal since then—his night-club appearances, his radio contracts, his movie contract. And Danny has for Lastfogel a kind of reverence. "I'm a big man now," Danny recently

Continued on page 130

OFFICE
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"Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you!"

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BARBAROSSA

If yours is a cultivated taste and you enjoy the finer things of life, then BARBAROSSA is brewed for you. It has a lingering taste thrill that gives perfect satisfaction. It's the joy of the host from coast to coast.

BARBAROSSA
The Premium BEER

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The Astounding Syrian

Continued from page 129

told a friend in Hollywood. "I'm one of William Morris' top clients. Nine thousand dollars a week I make. I'm in a position to dictate. Last week Mr. Lastfogel didn't like something I said on the radio. He called me up from New York and bawled me out like I was an office boy. And," adds Danny, very quietly, "I took it like an office boy."

Danny's in the top money now. When he went back to Chicago after conquering New York, he played not in any of the North-Side joints, but at the Chez Paree, which is tops in Chicago night clubs. The Chez Paree paid him $3000 a week, plus a $5000 bonus, plus a going-away party at which the management gave Danny a cake so big it took him two hours to cut it. Last January he came to Hollywood and after making a picture with Margaret O'Brien, he did a stint at Slapsy Maxie's night club. For that chore he collected $5000 a week. He broke all records at Slapsy Maxie's, setting new highs in the figures for one night's receipts, for one week's receipts, and for consecutive nights' business. "All departments," as one of the delighted bosses said, "were fractured."

His contract with M-G-M is one of the most fabulous ever drawn up by those masters of the bizarre, the Hollywood lawyers. For the O'Brien picture, which is called *The Unfinished Dance*, he got paid $5000 a week—not merely for the weeks he worked in the picture, but for all the weeks the picture was in production. His contract calls for a flat $100,000 a picture for his second year.

Danny also co-stars with Don Ameche on the radio. This nets him an additional $2500 a week. He gets a standard fee of $3000 for any guest appearances on the radio. His radio options, as they are renewed, are to jump to $3000 a week for his weekly appearances, to $4000, to $5000.

These are times when show business is a Hydra-headed monster. If a man makes a hit as a night-club entertainer he is immediately tapped for radio, for movies, for personal appearances, for the Broadway stage. Danny Thomas, who came out of the night clubs, is currently augmenting his income with movie and radio work. Whether he can hit his stride in either of these two mediums remains to be seen. But one fact remains indisputable. He was born in night clubs, and his natural element is the smoke-filled hurly-burly of the upholstered cellar. There Danny really finds himself, and lets himself go.

Danny is in some ways a reversion to the old-time comics. He can be compared with the Cantors, the Jessels, the Jolsons, because he projects a tremendous amount of something that is known in various circles by various names. It used to be called "heart," or "warmth." It is lately called "schmaltz." That wonderful feeling of intimacy with an audience that Cantor and Jessel and Jolson had when they were on a stage, when they used to throw themselves into your lap and make you feel as if you'd always been blood brothers, has long been a thing of the past. It seemed to die when the men of that school deserted the stage for the movies and the radio. In their place has come a long line of comics—with sophistication, with satire, with breezy patter—often very funny, but somehow always aloof from the flesh-and-blood audience.

The thing that makes Danny the great new phenomenon of the night-club world is the fact that he combines the two techniques—the old and the new. He has the old-school charm and the old-school schmaltz—and he is wise, he is witty, his material is bright and shining and new.

On a night-club floor he has no respect for persons or personages. He can tear everything down and make everyone love it. The whole point of the "Wailing Syrian" routine is that it becomes a long tirade against his employers, the owners of the night club. The routine started a long time ago at the 5100 Club. Danny wanted to take a night off to see a night ball game. The boss said no. That night Danny grabbed a tablecloth, wrapped it around his head, and started to improvise about the old Syrian slave on the galleys and the new Syrian slave in the night club. That led him, quite naturally, into a violent beef against the stonyhearted bosses who keep him enslaved night after night, and do nothing themselves but go into the back room and count the money he makes for them. "Bosses!" he shouts. "Dirty, stinkin' *bosses*!" He packs an awful lot into that last word. Aside from his other gifts Danny has a slight lisp. It gives added poison to his pronunciation of the word "*Bosses!*" And the customers love it. And the bosses (counting their money in the back room) love it. It is another one of the routines the fanatics always shout for.

So you don't really see Danny Thomas unless you see him do everything, and you don't see him do everything unless you see him in a night club. In an upholstered cellar he can sing, dance, do imitations. He can tell green jokes or blue ones and turn them all to gold. He can wrap tablecloths around his head, insult the bosses, insult the customers, insult himself. In a night club, when he turns everything on full force, he'll wrap *you* up and tie you in knots. He'll do something to you he's done to countless others. He'll make you leap from your seat, run out on the street, and buttonhole strangers to tell them that if they haven't seen Danny Thomas, they've never really laughed. ⧺

Continued from page 61

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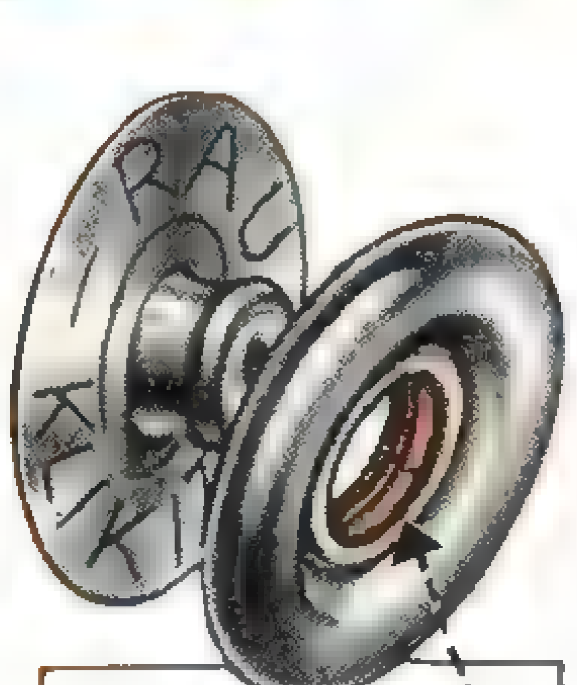
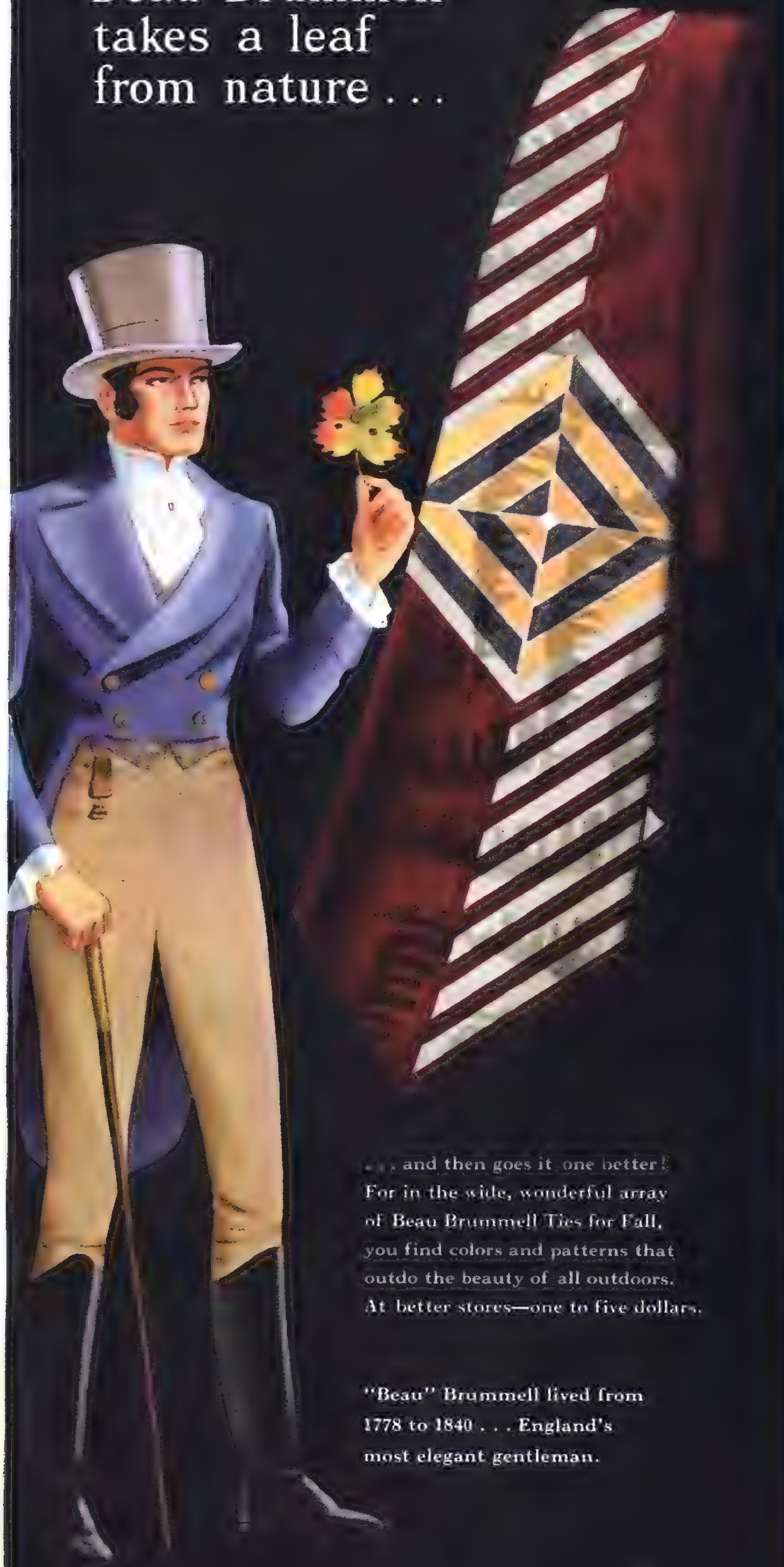


Beau Brummell takes a leaf from nature . . .



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"Beau" Brummell lived from 1778 to 1840 . . . England's most elegant gentleman.

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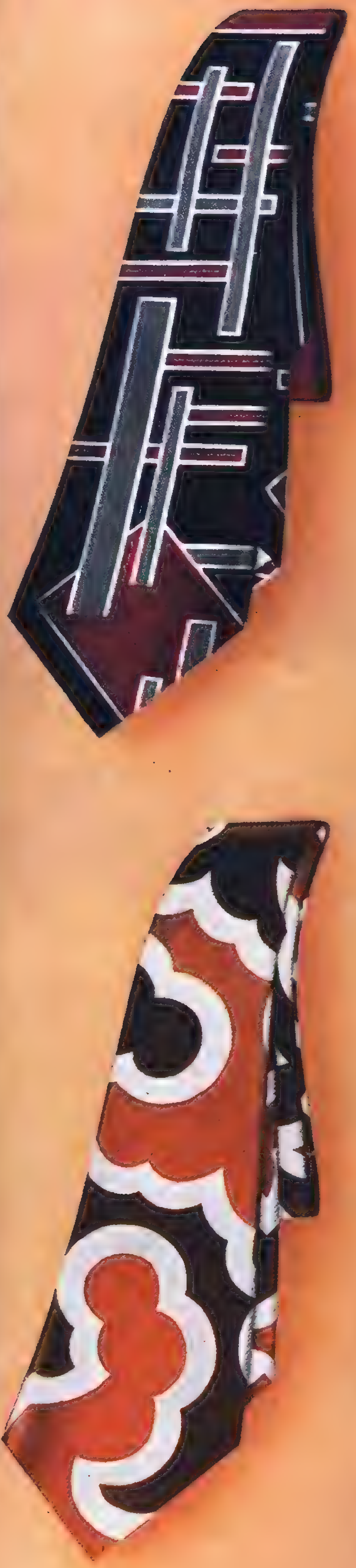
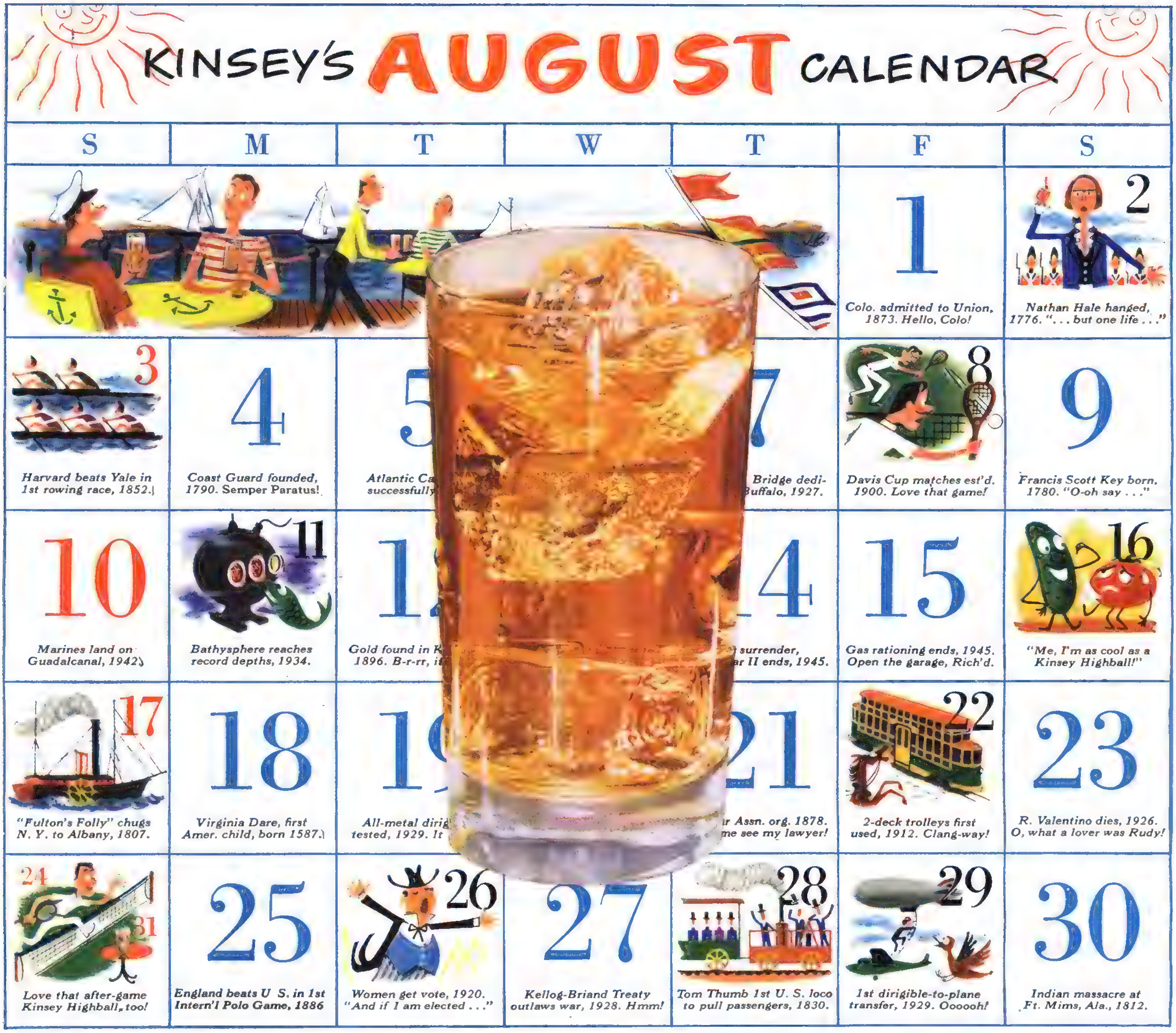


KINSEY'S AUGUST CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1 Colo. admitted to Union, 1873. Hello, Colo!	2 Nathan Hale hanged, 1776. ". . . but one life . . ."
3 Harvard beats Yale in 1st rowing race, 1852.	4 Coast Guard founded, 1790. Semper Paratus!	5 Atlantic Ca successfully		7 Bridge dedi- Buffalo, 1927.	8 Davis Cup matches est'd. 1900. Love that game!	9 Francis Scott Key born, 1780. "O-oh say . . ."
10 Marines land on Guadalcanal, 1942	11 Bathysphere reaches record depths, 1934.	1 Gold found in K 1896. B-r-rr, it		4 surrender, ar II ends, 1945.	15 Gas rationing ends, 1945. Open the garage, Rich'd.	16 "Me, I'm as cool as a Kinsey Highball!"
17 "Fulton's Folly" chugs N. Y. to Albany, 1807.	18 Virginia Dare, first Amer. child, born 1587.	1 All-metal dirig tested, 1929. It		21 r Assn. org. 1878. me see my lawyer!	22 2-deck trolleys first used, 1912. Clang-way!	23 R. Valentino dies, 1926. O, what a lover was Rudy!
24 31 Love that after-game Kinsey Highball, too!	25 England beats U. S. in 1st Intern'l Polo Game, 1886	26 Women get vote, 1920. "And if I am elected . . ."	27 Kellog-Briand Treaty outlaws war, 1928. Hmm!	28 Tom Thumb 1st U. S. loco to pull passengers, 1830.	29 1st dirigible-to-plane transfer, 1929. Ooooooh!	30 Indian massacre at Ft. Mims, Ala., 1812.

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To take the edge off August heat!

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Couldn't you go for one of those tall, tempting and terrific Kinsey Highballs right now? Well . . . what are you waiting for?

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Toughest Man on Earth

Continued from page 84

devotees got more than spiritual satisfaction—they also got fine, sleek, enduring muscles. Practical minds perceived that there was something pretty useful about movements that could do such things to the human frame. So they turned them into a system of physical culture.

Since wrestling was India's ancient sport and since wrestlers needed good muscles, the movements soon were taken over by the wrestlers. Now, almost from babyhood, boys trained for wrestling follow this system of training. It is responsible for the prodigious strength, endurance and agility of stars like Gama and Ghulam.

The development which comes from following this system makes some of our American athletes look frail alongside the India wrestlers. Let's compare Gama's body measurements with those of Joe Louis, the present apple of the American eye. Louis, of course, is taller, but Gama is broader. Gama's chest measures fifty-six inches in girth; Louis gets by with a bare forty-two inches. Gama has seventeen-inch biceps; Louis fifteen-inch. Gama's thigh measures thirty inches around, against Louis' twenty-two. Most of the Indian's strength and development, endurance and agility, comes from two simple exercises.

One of these exercises is for the upper body—it gives the India wrestler his tremendous chest, his broad shoulders, his thickset but smooth arms. The exercise for the upper body is called a *dand* and is nothing more than your good old-fashioned floor dip, with variations. Get down on all fours, supporting the body on your hands and feet, in a straight line. In the American version of the exercise you hold the straight line while you bend the arms till the chest touches the floor, then straighten. In India you raise the buttocks as high as you can and then slouch down on the thighs. Now, bending the arms, push the body forward with the legs until your chest grazes the floor, then straighten the arms. Raise the buttocks. Repeat. This is the basic or simple India *dand.*

The second exercise, or *baithak*, is simpler yet. For all in the world the *baithak* is the deep-knee bend—hands on hips, bend legs, squat, raise body, squat, stand, squat, and so on. That is all there is to it.

If you think you can't get fifty-six-inch chests and thirty-inch thighs and Ionic column strength from such simple means, let me reveal now the real reason for the supremacy of Gama and his buddies. It's in the way they work at these two simple movements. Boys of 12, 13, 14 in India will do 1000 *baithaks* and 500 *dands* every day, and professional wrestlers—well, here is how Gama at sixty-nine spends his time.

He gets up at three in the morning, which is a special concession to him as champion: the other wrestlers hit the deck at two-thirty. The first thing he does is his *baithaks*—deep-knee bends, you know. Four thousand he does of a morning. After that he rests for a while, then has breakfast.

In the afternoon he does his *dands*—2000 of them—goes for a walk and run of four miles, and finishes the day by wrestling three or four hours without rest.

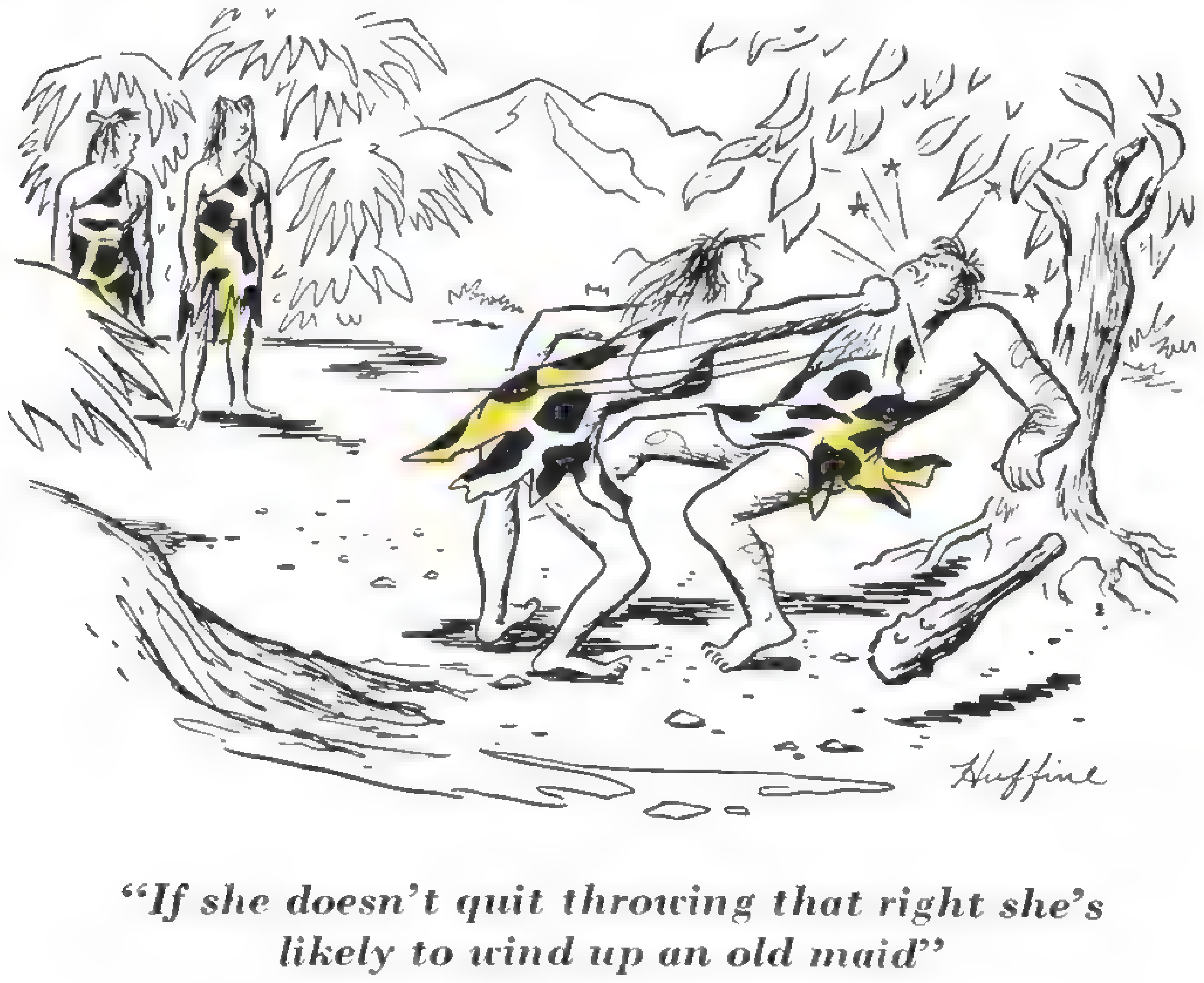
I was talking recently to an eager-eyed American boy with wrestling aspirations. I told him about Gama, described Gama's exploits, showed him a picture of the gorgeous Gama physique. When I told him about the *dands* and *baithaks*, he wanted to know all about them.

"But if you want to be really great you'll have to do at least 4000 *baithaks* and 2000 *dands* a day," I told him.

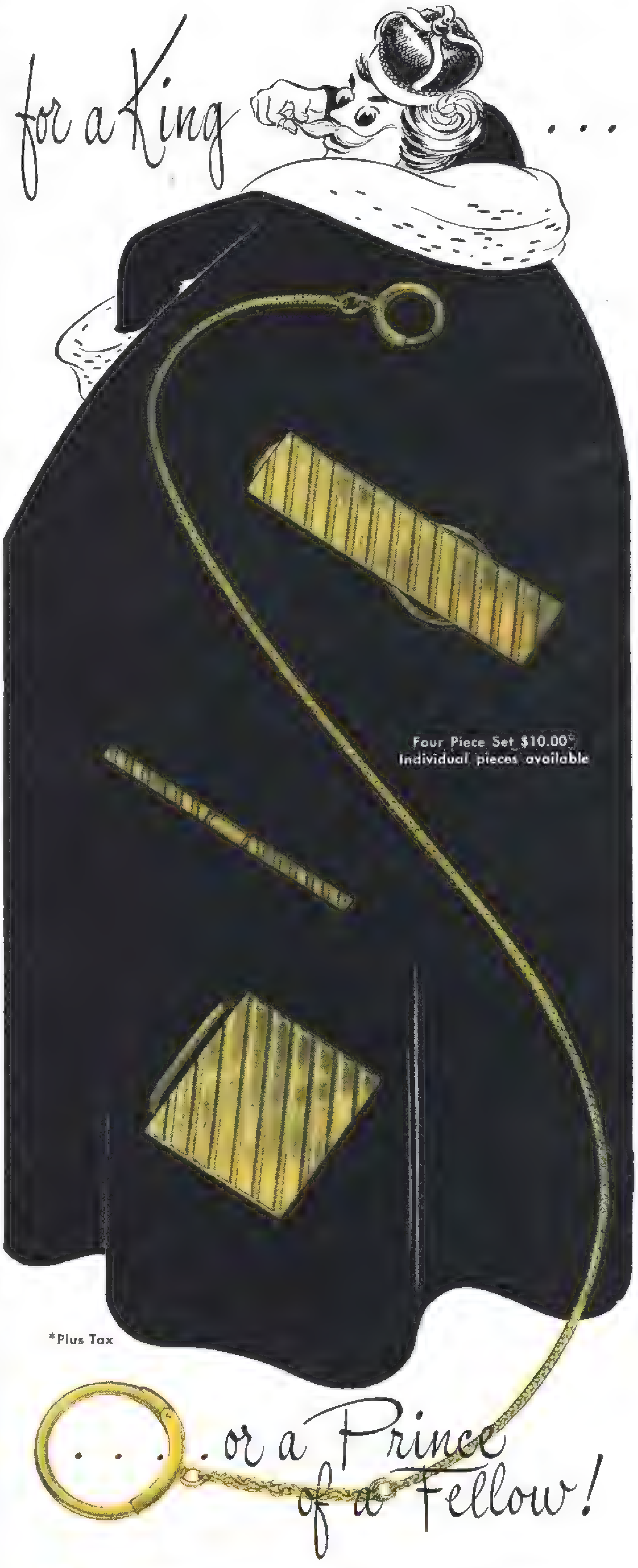
Puffing from doing a dozen of each, the boy expressed perfectly the American point of view toward such an iron routine.

"Hell, I'd rather be a weak American than a strong Indian if that's the way they get strong over there," he declared.

There must be a good many athletes who feel the same way about it or Gama wouldn't still be the world's greatest athlete. ⧺



"If she doesn't quit throwing that right she's likely to wind up an old maid"



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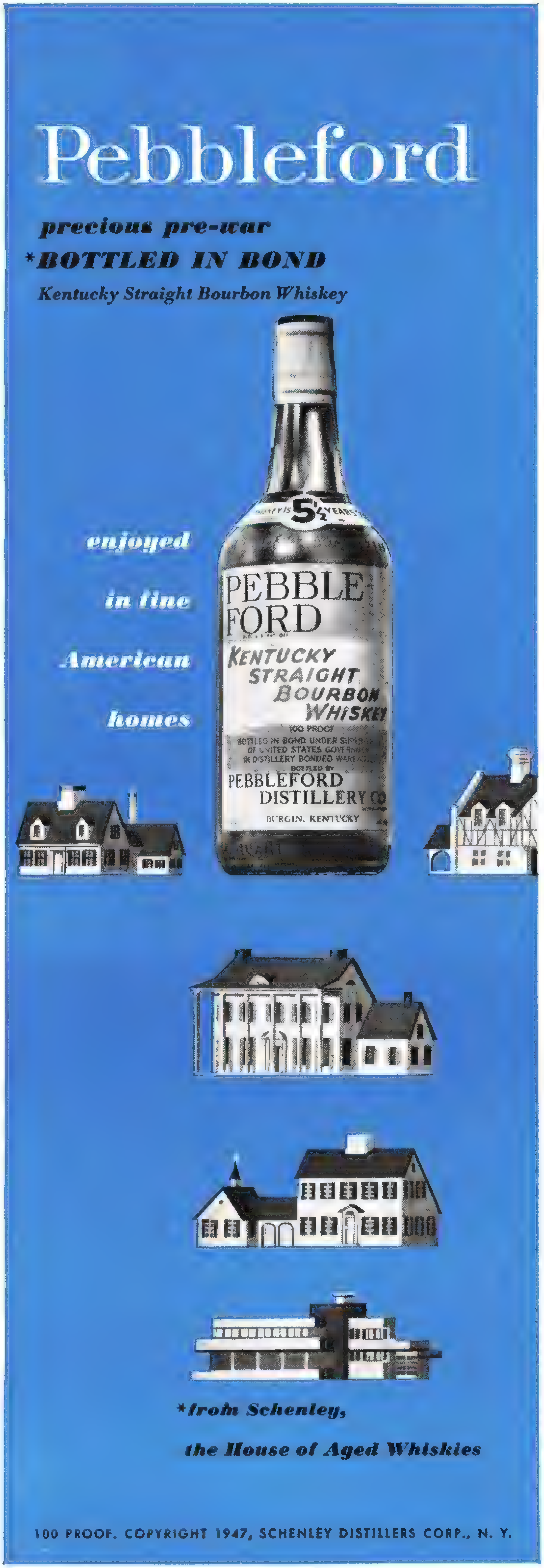
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Of Rice and Men

Continued from page 59

du Cygne. This is not the biography of a Frenchman whose first name was "Morton." "*Mort du Cygne*" means "Death of the Swan" and the whole thing was made into a French film some years ago under the title of *Ballerina*. In that production the scenes were so badly lighted and the dialogue was so screechingly recorded that those Americans who admire that which they cannot understand immediately hailed it as a work of genius. The Pasternak production is so beautifully photographed that, for the first time, I am able to tell you that the title is entirely allegorical.

No swan actually kicks the bucket in this picture. But a beautiful blonde dancer breaks her leg while imitating the last agonies of a waterfowl. It seems that this curious charade is a favorite pastime of female dancers. I don't know why. A woman, to me, is so interesting as a woman that I've always been loath to pretend that the fair creature is any form of duck. But we all have our cultural blind spots.

The important thing is that the blonde dancer's injury is no accident. It is the result of a rather catty plot on the part of little Margaret O'Brien. Margaret, a small ballet dancer, has a crush on a larger but still handsome ballerina (lithesomely impersonated by Cyd Charisse). When Cyd's success is threatened by Karen Booth, little Maggie opens a trap door right under the feet of the interloping hussy. The dying swan dives into the basement.

Now this was prompted by nothing worse than a childish whim and it was, in a sense, loyal. But Margaret's best friends would have to admit it was a little tough on the blonde who went through the floor. It seems that female emotions are so violent that almost anything can happen when they are freed from the restraining influence of the gentler masculine sex. That may be the reason why the movies always put cowboys in Western pictures. If the cowgirls were left to themselves, everybody'd be massacred in the first reel. Of course, Margaret eventually becomes very thoughtful over having crippled her victim for life. But she did it for love. This fact becomes more ironic when the tot comes to the bitter realization that Cyd is unworthy of all the trouble gone to in her behalf. For, after becoming a star, Cyd starts running around with a man. Of course, she's hardly worth breaking legs for after that. But just as life seems blackest Cyd has a belated change of heart. She sees the error of her ways and renounces home and marriage to stick to the ballet where she devotes herself to a life of virginal broad jumps. So all turns out for the best.

Your wife should be allowed to brood over the above nuances when they are displayed at your neighborhood theatre. A selfish husband may be tempted to call up on that night and say, "Sorry, dear! Another inventory! I've got to work late at the office!" But if you do that, you'll cheat yourself. This fellow Pasternak is as wise as the serpent and as sagacious as the fox. In addition, he's smart. Against the landslide of femininity in *Unfinished Dance* he presents one character whom no man will want to miss.

His name is Danny Thomas and he's good. He's a comedian with sympathy and heart interest. He plays a Greek secondhand dealer, and plays him as a diffident Eager Beaver. His movie-acting style is gently grotesque. There is something in his humor that reminds you of Saroyan at his best. Without brassy gags or hamming, he emerges as a completely different comic. This guy you gotta see.

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

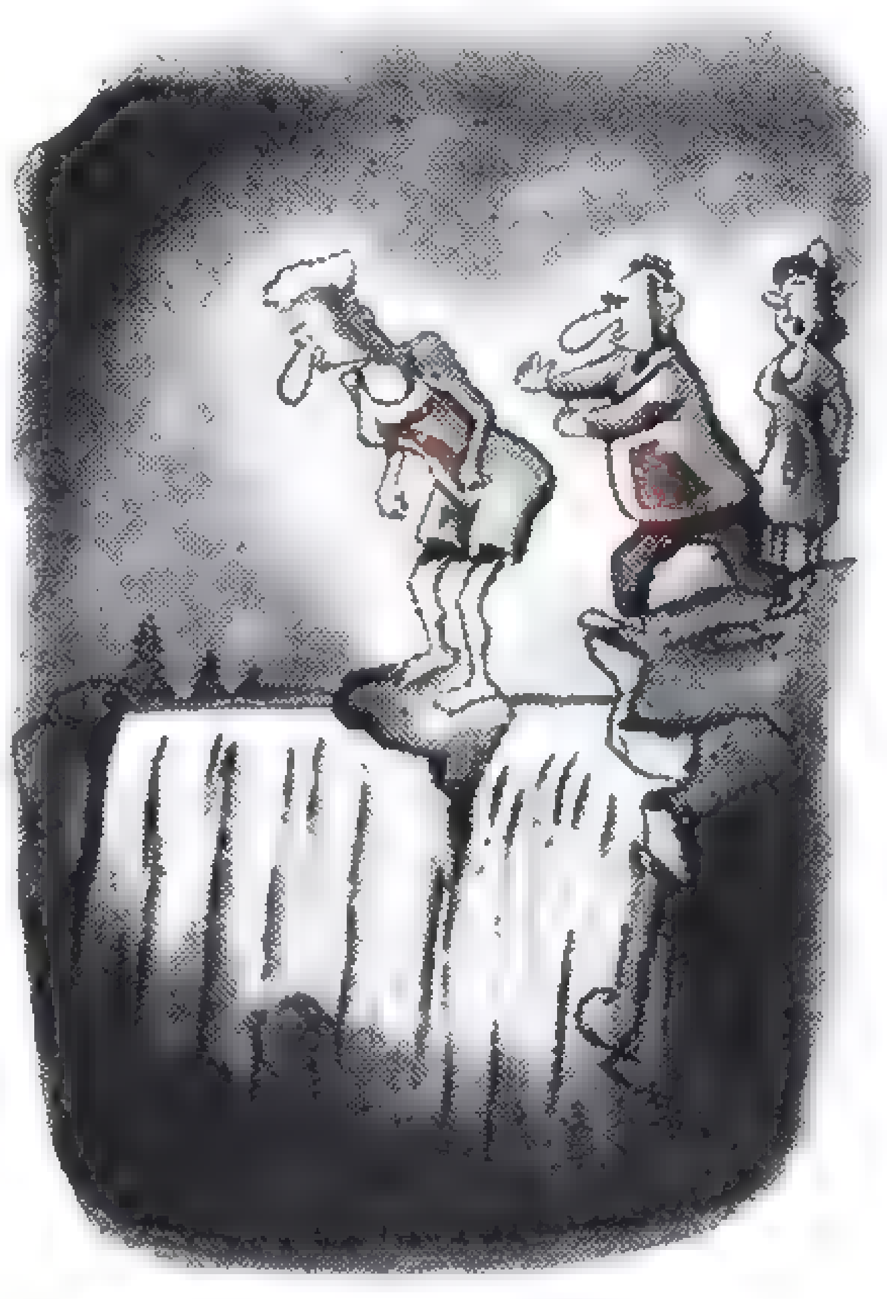
WHEN a woman contemplates having a man around (as women do occasionally) she should not be too hasty. There are many kinds of men to be considered. Dead men for instance. There's a class that might easily be overlooked. But they shouldn't be. In fact, any sensible woman who has seen *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* will be apt to conclude that "of all the gallants, east and west, there's no denying a corpse is best." This refers not to the actual mortal remains, of course, but to the spirit or the essence of the man—his ghost. As every girl who has been hooked by a blind date knows—masculine spooks are no bargain when viewed in the flesh.

But, once a lad has been reduced to ectoplasm, he can be a very convenient thing to have in the house. Ghosts have no way of tracking mud on clean linoleum. They require no cooking. And since they are disembodied, they can live in the same room with a girl and still get past the Johnston Office. Once a handsome wraith has been broken of howling from the bedpost, one can live very cozily with him without wondering what the neighbors will say. And, after she's got used to it, a lady rather likes to hear the invisible man paying compliments to her figure from the depths of a moonbeam. A woman who likes surprises will find an attentive phantom about all that any girl could wish for.

Gene Tierney discovers these pleasant facts when she is deliciously haunted by the specter of Rex Harrison in one of the best seances Twentieth Century-Fox has conducted this year. Mr. Harrison as a defunct sea captain is even more vital than he was in *Anna and the Zanuck of Siam*. Though ethereal, he is thoroughly masculine. While less congenial apparitions may be shaking chains and rattling old bones on dark and stormy nights, the haunt of

Harrison swears cheerfully by the fireside and delights his victim with intimate and slightly off-color jokes. It isn't long before the bewitched Miss Tierney is haunting Harrison. The fascinating wraith has to vanish occasionally in order to get a few moments to himself.

And, though he's a bit bossy and masterful, this apparition is a good provider. When the heroine is faced with the inevitable foreclosure of the inevitable mortgage (all movies are haunted by that) he comes through handsomely. He dictates his very marketable memoirs to her typewriter. One gathers that, while in the flesh, the ghost led what is known, in funeral sermons, as "a full life." Before drawing his last breath, he made every moment count. Presently little Miss Tierney finds herself the author of a ghost-written classic so filled with salty amorous adventures by land and sea that she becomes the literary rage of England.



"But, darling, are you sure this is the proper place to teach mother how to swim?"

The ghost also attends to her spiritual needs. Beyond his deft flare for comedy, Mr. Harrison brings to the film a convincing and unmawkish feeling of masculine sentiment. Almost every foot of the film is filled with the domestic glow that comes from watching a lonely woman being protected, comforted and loved. This picture will please all audiences, but it will have a special appeal for the forgotten women—the forlorn souls, both widowed and spinstered, who dream away bleak lives. Mr. Harrison's acting seems sure to make such women feel, for the moment, the presence of husbands who were good companions or fathers who were kind. It's a performance that should satisfy a great human need. Mr. Harrison's ghost is Tom Breneman without a woman's hat on.

However, it must be admitted that haunts, as boy friends, labor under one annoying disadvantage. They have to keep their hands to themselves. So when the heroine feels the need of more material affection, the ghost can only hope for the best. And, since his loved one turns for this corporal solace to a character played by George Sanders, the best is none too good. Sanders portrays the type of author whose catty persiflage makes most literary teas resemble a spitting contest on an alley fence. Quite consistently, he has the morals of a tomcat. When he arrives on the scene, the ghost vanishes. Once a woman becomes fascinated by a wolf, she is beyond the aid of the spirit world. She has to learn some things for herself.

Twentieth Century-Fox has a way of teaching actors to act by letting them act—regardless of the consequences. This eventually pays off. After thwarting Napoleon by bewildering methods in *Lloyds of London* and irrigating the Sahara with his ineptitudes in *Suez*, Tyrone Power at last acquired such seasoning that he rose to plausible heights as an orchestra leader in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Miss Tierney went through similar fires to achieve perfection. Her impersonation of the haunted Mrs. Muir is just about flawless. I found the adoration on her face, in the final close-ups, a pleasant thing to dream about. It's the expression a woman wears but rarely in her lifetime.

The picture, like a well-done stage play, is excellent in all departments. The direction is smooth and the script has a relaxed good taste as it deals with piquant situations. Even the bit parts are played with distinction. And the locations, shot near Monterey, have the clean tangy loveliness of the English coast of Devon.

Life with Father

I laughed over the aggressive whimsey of Clarence Day's father when, as a youth, I read it in *The New Yorker*. I chuckled when, as a young husband, I read the book devoted to Father's extrovert elfishness aloud to my wife. Still dutifully laughing, I took my eldest to admire Howard Lindsay's portrayal of Father on Broadway. Time passed, and, with well-rehearsed appreciation I took my second bairn to witness Louis Calhern's antics in the road company. Now, as the winter of life is closing in, I find myself compelled to approve the movie version. It may be that only in Heaven I shall say my last amen to *Life with Father*. Only then will I know the peace that passeth understanding.

This always happens with *The New Yorker*'s humor. Its authors commercialize the by-products of a droll character, as a Chicago packing house markets the ultimate remnants of a hog. *My Sister Eileen* progressed insistently from madcap girlhood to venerable boredom; and the waggish moment when Mr. James Thurber pretended an overturned telephone booth was his coffin has been exclaimed over in so many anthologies that one can only wish that some impetuous sexton had buried the damned phone booth, with Thurber in it, before the prank became a legend. Fun is so worshiped around *The New*

Continued on page 136

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Of Rice and Men

Continued from page 135

Yorker that the faintest wheeze becomes a hallelujah to echo for all time.

A movie critic enthusing over *Life with Father* is a little like the *What To Do When Company Comes* editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, writing an exhilarating account of the flavor of a radish. A staff of experts can photograph a radish so that it looks like a rosebud. But, to those with experienced palates, it still tastes the same. Such was the problem facing Michael Curtiz and Donald Ogden Stewart, who undertook the direction and the adaptation of a drama whose flavor already had been sampled by every white child born north of the Rio Grande River. They've done an amazingly fine job. All hermits and paroled convicts who have had no previous contact with *Life with Father* will find this movie hilarious. Those of us who are not shut-ins will find that this old wive's tale has lost nothing in its latest retelling. It's still funny and the cast is tops. But those who tend to worship Mr. Curtiz' fine understanding of Americana (and I am one of them) will find themselves wishing that he had been less conscribed by Broadway precedent. Had he been allowed to put more of himself in it, I believe the characters in this story of New York's Augustinian age would have had greater depth and roundness. I missed that accurate reflection of the native scene that made his *Four Daughters* so delightful. *Life with Father* is a slick photograph of a pattern-made stage play. It could have been more than that.

In spite of his limitations Curtiz succeeds in giving the play considerable added heart interest. This was not easy to do. For a story of family life, *Life with Father* is rather barren of heart interest. The four children are mere stooges for Father's gags. There is little paternal tenderness in the play. The four redheaded Day brothers seem a little like a juvenile version of the Marx brothers—in which each brother looks like Harpo.

But there are indications of a real love between husband and wife. Curtiz does his best to breathe life into this. William Powell, who is excellent in every scene, makes you feel at all times that Father, despite his bombast, is deeply devoted to Mother. During the episodes showing her illness, he gets over the restless anguish of a disconsolate and worried husband as he wanders through rooms that suddenly have become vast and vacant because his woman is no longer there to warm them with her touch. And to make them a home.

On the stage, most Crouse and Lindsay shows seem to have been produced during a housing shortage. The action occurs in one setting. It always seemed a little odd that the spacious Day family lived all its life in the dining room. One always suspected thrifty Crouse and Lindsay of renting rooms to other plays which were being staged, simultaneously, all over the house.

Father's long and furious monologue against politicians, while reading the newspaper, is so basically theatrical that any actor looks phony while trying to perform it. Mr. Powell does better than most. The episode ends with a hokum laugh when a listening maid (who remains unnoticed during the entire discourse) falls downstairs. A couple of added scenes help Bill expand Father's characterization. One shows him berating a cab horse into a gallop. In the other he bursts imperiously into a terrified employment agency where he picks a maid who is too large for the family's uniforms. There should have been more of this new material.

Another bit of false motivation shows young Clarence being bewitched into assuming his father's personality whenever he wears one of his old man's cut-down suits. Jimmy Lydon tries to make this farfetched magic seem plausible, but his best laughs come from a lovesick and excruciating playing of hymns on the violin. Elizabeth Taylor distinguishes the role of his girl friend beyond the perfunctory proportions of the stage version.

The toughest problem of bringing *Life with Father* to the screen lay in the dither the family gets into over Father's refusal to be baptized. This was sure-fire stuff in Gotham where audiences were prepared to look upon the rite as a trivial, and perhaps archaic, superstition. But, in what H. L. Mencken calls "the Bible Belt," baptism is a ritual taken seriously by all Christian denominations. Mr. Curtiz, with his usual good taste, was aware of this. He got around the problem by having the character of the sweet and impractical clergyman played by Edmund Gwenn. Mr. Gwenn is a great improvement over the run of stage divines found in Times Square boardinghouses. His sincerity and dignity in the church scene eliminates any suggestion that a ritual, dear to the hearts of both Protestants and Catholics, is being held up to ridicule.

Irene Dunne is both prettily addleheaded and gently wise as Mother. Women will enjoy her

Prepare for Pleasure
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soft and clinging victories over Father's domestic tyranny. But they are a little too pat and deftly contrived. The whole play is based on the fond feminine notion that men are great big boys, at heart, and that any female who knows how to wring her hands inevitably attains dominance over them. The ladies find comfort in this idea, but it ain't necessarily so.

The Unfaithful

HERE's the picture which the adult woman must turn to for an intelligent discussion of real women and real problems. It is Jack Warner's answer to the criticisms of Hollywood's attitude toward marriage recently made by Monsignor Fulton G. Sheen, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, and Dr. Sidney E. Goldstein. Like Mr. Warner's recent replies to public questions, the film is honest and resorts to no equivocations or double talk. It calls marriage the most important of human institutions. It considers it more necessary to happiness than pride, vanity, or the desire to vindicate one's self. In eloquent terms, it argues that forgiveness is important in this most fundamental of human relationships.

A marriage, the film argues, should be preserved even if there is the strongest provocation for divorce—provided the husband and wife are fundamentally decent and of good heart.

"Where should one turn for understanding after life's mistakes," the story asks, "if not to one's mate—the one person in the whole world whose destiny is linked with yours? Marriage is the sublime partnership."

The Unfaithful refutes the "art is a weapon" ideology which maintains that social problems must be dramatized with a prejudice that stacks the cards in favor of one character. It tells its story of infidelity and divorce and treats husband and wife as human beings. You pity and you understand both.

The plot closely follows Somerset Maugham's *The Letter*, which has been a Warner property for some years. But the current version is more profound and of greater topical application than the original. It is a story of today's moral complexities and people.

This picture restores Ann Sheridan to the top ranks of stardom and promotes Zachary Scott from the ranks of villainy to an important place among leading men.

Miss Sheridan is cast as Chris Hunter, a beautiful young matron who married Bob Hunter (Mr. Scott) after a whirlwind wartime romance. Bob wanted her beauty to be his and Chris was thrilled to have it so. As the war progressed and his letters became fewer she tried to avoid the parties and cocktail bars where temptation waited for wartime wives. She was desperately lonely. When a seemingly respectable sculptor wanted to do a portrait of her, she consented. It would make a nice present for her husband and it gave her some occupation for her vacant days. The wolf timed his advances well. On a lonely, friendless Christmas Eve she gave in.

Afterwards she felt soiled and ashamed. She saw no more of the man. When her husband returned, she wanted to confess. But how could any woman have the heart to tell a thing like that to a husband who had idealized her for two years—who had dreamed of her at Bougainville and Okinawa? She tried to be a good wife but the sculptor, an egocentric self-styled Casanova, wouldn't let her alone. One night, while her husband was away, the man tried to force his attentions upon her. In her efforts to fight him off she killed him.

From then on the hopeless woman was caught in a web of lies. She claimed she'd never seen the man before. She lied to the police. To her attorney. And to the husband who, loyally, stood by her. But the truth came out. After an exciting murder trial the woman is acquitted. It is then that the picture moves to a smashing climax.

Can any man forgive a woman who has betrayed him and humiliated him before the chop-licking crowd? Can any man be big enough to see beyond scandal and hurt pride? Big enough to love a woman in spite of the fact that she has cheated, and devoted enough to save her from the desolation that will come with his abandonment?

The man Zachary Scott plays does this. He does it without heroics. Like any ordinary human being, he gets drunk and indulges in bitter and sometimes childish recriminations. He hates what his wife has done. But he knows she hates it too. So, even though he knows he'll never be able to forget it and even though he knows the future will be painful, he retains his faith in her.

Somehow I feel that the woman who finds such a guy is luckier than the nymphs who dwell in the manless paradise of *Unfinished Dance*. They are more cherished than the romantic souls haunted by such gallant spooks as Rex Harrison's. And I'll bet they're happier than the clinging vines who artfully manipulate life with father.

For love is greatest when it is reality. ⧻

Continued from page 59

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Safer Sports Through Science

Continued from page 67

results showed that skiers suffered a total of 762 sprains and 257 broken bones. The ankle suffered most, because of the tight harness which kept the foot fixed to the ski. In fact, one special kind of fractures in the lower leg have become known as "ski fractures" in the medical profession.

Basketball is less lethal than most sports, although it has its share of strains and sprains, and that peculiarly painful skin abrasion called a "floor burn." Health authorities frowned on the fast firehouse basketball that was in favor a few years ago on the basis that it saps away at the health of high-school students, burns them out, makes them more susceptible to disease. The high-school game has been slowed a bit since.

If amateurs suffer, professional athletes win even fewer furloughs from the surgical ward. Football, baseball, and hockey offer their unique contributions to tearing apart the human frame. In baseball, for example, the players suffer from two main types of injuries; those caused by sudden contact with a fast-moving ball or an opponent's spikes, and the prize collection of sore muscles and stiff joints caused by the wear and tear of the game. A series of injuries is credited with shoving the Cubs from National League championship in 1945 to third place in the league in 1946.

Sometimes, when the ball comes hurtling toward the plate at ninety-odd miles an hour, the batter forgets to duck. Once beaned, he is likely to remember that moment of stunning impact. Mickey Cochrane, "Black Mike," one of the greatest catchers of baseball history, gave up active play after being beaned back in 1937. Billy Jurges got beaned by Bucky Walters and lost sixty per cent of the hearing ability in his left ear. Years ago Ray Chapman was killed by a ball pitched by Carl Mays. The momentum of the pitched ball was so great that although Chapman was struck on one temple, the fatal fracture was found in the opposite temple. Luke Sewell, beaned by Bump Hadley back in 1934, said a bell kept ringing in his head for months afterward. Seven years later Sewell still had a lump on his head and a headache whenever a storm was coming up. Headgear intended to protect the batter's head has been tried out, but has never caught on generally.

The other injuries that plague baseball players are well symbolized by the "glass arms" that turn up among pitchers. Pitchers' arms are afflicted by pulled tendons, by bone chips in the elbow, by sore shoulder muscles, and by all the other ills that can afflict that yard of bone, muscle and sinew that stretches from the clavicle to the finger tips. Sometimes injuries in other parts of the body can affect the smooth whip of the arm. Dizzy Dean bowed out of the picture after a bad toe had affected the rhythm of his pitching swing. Hank Borowy, once a flash for the Yankees, once a main reason for the Cub pennant hopes, spent the months before the start of the '47 season rubbing a finger of his pitching hand on a block of wood in order to toughen it to prevent blisters forming when he pitched.

Early in 1947 Johnny Rigney of the White Sox was taking "novocain and oil injections" into his shoulder from Dr. Daniel Levinthal of Beverly Hills in order to lubricate his pitching arm. The novocain, a local anesthetic, was absorbed into his shoulder slowly so that Rigney could move his arm without pain. Mecholyl was also induced into the shoulder tissues by the use of a galvanic current.

Hockey, even barring the playing cards and seat cushions hurled to the ice from the stands, stands high on the list of the more damaging sports. Most professional hockey players have as much fancy stitching on their heads and scalps as you will find in a hooked rug. The late Lorne Chabot, who played with many hockey teams, including the Toronto Maple Leafs and the New York Rangers, once explained why he always shaved before a game: "I seem to stitch better when my skin is smooth." The hard-rubber puck travels almost as fast as a baseball, and can lay open a cheek or the scalp with as little trouble as a butcher knife. The players' skates are sharp. And skating has its own hazards. The swift header into the boards is not the equivalent of sinking back into a feather bed. Hockey sticks have been known to connect with more yielding substances than the puck. And if worst comes to worst, the players can always start a fight on the ice.

Injuries are part of the occupational hazards of professional boxing, and many a bout has been summarily ended because of physical dangers to one of the fighters. The good second studies quick surgery and patching methods, as well as the strategy of the opponent. Whitey Bimstein, one of the few seconds who ever rated a profile in *The New Yorker*, is noted for his ability to produce quick repairs during a battle. He relies on a kit which contains adhesive tape, bandages, petroleum jelly, ammonia inhalants, and Adrenalin. The Adrenalin is used to constrict the blood vessels, stop the bleeding in superficial cuts. Boxing is far more interested in preventing permanent injuries than it was back in 1910 when Bat Nelson fought Ad Wolgast. Bat came out for the fortieth round with his guard up and squared off against a ring post, thinking it was Wolgast. Only then did somebody decide to stop the fight.

One way of preventing the onset of cauliflower ears has been developed by wrestling coaches. Cold bandages are applied immediately after the match, before the cartilage gets a chance to swell out of shape. But the old habit of shooting opiates into a broken hand to kill the pain is less in fashion. Boxing has seen its share of deaths—sixteen in 1946—although more careful pregame physical examinations weed out the obviously unfit. Some fistic experts believe that Max Baer lost a little of his tigerish attack after the death of Ernie Schaaf. Actually, Schaaf died a few days after a fight with Carnera, but the doctor felt that his brain had been seriously damaged in an earlier bout with Baer. The list of boxers whose eyes have been harmed by their ring battles is long. Sam Langford, Pete Herman, Harry Greb (who fought with a glass eye and died of an eye operation), and Henry Armstrong all suffered eye damage. Sam Langford fought one of his last bouts in Mexico—and won it—when one eye was completely blind and he had only five per cent vision in the other.

One of the most ingenious and useful inventions in boxing was made by the appropriately nicknamed Foulproof Taylor, a telegrapher. Seated by the ringside, Taylor's skeptical eyes saw many a boxer go down during the late twenties and early thirties, holding his groin and screaming that he had been fouled. Taylor's solution was simple, his method of demonstrating it dramatic. He invented a cup made of aluminum and sponge rubber, haunted gymnasiums and promoters' offices, daring any and all comers to sock him where most men prefer not to be socked. When Taylor remained erect and smiling, the worth of his cup was quickly demonstrated. And fewer championships changed hands with the new champ flat on his back and writhing.

Stricter examinations have also kept down the number of punch-drunk fighters, the glassy-eyed, flattened-nosed little men who spend their last days shambling around gymnasiums, convinced they are as good as they ever were. It's harder now for a manager to milk the last possible percentage out of a fighter just on the verge of being knocked permanently silly.

So much for specific sports. What about the effect of the violent exercise of athletics on the general way the body functions? Medical men have spent a great deal of time studying various aspects of this problem and have come up with amazing results.

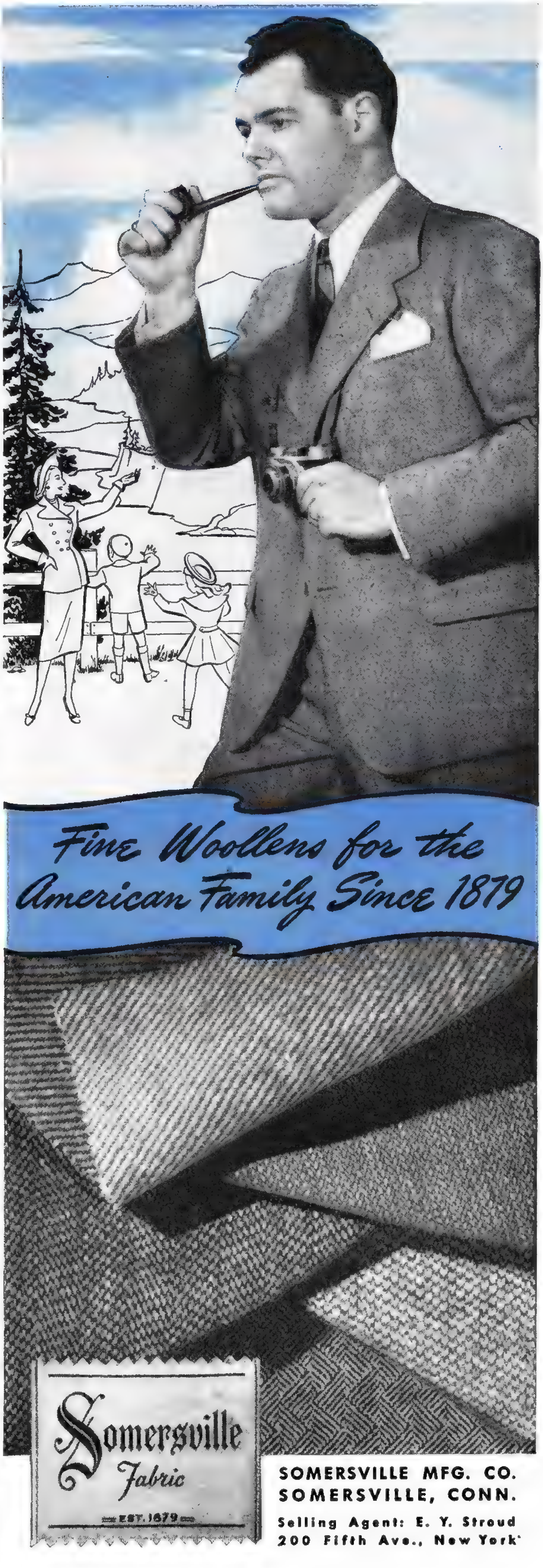
One problem studied at Emory University during World War II may have provided an answer to the question of whether it's wise to eat heartily before an athletic contest. Dr. John Haldi and Winfrey Winn took twelve of the Navy's V-12 trainees, fed them heavy meals at 4:30 in the afternoon. Then at seven at night they tested their swimming speed and endurance. Next the doctors fed the cadets a rather light meal and again tested their swimming abilities. The results were just about the same. The old problem of the value of sweets as a source of extra energy was also examined. Feeding the cadets sweets before the swimming tests had apparently no effect on their endurance.

Doctors have tested the effect of drugs and other substances in improving athletic performance. A report in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* summarizes the results of the study of the four basic ways of "doping" athletes. These involved the use of special foods, of oxygen, of artificial sunlight and of drugs. Dr. Ove Boje takes up the foods first, generally hands down a verdict of "not proved." He feels that even if sugar doesn't give extra energy to an athlete during a contest, it still does little harm. A diet rich in phosphates may give added energy when it's needed; more research is required to clear up this point. Mountaineers and skiers who operate where the air is thin may find that extra amounts of ammonium chloride in the diet help spur muscular efficiency. At any rate, phosphates and ammonium chloride do little harm and may be worth a try.

During at least one swimming match before World War II, Japanese swimmers inhaled oxygen busily before the meet, seeking to cut their time. While it may have helped somewhat, it probably is of no use before an ordinary athletic contest. As for drugs, it all depends. The vial of smelling salts shoved up under a reeling boxer's nose between rounds may bring him back quickly to consciousness. Unlike most drugs, it doesn't do much harm. The caffeine found in tea and coffee doesn't seem to have any great result in athletic contests, one way or another. On the other hand, amphetamine sulfate (better known as Benzedrine) can kill the feeling of fatigue. It was used during World War II to keep patrol pilots, sent on long grueling missions, keyed up until their return. However, Benzedrine doesn't eliminate fatigue; it merely postpones the inevitable moment when the body needs rest. And the amount of rest needed is increased after using Benzedrine. For these reasons, the use of Benzedrine without proper supervision is dangerous.

One of the most popular athletic legends is the theory that the legs go first. Not so, says a member of the New York City coroner's staff, as reported by Frank Menke in his famous *Encyclopedia of Sports*. This doctor performed more than 4500 autopsies, and found that the lungs were affected in almost all corpses over the age of thirty. The lungs provided the oxygen needed for the high-speed functioning of the body. For a long time it has been generally admitted that great lung capacity was needed for effective body functioning. The athlete who finds his legs growing strangely weak as he rounds third base or goes back to his corner

Continued on page 140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Safer Sports Through Science

Continued from page 139

after the sixth-round bell isn't wrong. But it's not the leg muscles that are betraying him; it's the lungs that feed the oxygen to the legs. And if an athlete keeps going strong after the age of forty, it's not muscles, but first-rate lungs that keep him up in front.

In the long run, of course, there can be no hard and fast rules about either athletics or violent exercise. It all depends upon the individual case. On the credit side, scientists seem to agree that exercise will increase the size, strength, and efficiency of our muscles. And it increases the capacity of the heart and lungs.

The dangers are equally apparent. Dr. John D. Ellis of Chicago believes that rugged competitive sports injure the spines of youths under nineteen. Most doctors agree that extreme muscle fatigue lowers the resistance of the body to such diseases as tuberculosis. And overexercise at any age may strain the heart. The two dangerous periods in sport seem to be late adolescence and middle age. In the former, the growing boy runs the risk of burning himself out in such sports as track and basketball.

In middle age, the plumping week-end athlete runs himself ragged, trying desperately to prove that he is every bit as good a man as he ever was. Lacking the necessary time to train his muscles properly, he lives in the delusion that he can regain his youth by five sets of singles, by 36 holes of golf on Saturday and Sunday. Hence a good many sudden deaths from heart disease.

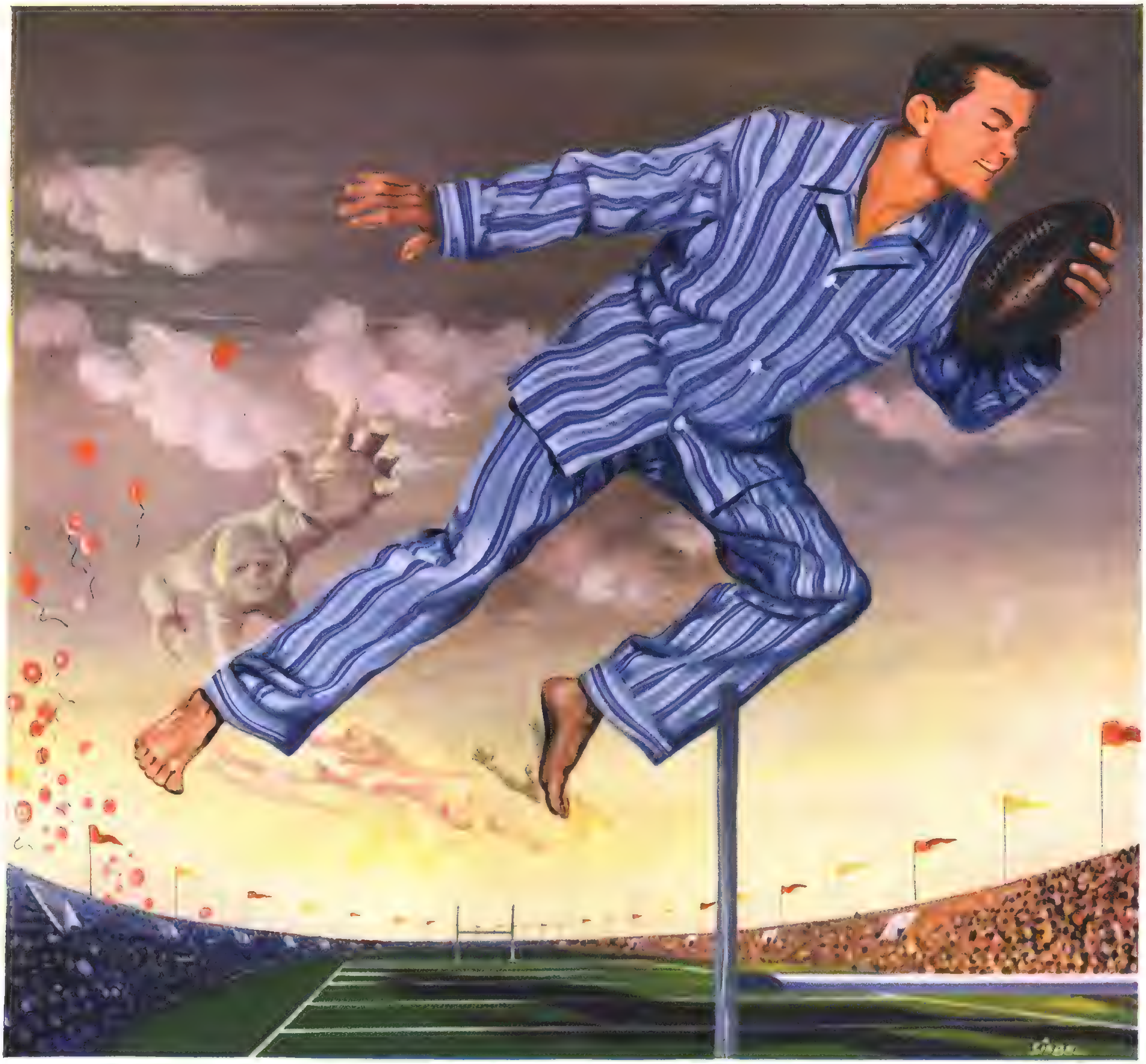
Nevertheless, there is a middle ground between fitness and flabbiness that can be reached. Athletics, well chosen, persisted in, can actually increase the well-being of the body. Glenn Cunningham had badly burned legs as a boy, doggedly ran himself back to physical fitness. The record books, the history of sports, are filled with examples of those who started out with handicaps, yet became superlatively good athletes through persistence. Furthermore, physical fitness achieved through training lessens the number of athletic injuries. During the thirties, for example, the beds in Minnesota's football infirmary were kept filled with injured players. During the early forties, when most of the players were subject to the physical training given them as members of the Armed Forces, the beds were almost constantly empty. Most football injuries happen to the younger, inexperienced and not physically toughened players. The same is true in baseball. Injuries flood the newspaper headlines during the early spring-training season when the players are desperately trying to get themselves back in shape.

The big question before the house is whether we underdo or overdo, and how to strike a balance between the two. Some of the reports indicate that we are indeed too flabby. Back in 1942, Dr. Thomas Cureton tested the general physical fitness of 2628 young men entering the University of Illinois. Depressingly, he found that they seemed to lack the essential ability to co-ordinate their muscles. Almost four out of five could not lift their legs twenty times from the floor while lying on their backs. Nor could they perform twenty sit-ups. Athletic directors figure that a man in reasonably good condition ought to be able to do 100 leg lifts and two to five hundred sit-ups. Almost four out of five couldn't chin themselves ten times in a row. Three-quarters of them couldn't run a mile in seven minutes. And one out of four couldn't swim.

Dr. Elwood Davis, Dean of Men at the University of Louisville, is even more portentous in condemning the lack of physical fitness in the young American male. Davis sneers at the value of games and sports, urges a return to setting-up exercises and good stiff workouts to the point of exhaustion. Like Philip Wylie he damns the mothers of America for overprotecting their sons. He points out, "Little has been printed or said about the fact that a great many young men in their teens or early twenties first showed marked timidity and fear toward physically exerting themselves." He quotes Army figures to show that three out of every five servicemen couldn't pass minimum standards of physical fitness before they began recruit training. Only one in every hundred servicemen came into the Army with postures that were good enough even by civilian standards. Davis goes on to say, "The long established fear of overdoing physically, probably first learned at 'Mom's' knee, served to violate two physiological principles related to physical fitness. The first is that muscle strength is only derived through maximum contraction of muscle per unit of time. The second is that heart-lung endurance is developed only by pushing oneself past the point of fatigue."

One final tip for week-end athletes. Dr. Davis figures that it takes an absolute minimum of five or six hours a week of balanced exercise to develop and keep up the proper physical fitness. When the Army lowered the physical training time to three hours a week, the physical fitness of the troops fell off, even though the soldiers continued to lead regular lives, get the proper amount of sleep, and eat the right foods. First-rate physical fitness is something that has to be worked for—and something, even under the best of conditions, that involves the risk of defeating its own ends by damaging, instead of improving the body. But even with the risks it's fun. #

Continued from page 67



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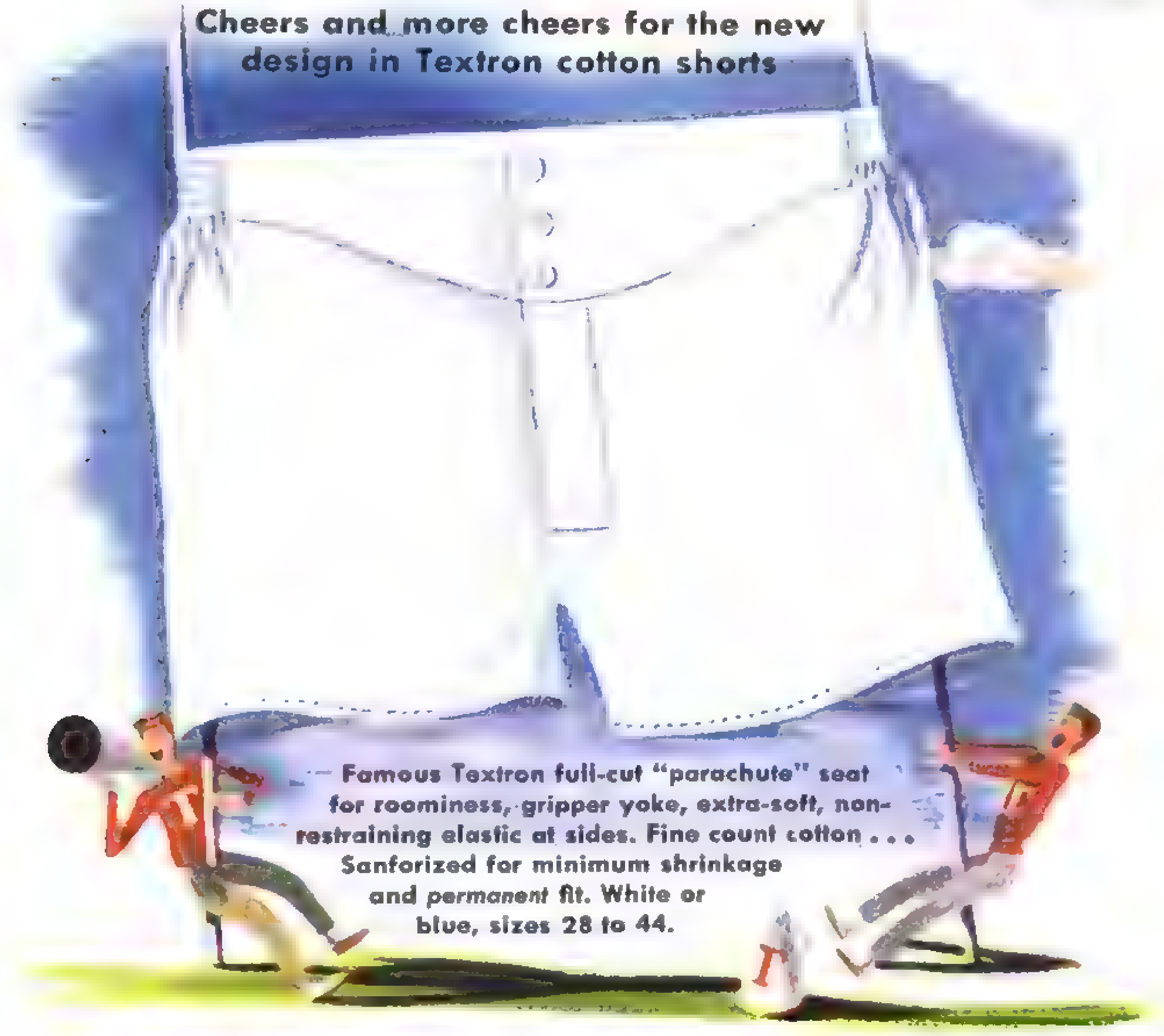

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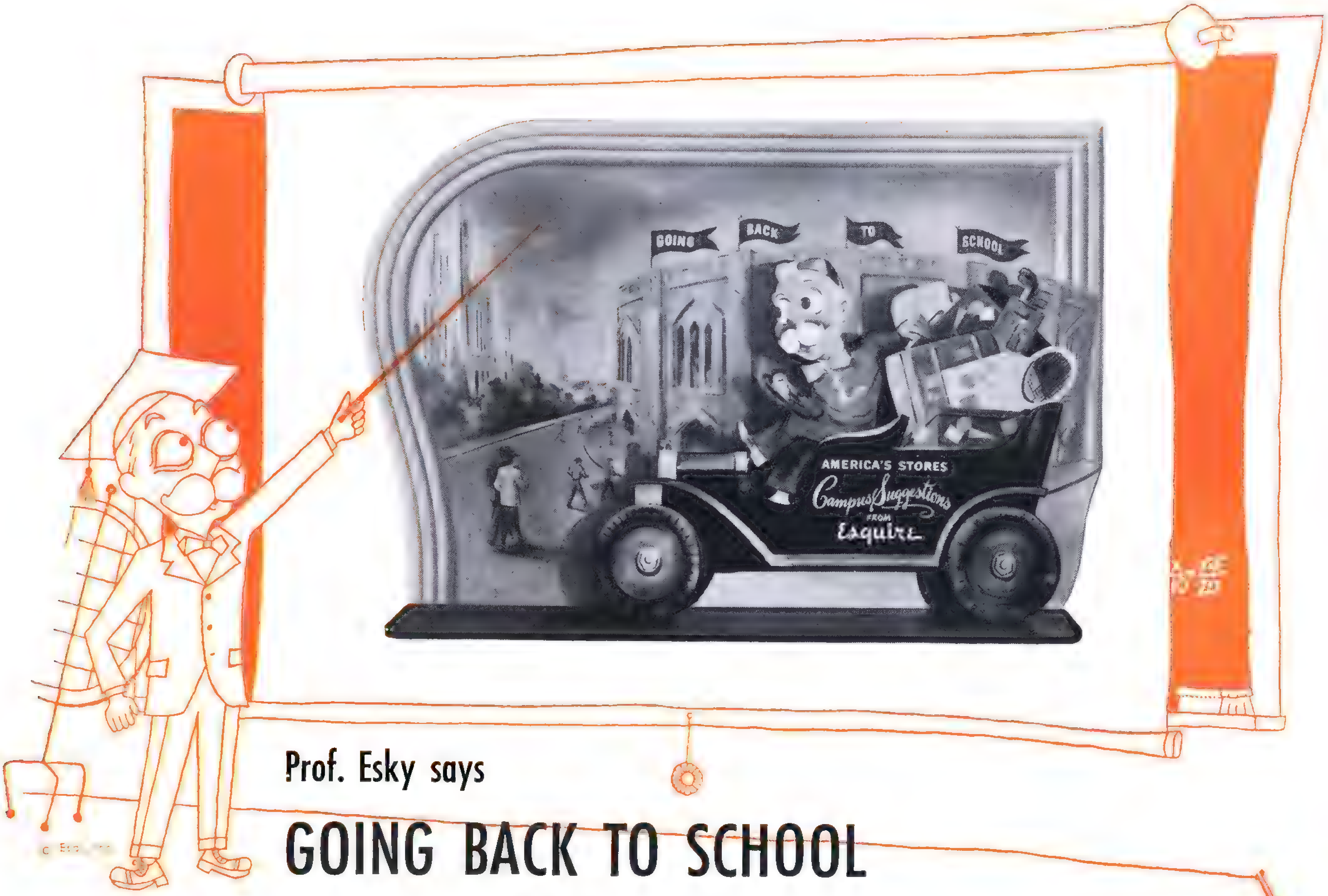

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The Convert

Continued from page 43

marching through a drained marsh."

Trotter nodded thoughtfully, then realized what he was doing and kept his head rigid on his neck.

"My life," Rudolf said, sounding, Trotter thought, like a character in a Russian play, "was painted grey. When a man thinks he is dying he has a tendency to look back clearly on what he has done. I remembered I used to walk along the street and look at the girls and I'd go home to dinner and I'd sit there as though somebody had put me in a vault and was slowly pumping the air out. I didn't know why I felt like that, then, but those days in the hospital I knew. What my subconscious mind was telling me, then, was look at the way that coat wraps around that woman, look at the way those hips move, look at those faces, look at that hair, look at those legs. Aren't they wonderful? They're not for you. Never for you. I didn't realize it then, but I was frustrated for ten years. Don't laugh."

"I'm not laughing," Trotter said, and the fact was he had rarely felt less like laughing.

"My subconscious mind just felt there was no use in remaining alive," Rudolf said. "Now I feel guilty about Fannie and the children, although I must confess, in thinking about them, too, in the hospital, I realized they were as boring a brace of children as I'd ever come across . . ."

"Rudy!" Trotter said, shocked.

"I know it sounds awful," Rudolf said sadly. "But I just hope, for your sake, that before you die you don't have any time to reflect on what your life has been like. Clarity," he said, "awful, honest clarity. I came out of that hospital a haunted man."

"Darling, I have only my music to tell you of my love"

"You did seem somewhat . . . somewhat . . . remote."

The two men sat in silence for a long time. Then Trotter said, softly, and as delicately as possible, "How has it been . . . uh . . . since you left home?"

"Awful," Rudolf said. "For a week, it was quite . . . uh . . . satisfactory. But then the nurse's husband came home from Chicago, and they were reconciled. She wouldn't let me see her again."

There was another silence, and both men stared morbidly at the tablecloth, thinking of the insecurity of human happiness.

"No others?" Trotter asked.

"I don't know any others. I've never been so lonely in my life."

"You know," Trotter said gently, sorrowing for his friend in his hour of great trouble, "it's likely to grow worse. As you get older, you know . . ."

"I know," Rudolf said starkly. "I know."

"Don't you think," Trotter asked, "that perhaps it would be a good idea to give it up, go back?"

"I've thought of it a thousand times," said Rudolf, "and each time I'm on the verge of going to the phone and calling my home I just can't do it." He stared down at his clenched hands, his face ravaged by his sorrowful obsession. "I don't know what I'm going to do, Justin," he said, his voice low and hoarse, "I just don't know. Ah," he stood up, "it doesn't help to talk about it. I have to get back to the office now, anyway."

Trotter stood up, too. "How are things," he asked, glad to change the subject, "down at your office?"

"Awful," Rudolf said flatly. "Couldn't be worse."

They went out in silence. Rudolf shook his hand in a hot, pathetic, long grip when they parted, and Trotter watched his friend walk slowly away like a sick old man with bad legs. The pursuit of joy, Trotter thought, is one of the most tragic things in life.

"Well," Sara said, over dinner that night, "did you talk to him?"

"Yes, dear," Trotter said.

"How is he?" Sara sniffed harshly.

"Not good," said Trotter. "Not good at all."

"Serves him right," said Sara. "Why did he do it?"

Trotter hesitated a moment. "He . . . uh . . . didn't say."

"Are you lying to me, Justin Trotter?" Sara demanded, holding a forkful of mashed potatoes menacingly in the air.

"No," Trotter lied. "Really, Sara. I couldn't ask. It obviously was very private."

"You and your damned idea of privacy. What can I tell Fannie? She's been calling all afternoon."

"Tell her," Trotter said, "tell her to stop worrying. He'll be back in two weeks."

But Rudolf wasn't back in two weeks. He wasn't back in two months. Fannie came to the house and was lying on the couch one evening, dabbing at her eyes with witch-hazel pads, when Trotter came home, and Sara reported grimly later on that night that Fannie hadn't heard from Rudolf for a month, outside of the usual

Continued on page 144

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The Convert

Continued from page 143

check, and was in utter despair.

"All right," Trotter said wearily, "I'll call him tomorrow and see what's happening, if I can."

The next morning, from his office, Trotter called his friend.

"Sorry," Rudolf's secretary said with brisk professional regret, "Mr. Markham's not in at the moment. He hasn't come in yet. I expect him in in about an hour."

"Please have him call me," Trotter said, hanging up, and looking gravely at the clock. It was ten-thirty already and if Rudolf wasn't getting in for another hour, it showed an alarming tendency on his friend's part to let things slip, Trotter thought. He would try to talk to him firmly and sensibly about that when they met. Rudolf had been rather shaky down at his office in the last year or so, Trotter knew, and this wouldn't help. Poor man, Trotter thought, going from bad to worse.

It was nearly one o'clock before Rudolf called. "I'm terribly sorry I was out," Rudolf said, and Trotter was delighted to discover that his voice was not as desperate as Trotter had feared. "I'd love to have lunch with you, but I'm afraid it's impossible this week, Justin, old man. I've got a pretty heavy schedule this week. How about next Monday? Fine. Fine. Oh, yes," he said, in answer to Trotter's hurried question, "I'm all right. Quite all right."

Trotter put on his hat and coat. Now he would have to eat lunch alone. He had not made any other arrangements for lunch because he had thought that he and Rudolf would have it together. In the corridor, waiting for the elevator, there was a familiar figure. He looked more closely and saw that it was Miss Chapin. She had on a leopard-skin coat and no hat, and her dark hair cascaded, in a way that Pat would call blowzy, over the pale lemon and black of the coat collar. Miss Chapin smiled plumply at him.

"How do you do, Mr. Trotter?" she said, her dark eyes crinkling in imitation, Trotter was sure, of some movie actress. "Going to lunch?"

"Yes," said Trotter, ringing vigorously for the elevator.

"Isn't it awful," Miss Chapin said, her voice soft and sad, "to have to eat lunch alone?"

"I like it," Trotter said loudly. "I like to eat lunch alone. It gives me a chance to think."

How brazen, he thought angrily, how full of sly invitation. He turned his back deliberately on the girl and faced the elevator door. I really should talk to Pat about this girl this afternoon, he thought. She must be a disastrous influence in the outer office.

Next Monday morning Rudolf called Trotter and postponed the lunch until Friday. Then on Friday Rudolf called again. "I'm terribly sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't make it today either. I'm just being rushed off my feet."

"Any day you say," said Trotter firmly.

"Tuesday," Rudolf said. "Absolutely."

"Good," said Trotter. "Let's really make it this time, Rudy."

"Absolutely," said Rudolf and hung up.

Things must really be getting rough for him, Trotter thought, his hand still on the phone, if he feels he has to avoid old friends.

That night Trotter went to the theatre with his wife. Sara was developing a cold and kept sniffling and sneezing and complaining that her head was feeling stuffed. In the lobby at intermission, when he was digging out an extra handkerchief for Sara, he saw Rudolf. Rudolf was in a dinner jacket and laughing, and he was in the middle of a party of handsomely dressed people who were dominating the crowded smoky lobby with an air of slightly drunken exhilaration. Rudolf had a girl on his arm and when Trotter looked at the girl he took a long, deep breath.

She was a tall blonde creature with bare shoulders rising from a heartbreaking green dress. She had deep blue eyes and a full dizzying body and as she hung on Rudolf's arm, looking intently into his eyes, she looked like the full declension of the verb to yield.

"My God," Sara said, through her wet handkerchief, "will you look at that!"

Trotter, who was already looking, looked some more.

"If she's twenty," Sara said, "I'll give the Vice Society a hundred dollars. So . . ." she said, accusingly, as though Trotter were obscurely responsible, "that's what that old fool's been doing! Disgraceful!"

Rudolf caught sight of them then, and waved. Trotter smiled wanly at Rudolf, and half waved back, but Sara grabbed his arm and whispered harshly, "Come on. Inside."

On Tuesday morning Rudolf called. "Do you mind eating at Bruno's?" he asked when he got on the wire. "I got a little rushed and I arranged to meet someone there, if it's all the same to you."

"Of course," Trotter said, although Bruno's was considerably fancier and more expensive than any of the places he usually patronized. "Anything you say."

"One o'clock," Rudolf said. "And it's on me."

Before Trotter could protest Rudolf had hung up. In his own way, Trotter thought, he's making up for the sense of guilt he feels toward us all. Poor Rudolf, Trotter thought, I suppose I'd better give it to him straight. Tell him, for his own good, he can't go through with it. He'd better go back to his wife, his children, his old life. Trotter sat at his desk, carefully rehearsing the soft, intelligent, worldly phrases with which later on that day he would try to salvage what was left of his friend's happiness.

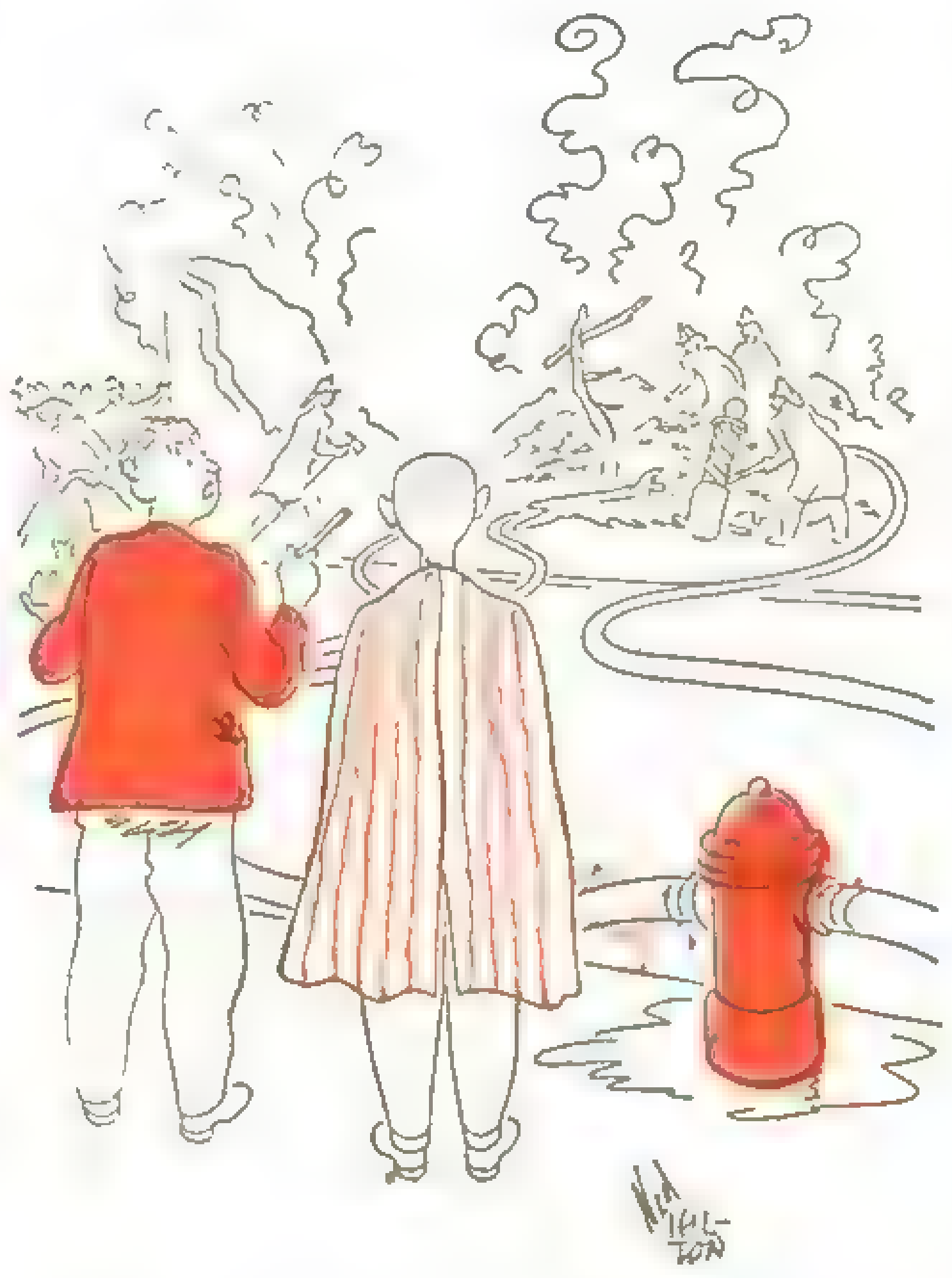
Rudolf was sitting at a corner table with a woman. He stood up when he saw Trotter coming over to the table, and smiled widely at him. They shook hands and Rudolf introduced Trotter to the woman, whose name was Carlotta something, and who had a sultry, dark look about her and who was, Trotter thought dazedly, one of the most attractive women he'd seen in years.

"All right, now, darling," Rudolf said, "now go off and buy yourself lunch. This is business now and little girls can't listen."

"Will you try to make it, Rudy," the woman said, standing up, shining and glisteningly elegant in a pale grey suit, "tomorrow night?"

"I may drop in for a moment," Rudolf said, holding her hand lightly, "after the theatre. Run along."

She smiled at him in a way that no woman had smiled at Trotter since 1929, and walked, swaying beautifully, out of the room.



*"You had such dry hair—
I should never have given
you that singe"*

Trotter blinked. Then he turned to Rudolf. "Listen," he said, "I didn't want to interfere. We can always eat lunch, you know, any time."

"Nonsense," Rudolf laughed. "She'll keep." He waved to the waiter and three waiters arrived. "What'll you have to drink?" he asked Trotter.

"Well . . ." Trotter said, looking down at the old fashioned glass in front of Rudolf, "I don't . . ."

"An old fashioned for Mr. Trotter, please," said Rudolf. "And another one for me."

"Are you drinking?" Trotter asked. "I thought the doctor . . ."

Rudolf grinned. "I don't believe in doctors," he said. Trotter peered anxiously at his friend while Rudolf ordered lunch for them both. It was true that Rudolf looked very well. He was cutting his hair shorter these days, in a kind of college-boy style that sat very well on his well-shaped head, and went handsomely with the stiff, grey-streaked hair. And his color was very good, as though he had been out in the sun for a long time. Rudolf's clothes, too, were different, light, soft tweeds and a soft blue shirt and rather bright red bow tie. If you didn't know him and his years and his troubles, you would swear, Trotter thought, that he was a bouncing young man of thirty-five.

"I'm awfully sorry," Trotter said, "that I haven't got in touch with you all these months, Rudy. But I've been terribly busy and I had seven weeks in Cleveland on a job and . ."

"Perfectly all right, Justin, old man," Rudolf said. "Fact is, I've been pretty busy myself, what with one thing and another. I was away, too. For two weeks. Skiing."

"Skiing?" Trotter asked faintly.

"That's where I got my sunburn," Rudolf said. "The Laurentians. I hadn't skied for ten years but an awful lot of it came back. You ought to try it, Justin," Rudolf said seriously. "You look a little peaked."

"Do I?" Trotter said.

He sipped at his drink and studied Rudolf's face. He wondered if Rudolf had lost his job by now. If he hadn't, how had he found time for two weeks of skiing in Canada? Still, if Rudolf wasn't going to talk about it, he wouldn't either.

"How did you like the show the other night?" Rudolf asked. "I saw you in the lobby."

"Oh, yes," Trotter said. "Very nice." Then he remembered. "That girl you were with," he said. "Lord she was pretty. Very blonde. Big. In a green dress. She looked as though she was on loan to you from M-G-M."

"Honestly, Justin," Rudolf said, wrinkling his brow and looking at the ceiling, "I just can't seem to remember which . . ."

"Pale blonde hair," Trotter said patiently and with new respect for the rich social life of a man who could forget a girl like that, "combed to the back and to one side, and blue eyes and . . ."

"Oh, yes," Rudolf laughed apologetically. "Of course I remember. Janice. She *is* quite nice, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Trotter evenly.

"We went skiing together. She's a lovely skier."

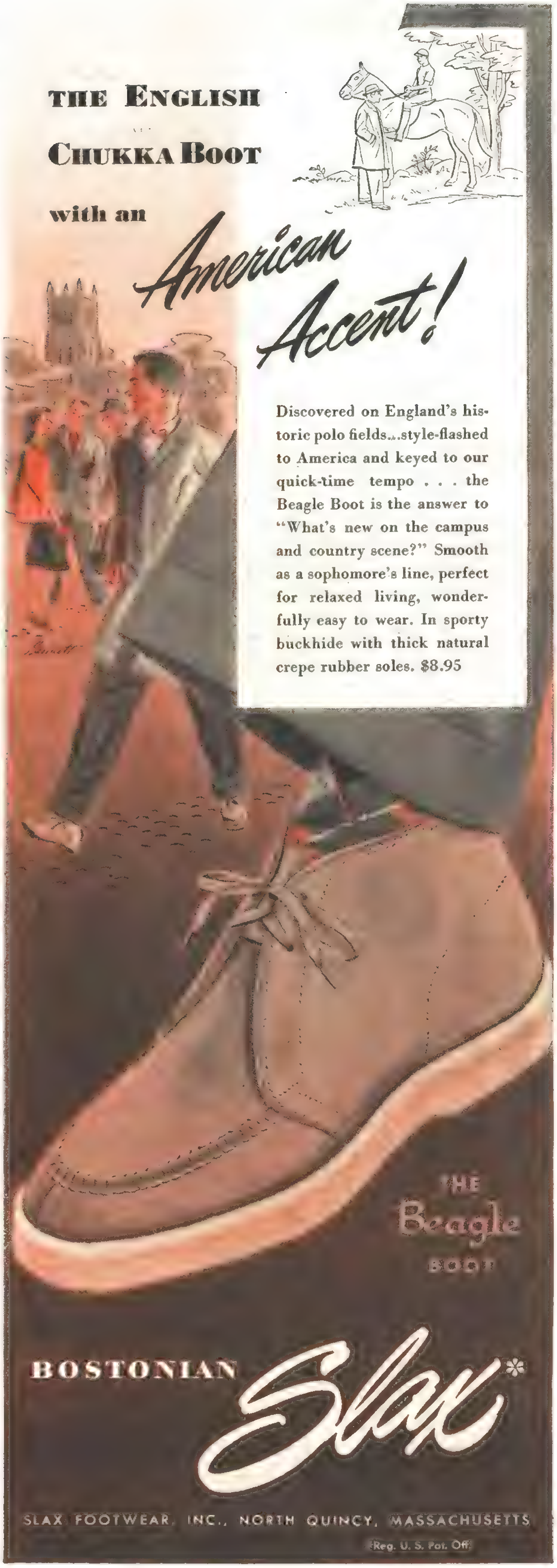
Trotter thought of Rudolf and the tall blonde girl slipping silently down the gleaming snowy holiday hillsides and later on sitting dreamily in a snug lodge before the fire, with hot rum in mugs on the table, and . . .

"She has a father complex," Rudolf said. He was eating busily now, a large steak, very rare, with mushrooms. "You'd be surprised, Justin, how many modern young women have father complexes. They can't stand younger men. They're always looking for someone who reminds them of their father and I . . ."

The waiter came over, plugged in a phone and put the instrument on the table. "For you, Mr. Markham," he said.

"Excuse me, Justin," Rudolf said as he took the phone. Then,

Continued on page 146



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The Convert

Continued from page 145

"Hello. Oh, hello, Alice. Now, Alice, darling, I told you, I just can't get away till Tuesday. You go on ahead with the others and I'll hop a plane Tuesday morning and I'll be in Havana and have dinner with you that night. I promise. I really do promise."

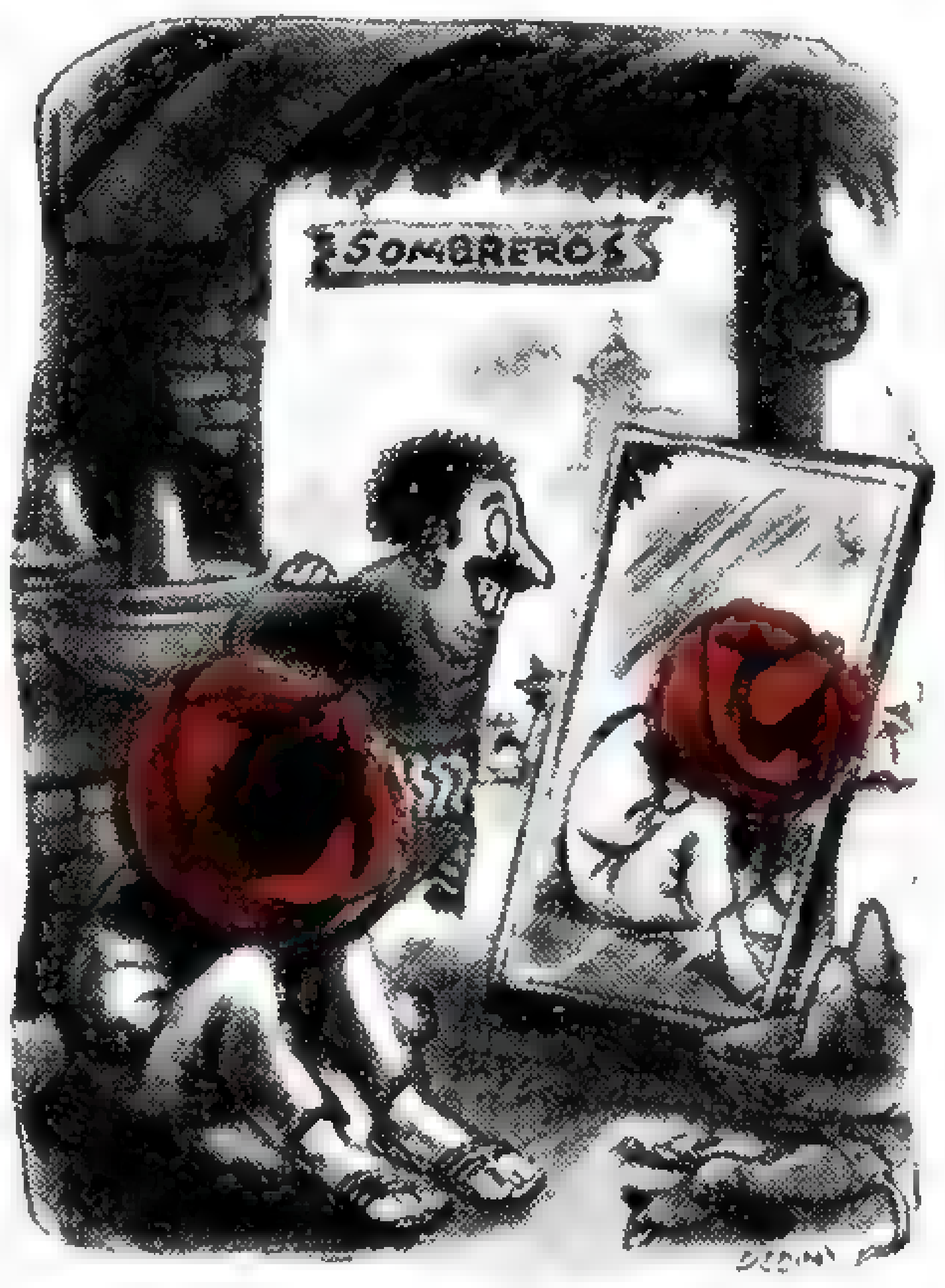
Trotter heard a dim, soft murmur rising and falling huskily in the earpiece of the phone. Havana, he thought erratically, planes, Alice, Janice, Carlotta . . . From the rich texture of the voice in the phone, swelling and falling over the indistinguishable words, he somehow was certain that it was one of those small, curved women you sometimes saw at the opera, who looked as though they had been turned out by Austrian confectioners. He looked away from Rudolf, who was still talking breezily and eliptically into the phone. A party of three handsome women were being seated at a table on the other side of the room. All three waved and smiled softly across the rich room and for a moment Trotter squinted puzzledly and almost waved back. Then he turned and saw that Rudolf was smiling at them, and waving to them debonairly with his free hand.

Trotter kept his eyes on his plate and ate methodically.

Finally Rudolf hung up. "I must apologize," he said. "But I suppose Alice wanted to be sure to get me, so she called me here."

"How are things at the office these days?" Trotter asked as delicately as possible.

"Oh, fine," said Rudolf, waving at a tall beauty in a mink coat who was smiling widely at him from the bar. "They finally seem to have caught on to how valuable I am. I thought you knew. They made me a partner last month."



"You like it, señor?"

"Oh," said Trotter flatly. "Congratulations."

"I hate to rush you, old man," Rudolf said, looking at his watch, "but I promised to go to a run-through of Margaret Sloan's new play this afternoon. I got trapped into it over the week end. It begins at two-thirty, though, and it's over on 49th Street . . ."

"That's all right," Trotter said, thinking of Margaret Sloan, whose picture he saw on the cover of a dozen movie magazines. "I have to be getting back to my office."

"Is there anything in particular," Rudolf asked seriously, "that you wanted to talk about?"

Trotter hesitated for a fraction of a second, remembering his carefully rehearsed speech of the morning. "No," he said, "I just wanted to see you. See how you were."

"Fine," said Rudolf, heartily. "This has been fine. Let's make a regular thing of it."

"Sure," said Trotter. "Glad to."

Rudolf signed for the check and they went out, amid bows and smiles from the help and salutations by various ladies situated at tables around the room.

Outside, in the daylight, Rudolf's tan looked more impressive than ever, and the red tie shone brilliantly.

"Can I drop you?" Rudolf asked.

"No, thanks," said Trotter. "I'd better walk off the old fashioned. Well . . . I . . . uh . . . I'm pleased you're feeling better."

"Oh, yes," said Rudolf. "Yes, indeed."

"By the way," Trotter asked, because curiosity finally overcame him. "Do you ever see that woman, the alcohol-rub one?"

Rudolf grinned. "Once in awhile," he said. "Her husband went back to Chicago." He waved and sprang lightly into a cab, buoyant, immoral, youthful. The cab clanged away and Trotter walked slowly toward his office.

He opened the door of the office abstractedly, and the noise of typewriters made him blink and look up. At the desk nearest the door Miss Chapin was sitting, typing swiftly. She stopped for a moment and looked up. Then, a little fearfully, she dropped her head and went on with her work.

Trotter stood at the door. Miss Chapin's hair fell in a dark, thick swirl over her shoulders and her dull crepe dress caught the light of the afternoon sun in a dozen places. Still wears black silk stockings, Trotter thought, as he started toward his own office past her desk.

The clatter of her typewriter sounded in his ears as he approached her, and the sound of the crepe rustling against her body as she moved made a thin, piercing music in his brain.

He stopped before her desk. "Good afternoon, Miss Chapin."

The typing stopped. The smooth, fair young face looked up, the dark hair falling back. Then the eyes crinkled in a sly, victorious smile. "Why, Mr. Trotter," Miss Chapin said. "You almost frightened me."

They stared at each other dumbly for a moment, then slowly, with a high, delicious, premonitory thunder beating within the walls of his chest, Trotter moved on toward his own office. ⵌ

Continued from page 43

Out Where the Swindle Begins

Continued from page 41

larceny in our souls, kiddies, and it isn't confined to the manufacturer, the jobber or the merchant who tacks on his profit; it spreads today through every trade and union, through every walk in life, every profession, every business, until you suddenly realize that there are no specific villains in our economic setup, just a bunch of good guys, hard-working Americans, all fine family men and neighbors, each engaged in his own particular little swindle which will rake in that extra buck and put it over on the other guy, with the result that we manage in the long run to put it over on ourselves with the ash can waiting for all of us.

Maybe there is some other way to account for the discrepancy in the original and the sale price of the Super-Purpose All-Automatic Home Fiddle-de-dee, but that is how it looks to this department, and I am saddened when I catch my fellow man at a bit of larceny because it always points up the private bit of larceny in my own make-up. I'm for a better world beginning with me, and perhaps that is the answer and where it must be sought.

I don't believe in regulation which only makes a challenge and an adventure out of chiseling, and I like the free-enterprise system first-rate, and know that the guys who run it couldn't be nicer, because I meet them all the time, and most of them worked their way up to their position with ideas and energy and sacrifice, intelligence and hard labor—and dammitall, I suppose by charging $38.99 for something worth $14.98 in labor, materials, ideas, and overhead, which is the invitation for everyone to join the dance.

Jones, who has been bilked out of that twenty-one pengös, has to get it back in some way. Maybe Jones is an electrician, so when you call him over to your house to do a fifty-cent job on a bit of fused wire, he charges you four bucks, and he's got three-fifty back of what Zilch chiseled him, only now *you're* out, and good and sore besides, and start figuring how you can tap the pockets of the folks in your particular business. No one has been an out-and-out crook, but no one has bothered to be particularly honest within the workings of the Golden Rule, either.

And since little or nothing is to be accomplished by regulation or laws to control the "white" larceny that seems to beat in all our breasts, maybe a moment of silent self-contemplation of how we behave when we buy, make and sell would help to put on the brakes on this fast one-way ride to depression on which we seem to be embarked. We are a good and kind and decent people, but there does seem to be a good deal of hog in all of us.

Or maybe I ought to quit reading the Sunday papers.

This Was Coney Island

The brassy cries of the barkers, the tinny music of the merry-go-rounds, the thunder of the surf upon the beach and the brazen clangor of the roller-coaster cars crashing to the bottom of the inclines still forms the background music for Coney Island, that once fabulous playground of the poor, a raucous rowdy clamor punctuated by the snapping of .22 shells from the shooting galleries, the ringing of bells and the rumble of traffic on Surf Avenue, but the guts has gone out of this curious and historic appendage to the great and teeming city of New York.

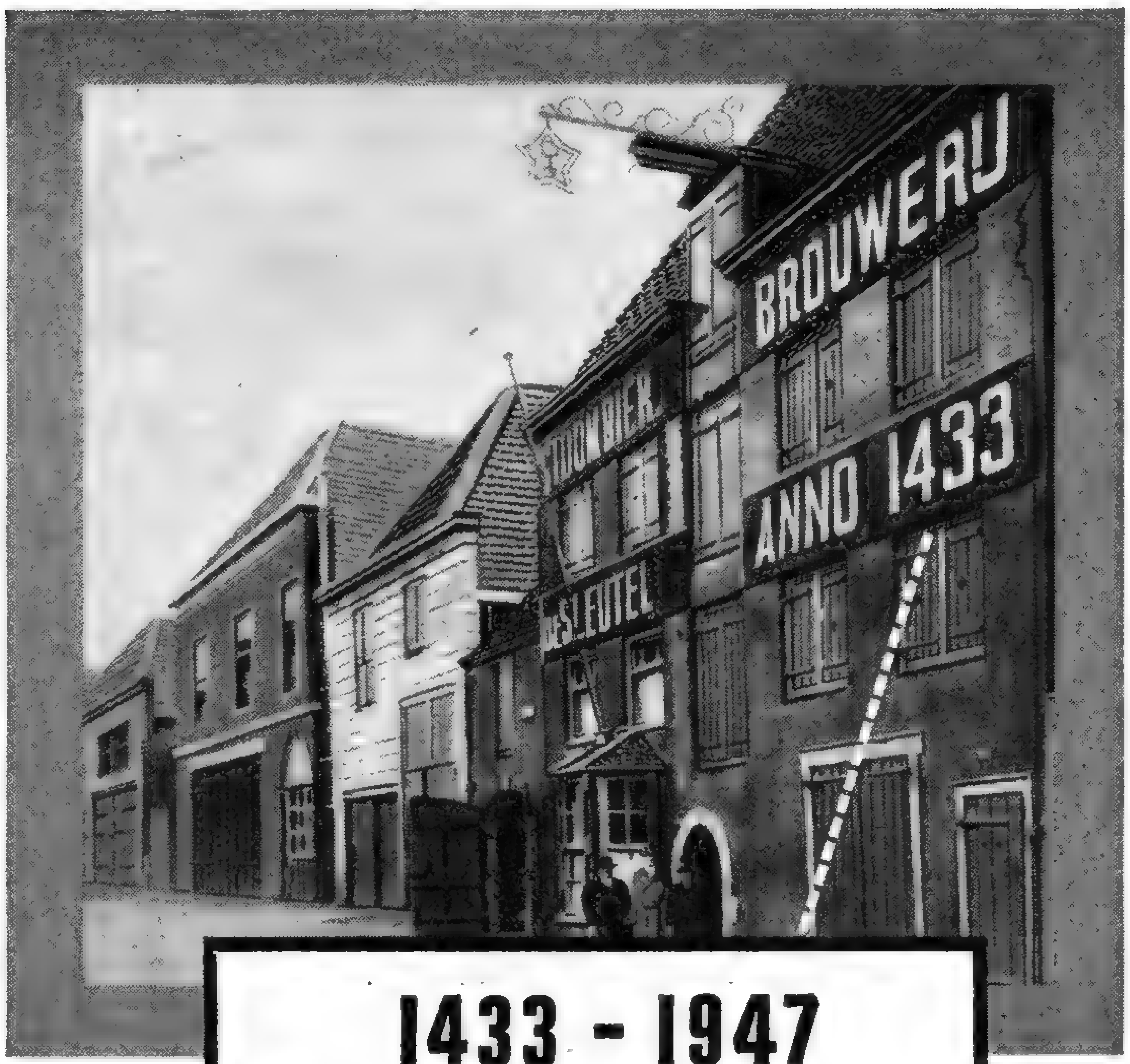
On a hot summer's night the air is still fragrant with the smell of the salt sea, mingled with the odors of cheap perfume, popcorn, hot franks, spun sugar, roasting corn, and beer, but it is only an echo, for the raw, vibrant lusty sex appeal has departed from the island. Only the vulgarity, the brassiness, and the sham of the concessions and vending booths remain. Nostalgic nostrils distend in vain to catch the strong odor of seductive woman and rampant male that once filled every corner of the island. The musk of virility, concupiscence, sachet and sweat, desire liberated on the dark sands near the pounding ocean is dissipated. Coney Island is old and tired, raddled and impotent.

A succession of fires has burned the heart of the island. But mostly people and times and morals have changed. The city has grown beyond the bounds of imagination; the inhabitants hold their jamborees elsewhere and, behind closed doors, the rough, tough, rowdy, hard-boiled element that once made Coney Island its safety valve has vanished. Successive generations of moral and forward-looking politicians and police captains have "cleaned it up." It is clean and frowsy and old, with the plaster peeling from the walls of the caverns of love, and there is no love to be found there, only cynicism, disillusionment, and the worn-out paraphernalia of yesteryear.

Gone into the limbo of Manhattan's turn of the century is the merry company of prostitutes, chippies, high-kicking dancing girls, ballad singers, pickpockets, pimps, prize fighters, grifters, con men, ward heelers, Irish politicians, touts, jockeys, trainers, saloonkeepers, short-change artists, singing waiters, rollers, hoppies, shell-game operators, actors and actors' managers, thugs, safecrackers and gunmen, sports and floozies that once made the island a hard, bright diamond of glittering light studding the dark Brooklyn shore, a wonderfully exciting and wickedly dangerous oasis of sin and seduction pulsing with life as powerfully as a stallion.

We have forgotten the days when adjacent Sheepshead Bay

Continued on page 148



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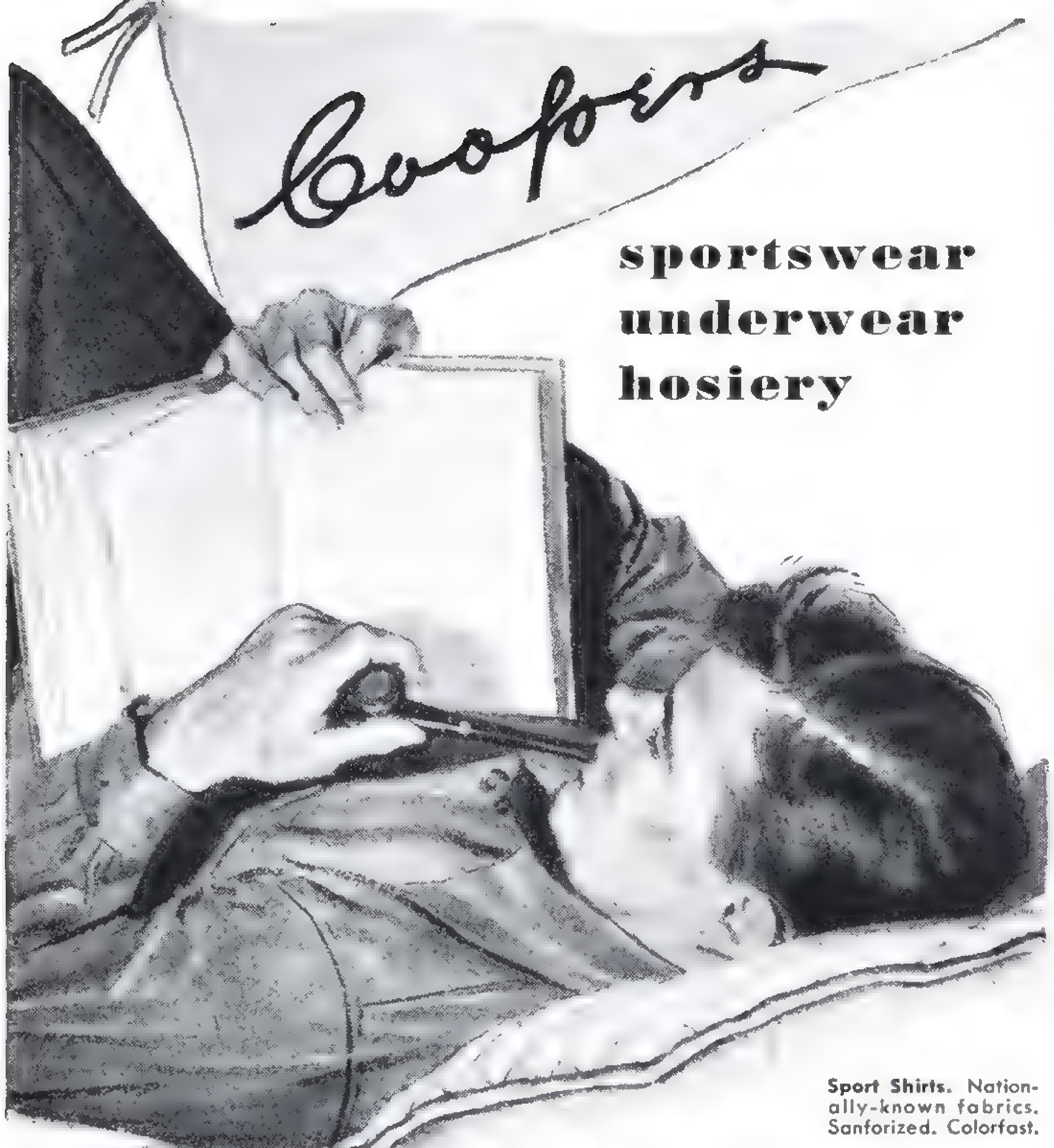

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Out Where the Swindle Begins

Continued from page 147

combined all the functions of the Stork Club, Twenty-One and Toots Shor's, when Lillian Russell, Blanche Ring, Bessie McCoy, Diamond Jim Brady, Sam Harris, Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett, and all the greats of Broadway, the stage and the turf and the prize ring could be seen dining there nightly under the stars, sipping their pousse-cafés and Veuve Clicquot while they listened to the music of Sousa's band and "Oh'd" and "Ah'd" to the rocket bursts of Paine's fireworks.

The women wore great Gibson hats, perched like flat parasols, atop their pompadours, and soft muslin dresses with mutton sleeves, and underneath a well-nigh impenetrable armor of corset steel and whalebone that fairly challenged to assault. What was so difficult of attainment was all the more worthy of the trial. The gents twirled their bucko mustaches, frothed with beer suds, and, beneath their hard hats and high, stiff collars and dark sacks, stank like goats of whiskey, five-cent cigars and Sen-Sen. They wore hair oil, pomade, and in lieu of the daily bath, doused themselves with bay rum. But they were tough. Boy, oh boy, they were tough.

To Coney Island, to play and keep their business appointments with murder and pecuniary violence, came the Capones and the Dutch Schultzes of their day, Lefty Louie and Gyp the Blood. Sailor Tom Sharkey did his roadwork on the strand, and Jeffries and Fitzsimmons fought there for the heavyweight championship of the world, and Jeffries hit Fitzsimmons a clout on the side of the head and knocked him deader than Kelcey's.

The social life of the island revolved about the saloons and bars where the sports stood up at the bar drinking Manhattan cocktails or beer and discussed Anna Held, the New York Giants and the riding of Tod Sloane, with the hussies relegated to tables in the back room where they belonged.

The entertainment at the big cafés and beer halls was kept at an enchanting level with girls who kicked their legs high enough so that the bleariest patron in the back row could note where thigh and black silk stocking joined, boozy tenors and blowsy coonshouters who bawled tear-jerking ballads about home and mother, or the plight of innocent maidens who had swapped their virginity for something more material and regretted the transaction.

Whatever you craved from life in the line of assorted sin, seduction and general rampage, Coney supplied. In one brief evening you could shoot the chutes, stuff yourself with steamed clams, lobster with drawn butter, broiled chicken and corn on the cob, have your pocket picked, see a prize fight, slip across the street to the hotel for a fast dalliance with the café doxy who doubled as end girl in the pony ballet, get rolled for your wad, imbibe a couple of Mickey Finns, get in a fight with a waiter who turned out to be an ex-prize fighter and get thrown out by a bouncer onto your ear in the gutter where a helmeted policeman would solemnly beat you over the head with his night stick until it was adjudged to have attained the proper degree of softness. The judge would assess five dollars and costs and if you were smart you had an extra fin stashed away in your shoe so that you could wind up the night in a Turkish bath and sleep it off to report next day at the countinghouse fresh as a daisy. That was life.

There is a melancholy tinge to the merry-go-round music now. The freaks in the side shows haven't got their hearts in it any more. The barkers bark, but the bite has gone out of their spiel. It is still in a way the tawdry playground of the masses, but the battered and weary amusement center is like a temperance drink, punch without a kick in it. Sex on the island is a couple of salesgirls, bobby-soxers out for a tease-pickup with a pair of pimple-faces for a dance, a ride or two and some beer, when they will depart together into the night via the subway system, leaving the youthful suckers with nothing more tangible of their persons than the memory of their giggles.

Lights have destroyed the asylum under the boardwalk, the bully boys of the ring dress like matinee idols and ply their trade elsewhere, the floor show has moved to Fifty-second Street, the drabs and trollops are installed in apartments on Park Avenue and would construe an invitation to visit Coney as a deadly insult to be assuaged with nothing less than a new mink; the great and the near-great of stage and screen and the world of sport congregate in the refined atmosphere of the aforementioned traps; the Irish politico with handle-bar mustachio is but a memory; concessions, bars, rides and joints are licensed and regulated by the police. Coney is done for. Nothing but the shabby, flaking plaster of Paris and painted tin externals remain. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Gee, it must have been wonderful in the old days . . .

Love That Rose

You may or may not have encountered the column by Billy Rose in which he awarded this department his champagne-and-caviar prize for the item, Summer Dream, which appeared in the July issue, but I do not intend to take chances. I am jolly well going to tell you about it. It's my brag, and I'm pleased as punch about Bill's prize.

Some months back William, who made the transition from theatrical producer and night-club impresario to one of the country's most popular syndicated columnists without so much as raising a mild sweat, decided to award his own prize for things he liked in the creative fields. A realist, Mr. Rose made the award something intensely practical, Russian roe and a bottle of bubbly. The first award went to John Ringling North's circus, the second to yours truly.

Aha, say you, what is this piece, logrolling? In a word, yes.

And what, I ask you, is wrong with spinning a stick of timber, who doesn't, and why not, and where is there a law? I am reminded somehow of the reply made by Russel Crouse not long ago when he was critical of the Russians and someone said, "Oh, a Red baiter, eh?" "Uhuh," said Mr. C. "And what's wrong with baiting Reds?"

But what I thought might interest you is how William gets his prize up for delivery. If you think the doorbell just rings and some mug hands you a jar of sturgeon-get and a quart of carbonated laughing soup, guess again. It may be Rose the Columnist who selects the fancy that pleases him, but it is that other Rose, producer of the Aquacade, *Jumbo*, and proprietor of New York's most glittering night trap, the Diamond Horseshoe, who has your reward gift-wrapped and left at the door. Brothers, it's a production.

The uniform of the flunky who lugs it pales before the package he bears. I suppose there is some kind of thrill connected with getting the Nobel, or Pulitzer prizes, but I'll bet they don't come decked out like Willie's does.

Once the protective outer wrappings are removed, the goggle-eyed recipient finds himself confronted with a tall, red velvet box, strapped up with so much gold ribbon and gold rosettes that he wonders whether there has been any monkey business at Fort Knox. If the custodian there hasn't toured the vaults recently to see if anything is missing, he should.

Inside the box it's Christmas. Red paper and more eighteen-carat gold rope and, resting on a tender bed of cellophane spaghetti, there it is; a pound of Romanoff and a quart of Heidsieck. The crown jewels couldn't come packed up any prettier, or be more welcome. Thanks, Bill.

Roll Another Log

And while I am in the mood to revolve some logs, permit me to roll a couple for Mr. A. J. Liebling, now operating the book department of this magazine, for whose prose, particularly when he is dealing with the late war which he attended personally, I have a great weakness. His piece on the St.-Lô break-through in the July issue was the kind of writing that enchants me, as most of his work does, but I never before had the chance to tell him so publicly.

I have also for a long while carried in my bosom the belief that Joe Liebling is either a gent of extraordinary bravery, or has no nerves at all, though this runs contrary to his own description of his sensations during the shelling of St.-Lô. I suppose every guy, though he may be quaking inside, looks brave as a lion to the other fellow, who is likewise petrified while the shooting is going on.

But my belief in Joe's type of courage was based on personal observation in Paris the night of the liberation, the Summer of '44, when I became separated from my jeepmate, Mr. Richard Tregaskis, also a lionhearted fellow, and found myself holed up in a dreadful little creep joint called the Hotel Neron, in the shady section of the Left Bank, off the Boulevard St. Jacques.

This was a rattrap infested by a band of teen-aged hopheads, Apaches, Franc-Tireurs and local pickpockets turned Patriots temporarily, and hung all over with old hand grenades, World War I rifles, and cast-iron pistols, who as the F.F.I. were apparently conducting a series of private feuds through the dark alleys of blacked-out Paris, shooting up business rivals wherever they could find them.

Paris, that first night of the day LeClere's tanks drove in, was, at least so it seemed to me, as deadly a place as one could wish to avoid, a sort of a Saturday-night-in-Roaring-Gulch, with everyone shooting at everyone else. There were leftover Germans in town, French troops, tanks, F.F.I., collaborators, Vichy gendarmes, local cops, et cetera, all of them nervous and cantankerous and very itchy on the trigger finger. Every so often there would be a burst of Schmeisser fire from roof top or window, an indiscriminate street fight would build up and continue until the tanks arrived and blew in the side of the house from which it was suspected the Nazi or Nazi sympathizer was shooting. The place to be was undercover and not too near the roof, for that was the spot the tanks and half-tracks concentrated on during a melee.

Your correspondent thought that he displayed considerable fortitude by taking a bath in a half a tub of cold water on the second floor of the Neron with a tank battle raging just around the corner on the Boulevard St. Jacques. Somehow when that kind of shooting is going on in the vicinity it enhances the general unpleasantness to be in the altogether. It is difficult to be gallant in the nude.

However, what I am getting to was the, to me, fabulous moxie displayed by Joe Liebling, who went out into the blacked-out streets and wandered about calling on old friends until well after midnight, which really seemed like asking for it, if not from the enemy, then most certainly from those trigger-happy F.F.I. kids patroling the streets, boozed to the eyebrows and shooting ad lib. Maybe it wasn't as bad as I im-

Continued on page 150

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Out Where the Swindle Begins

Continued from page 149

agined it, but I sure came away with the impression that our Mr. Liebling was a very cool customer with a remarkably healthy nervous system. In fact he had me popeyed with admiration.

This was the night when my life was unquestionably saved by a little Scot noncom, who was far away from the scene at the time he performed this charitable deed, a unique situation and for which reason perhaps the tale will bear rehearsal.

It must be recorded that the week previous Mr. Tregaskis and I had been browsing over a battlefield in France before it had quite cooled down and there encountered the Scot, an infantry sergeant, who enabled me to fulfill a long-standing desire, namely, to acquire a Luger pistol. The little Scot had one on his person, having obtained it from a Kraut who had no further use for it. Some spirited bargaining took place, funds changed hands, the Luger became mine.

As an afterthought I inquired about ammunition. The little Scot looked very canny and finally allowed that he could dig up some pellets. There were further negotiations, another sum was transferred from me to him. I acquired bullets. I was careful not to insert these into the Luger, because I feel that automatic weapons are very dangerous and should never be loaded lest they go off and do someone an injury. However, the empty Luger I carried when we invaded Paris because I felt it gave me a fine military air.

Well, then, to return to the fateful night in the Hotel Neron, a night of pure horror I might add; we were holed up in a room on the third floor—Frank Laska, the G.I. jeep driver, a good kid and myself—with shooting breaking out sporadically up and down the street, and those hysterical F.F.I. boys engaging in alarums and excursions, clumping up and down the stairs, loosing off their fuses into the night and challenging all and sundry. As I mentioned before, it was a bad night to be abroad except for brother Liebling.

About ten o'clock at night there came a terrific commotion, feet clumped up the stairs, and a squad of F.F.I. kids, led by a pimply-faced corporal staggering under a load of lethal hardware, came pouring into our rooms, disturbing Laska and myself at a much needed bout with some C rations.

"You must come at once, Monsieur!" declared Pimple-face. "But of the quickest. There is not a moment to lose."

After I got my stomach to quit turning over I inquired in my very best French the cause of this emergency and where it was he wanted us to come.

"To the roof. At once, Monsieur. We have information there is a *collaborateur* there. He has a machine pistol. *Vite, Vite!* You must come and shoot him."

"But what about you boys? Isn't that sort of your department? After all, I'm supposed to be a non . . ."

"Ah, but you do not understand, Monsieur. We would be delight, enchant, ecstatic to shoot this *salaud* of a Vichyite, this swine of a *collaborateur*. Alas, we have no more of the bullets for our guns. But you, Monsieur, see, you have the so-deadly pistol. Your friend, he have the gun. Americans are all rich. You will have the thousands of the bullets. Come, we will show you where this dog of a traitor lurks and you will shoot him for us."

I did have that damned Luger on the table and the packet of shells next to it. Frank had his carbine. The call to arms had been sounded. The opportunity had arrived to strike a blow for freedom.

Now I once invented a fiction character by the name of Hiram Holliday who, as I remember him, would have been delighted. In no time at all he would have been up on that roof, crawling about chimney pots in the pitch black-out, hunting down that Nazi with his trusty Luger. I could see Hiram doing this, but I must confess I couldn't see Gallico stalking unknown parties over Paris roof tops, particularly since by this time I had become familiar with the routine of *that* formation: Somebody on a roof or top floor would fire a couple of shots. Immediately everybody down in the street began firing up at the roof. Weapons carriers, half-tracks and light tanks would bustle over and shoot up at the roof. Finally the heavy tanks would arrive, back away a little and let go with something really worth-while. Eventually the roof would fall in.

Frank Laska said, "What does the guy want? What are they selling?"

"He wants us to go up on the roof and shoot a collaborator for them. They haven't got any more bullets. It's really an Army job. I'm supposed to be a non . . ."

"Nix," Frank said, "you go. I didn't declare war on any collaborators. I never heard of them fellers. They ain't in the little book the Army gave out when we landed on D-Day, about who I was to shoot . . ."

I said to the deputation, "Look, boys, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know you're anxious to go on up there and shoot that treacherous Vichyite. My partner here, and I, we'll lend you our guns and some ammunition. *Comprenez? Le Lend-Lease Américain.* Here, you take them and run right along. We'll go down into the street and watch, because when those tanks come along and . . ."

"Ah, but Monsieur. Again you do not comprehend. This is impossible. These guns, they are yours. We would not interfere.

Who of you would not stand aside to permit the glory of this feat to our comrades in arms?"

They took a quick vote and it was obvious that all of them were prepared to make the supreme sacrifice and stand aside. The leader picked up the Luger from the table and handed it to me: "Lead on, Mon Capitaine. We will await your return."

It was what is known as a spot. Of what use for me to explain that I was only a war correspondent and probably the most timid one in the entire ETO. They expected me to do a Hemingway. Hell, I can't even write like Hemingway, much less fight like him. Somehow I felt that the honor of the American Army, not to mention the ancient name of the Gallicos, was at stake. And then for the first time my eye fell on the stenciling on the side of the packet of pistol ammo I had purchased from the little Scot for two quid, and the name lettered thereon.

I drew myself up: "Messieurs, very well. I will go and shoot this name of a name for you. But first permit me to load my pistol. A moment while I break open this packet of ammunition. *Sacre!* What is this? It is the wrong size. See—it does not fit my weapon. I am desolated. *Quelle blague.* Oh, but this is too annoying. A clear case of sabotage. Regard!"

They regarded. It was quite obvious that the bullets didn't fit. They sympathized; they commiserated, they expressed their regret, had some of our cigarettes and wine instead, and departed, clumping happily down the stairs.

Your correspondent silently drank a toast to that swindling Little Scot who had saved my life by selling me a hundred British Webley cartridges for a German Luger. Wherever the little rascal may be today, I love him like a brother. ♯

Continued from page 41

Peter Helck: Realistic Artist

Continued from page 93

though a real road, functions, too, as a linear device for holding the composition within certain organizational limits; his silo is not merely a picture of a silo, but a unit of design functioning within the total pattern of the picture quite as an odalisque, seated amongst the cushions surrounded by fretted ornamentation, is, for Matisse, a unit of design functioning amongst arabesques. When Helck has finished a picture it must have the same organization of abstract properties that the nonobjectivists demand of theirs. But he will have utilized these properties for the expression of an experience culled from the tangible world, whereas the guys on the nonobjectivist side of the tracks will have been discussing the science of formal relationships, which is quite as important to Mr. Layman, but certainly not quite so familiar to him.

Helck, then, is an affirmer of the world as seen. This is his function as a painter and he stays within his function; no fish walking on land is he. In his commercial work, by which you know him, he affirms, too. A commercial artist is not required to have a point of view. The point of view will, most often, be supplied by the man who commissions the picture.

However, Peter Helck's point of view is Helck's trade-mark and his sponsor, in commissioning him, not infrequently is after that trademark.

His trade-mark is trains and racing cars. We needn't go into the psychological reasons why he likes to paint them. But suffice it to say that when a living transposition to canvas of a locomotive in action or a locomotive in repose, a racing car panting with emotion but accurate down to the most minute detail, is wanted, the editorial conference will usually wind up with the name of Peter Helck on the contract. Helck's commercial work is not within the province of our treatise except insofar as it will serve to elucidate the character of the other half of his output. In his case it does. For the man who affirms the visual world, the world of living, breathing forms amongst which, an adjusted citizen, he walks, here too, expresses himself in terms of affirmation. For here again, in trains and racing cars, the smell of oil and steam, he is affirming the world of real experience. Locomotion is a dimension of reality. Form is never static. All life, increasingly, must be thought of in terms of movement, actual and potential. The movement of powerful objects through space is a fact sufficient for any poet. So great is Helck's interest in the power of locomotion that he has become one of the nation's foremost collectors of automobiles and of automobile literature. He is an authority on famous auto races of the past, the men who participated, the records set. He is in constant communication with other men similarly obsessed. He belongs to a club of auto collectors. If it were feasible to collect locomotives he'd probably be doing that too.

However, none of this is pertinent to our discussion except as it explains further for us a man whose every activity on canvas is to say "yes" to the physical world as he finds it, a man who finds barns as beautiful as arches of triumph, roads as provocative as Freudian symbols, trees as monumental but kinder than the pyramids of Gizeh, and trains almost as emotionally compact as odalisques on divans.

Such men bring color back into the sometimes pallid cheeks of nature. Their palettes make us realize the color was always there . . . It was only the jaundiced eye that had forgotten. ♯

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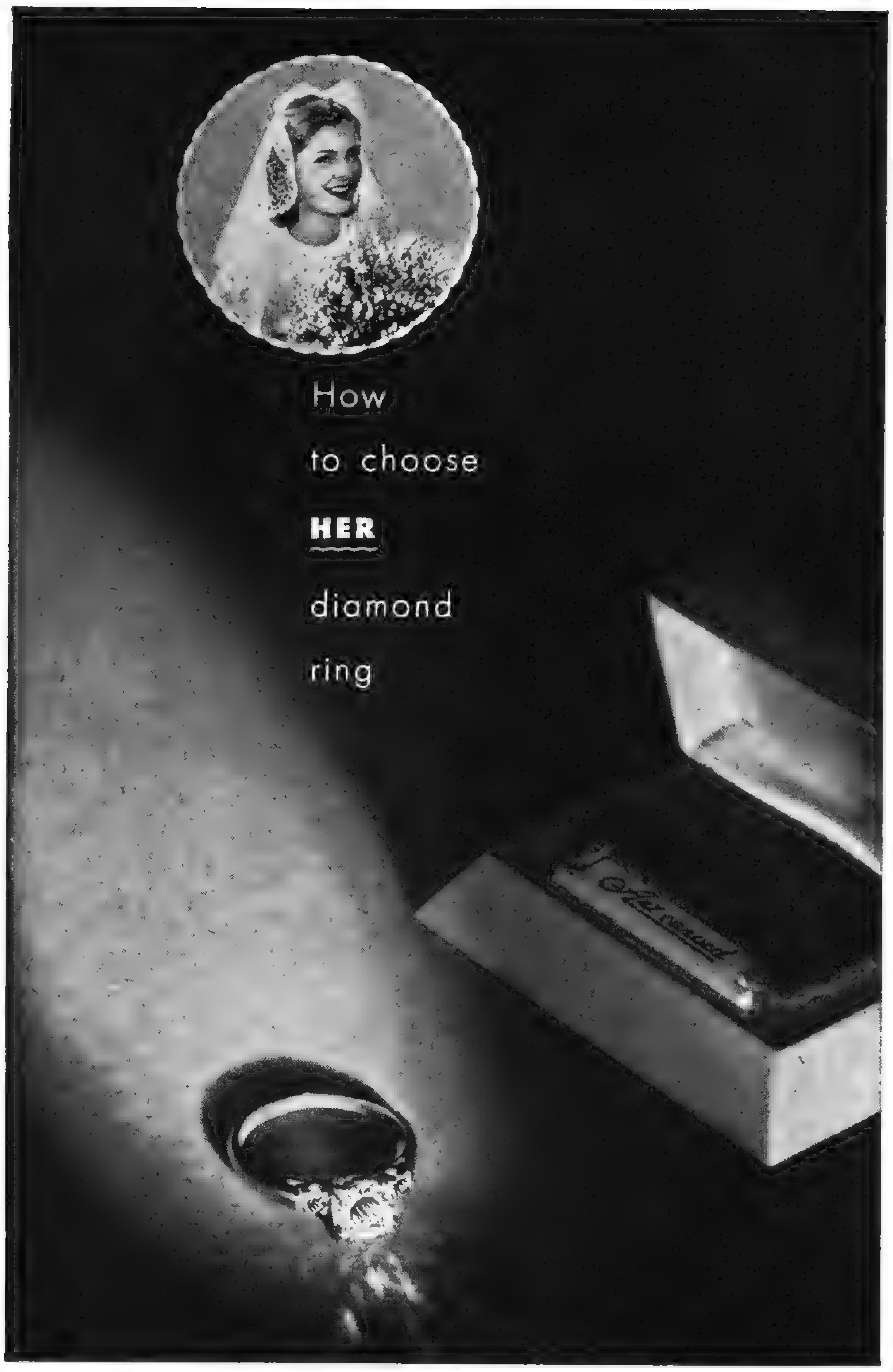

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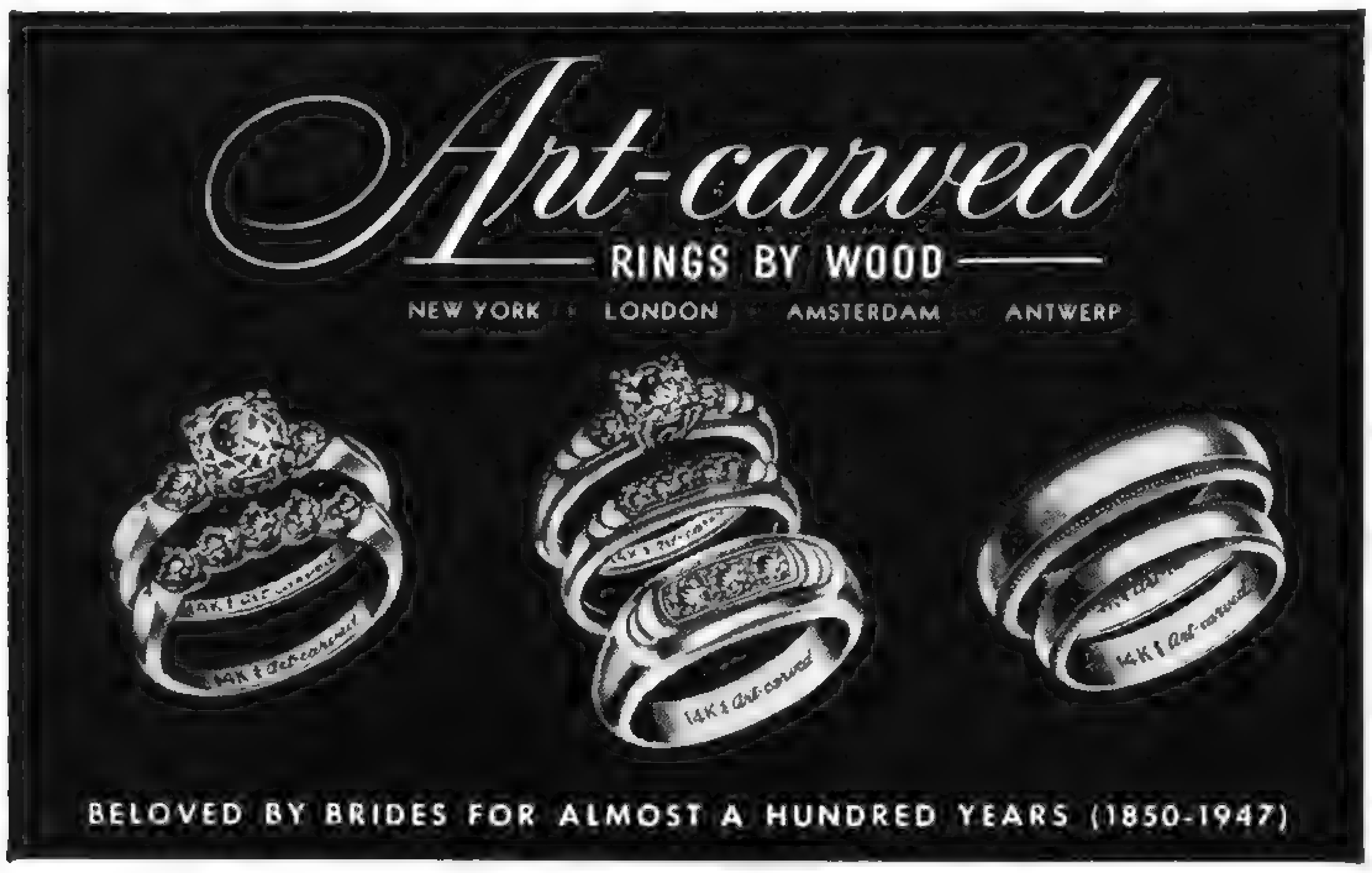
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The Wedding

Continued from page 108

turned off the light and returned to his desk, reminding himself that he was past his mid-fifties and needed to take better care of his health. He slung on his overcoat and trudged out, leaving the light on. He knew that he would come back.

Sitting in a restaurant booth, Mr. Dean dully pushed his newspaper away and reverted to his puzzle. As he ate, his mind turned to each of the blind alleys he'd already traveled. A cheap, boisterous fellow at the counter interrupted this reverie. Mr. Dean glanced at the man, who simulated the actions of a billiards player. "I gets Charley in a corner, see," the loud fellow told a companion, "and then I banks a shot that knocks the mob dead."

Present tense! Mr. Dean hated it. If the fellow would just be quiet! "I gets—I banks—I knocks," he mumbled to himself. Suddenly, he paused. Banks! No, not Banks! Banques, he inwardly shouted. Banques! Banques! Mr. Dean rose quickly, threw his overcoat over his arm, and brushed past his benefactor, almost smiling at him.

Walking fast, Mr. Dean reviewed the little he remembered about the Banques family, one time a leader among the State's early planters. They had been few, but powerful, in government and early trade. Then, long before the War between the States, they'd vanished.

He rushed to the museum door, threw his weight against it, and then stepped back, scoffing at his preoccupation. He took out his key and unlocked the door, thumping down the corridor to his desk. He hurried to the library and located a brief on the family's history. He scanned the names. Virginius Banques, could that be the young man? It was the only name which offered hope. The lad had been the only son of the merchant who'd died in 1816. A self-portrait it might be, Mr. Dean surmised, though further research failed to indicate that Virginius, or any of the family, had dabbled in art.

Mr. Dean realized the identification was guesswork, but it was a peg to pull on. A guess, he knew, had often led to his goal in earlier investigations.

If Virginius had studied art, Mr. Dean figured, it would have been around 1800. The boy's time of life, the style of dress in the picture, indicated that. If he had studied, who would have tutored him? Mr. Dean rose, squinting in the dark, and turned on the exhibition lights so he could study the various portraits. Had Virginius followed art in his home city, he would have worked under any one of seven painters. Mr. Dean walked from picture to picture. When he stopped in front of one of the four by Jacques Fascinet, he smiled. That wild Frenchman. He was better known as a keeper of journals. As a painter, poof!

Were it not for Fascinet's happy selection of subjects, his work would never have been hung in any museum anywhere. Why, the man couldn't even draw! His pigments had faded thoroughly, probably because he hadn't even known how to mix them! Mr. Dean stepped closer, his eyes glinting critically. The ugliest, tired coloring! And the blue and yellow, horrible!

Swiftly Mr. Dean's eyebrows rose. Gasping, his eyes followed the stroke in the portraiture. It was broad, energetic, and its effect coarse. Yes, the lesser ability in the portrait of the young man might be traced to Fascinet. Painters of large portraiture, turning to miniatures, often developed different styles. But this irregularity, this half-good, half-bad painting, could that be a result?

Mr. Dean procured the key to the vault. They kept Fascinet's journals locked up and, though they were in French, made them available only to scholars and historians. It had to be that way, Mr. Dean regretted, because Fascinet was known as a gay fellow. When he located the two musty, dog-eared volumes Mr. Dean read laboriously, hardly noticing it was 2 o'clock. His French limped, and Fascinet's flowery script was difficult to comprehend. Yet, Mr. Dean was surprised. Fascinet brought the old, old city to life through his chattering. It was nearly 3:30 when his strained eyes fell upon this entry, dated 1801:

"April 11.—M. Banques came to the shop. An earnest, tranquil young man, he spoke long with me of his yearning to paint, and of painting and artists. We had chocolate and croutons. Mademoiselle Charlotte strolled through from the roadway to visit Madame Fascinet. I espied M. Banques' immediate enrapture and perceived he wished to know who she was. Realizing he was a gentleman and could not request this information, I revealed it to him—Mademoiselle Charlotte Hane, the daughter of the actress, Maria Hane."

Mr. Dean reread it excitedly. His guesswork might be right. Was Charlotte his young lady? He turned to the next entry:

"April 16.—M. Banques comes daily to discuss colors and drawing. So he pretends, the young rascal. I know he is enchanted by Mademoiselle Charlotte. I have introduced them."

Other entries revealed that M. Banques became in time almost a family member. He'd stayed surreptitiously to sup . . . He'd stopped briefly en route from church ... He'd brought violets ...

Then, "April 30.—M. Banques requested I provide him a miniature of Mademoiselle Charlotte and that I paint one of him which he will give to her. They are enamoured and I should want to do them but I have never attempted a miniature. It is a fad, I say. One can enjoy no sweep. Yet, it is in my heart to oblige him. Perhaps I shall attempt it, if for nothing else, at least for the joy of being young again and for the happiness of Madame Fascinet and me with these two young lovers about us laughing each day into one another's eyes."

Had Fascinet, this clown with a brush, really done these lovely miniatures? Mr. Dean thought not.

He read next: "May 21.—M. Banques insists I attempt his strange mixtures of blue and yellow, some dilettante playfulness of his. His colors have no zest. Both are too delicate. I should say his difficulties with yellow and blue are opposite mine. These colors give me extreme difficulty. M. Banques desired to commission me to do the small pictures, using his colors, but I refused, not for the reason of the colors, but that I must have a large canvas. He proposed to paint the portraits himself, though he is a beginner."

The story continued with: "July 14.—M. Banques completed the portrait of Mademoiselle Charlotte and enclosed a lock of her hair. He will not let her view it yet, tormenting her until he finishes his own. Mademoiselle Charlotte snipped off some of his hair to enclose with his picture. He plans a small feast one evening soon. Madame Fascinet and I shall be there to see him present the picture. Perhaps they shall marry, though his world and her world are worlds apart."

Then, two days later: "M. Banques did not visit yesterday, and today I received the reason. A great, powerful man, his father, thundered into the shop and threatened me with arrest. He charged that I have been drawing his son from the path of the good, the honest and pure. He shouted and pounded with his heavy cane on the back of my chair, declaring his son shall not sneak again to this clandestine hide-out. I ordered him from my shop!"

The next entry was August 4.—"Mlle. Charlotte asks each day of the whereabouts of M. Banques. How can I explain that her Virginius is forbidden to return. She grows morose from waiting. Today she wept in my arms. I would give her the miniature he painted of her, but not yet. Perhaps M. Banques may yet find a way to visit us again."

Then, September 10.—"Alas! Mademoiselle Charlotte, poor, dear child! Last evening at the theatre she fell swooning from the box to the stage, almost at her mother's feet. A great shout went up. Madame Fascinet, upon seeing who had fallen, was so terrified I could not calm her. The audience, believing some culprit may have pushed the girl, clamored and rioted. I ran to the stage to assist Mademoiselle Charlotte. The curtain was lowered as I forced my way up, but I maneuvered through the mob and got backstage. She did not live long."

The tale was renewed with the entry of September 13: "The funeral is over. Today I gave to Maria Hane the miniature of Mademoiselle Charlotte and she cried upon seeing the lovely face of her child. The world, it is too harsh, too cruel sometimes."

Mr. Dean picked up the girl's picture. He stared into the wonderment in her eyes. Life had given her so little, and she had expected so much. Mr. Dean stood and stretched to ease the aches in his arms and legs, and clenched and unclenched his fists to remove the stiffness from his fingers. Then he reclined again, reading on. Streaks of grey light flowed through the museum's front windows before he found another telling entry. It was dated November 6, 1803:

"Today to the shop came the parent of M. Banques. I did not recognize him, though I had thought his galling reproach, still ringing in my ears, would never permit me to forget him. He requested of me if I'd done a portrait of his son, that he would pay any price for it. I told him no, and if I had I would not give it to him. My son is dead, he declared. Then he begged me, crying that he had sent his son to England under guardianship of an uncle, there to study and prepare for a mercantile vocation. The son drowned at sea on the return voyage; the uncle also. There is none to carry on the family name.

"The parent has suffered a great tragedy. He pleaded with me, and what can I do but heed him, I, who have no sons at all? I shall complete the picture of his son, striving to imitate my pupil. The background is nearly finished. I shall do the head and face from memory. But I cannot sign it. It is not mine, mostly his son's."

Mr. Dean uncovered no additional entries of interest. He glanced at the watch on his desk. A quarter to eight! He must hurry—Miss Agnew, the entire staff would scold him. He went to Miss Agnew's typewriter, removed the cover, and picked out two cards: "Charlotte Hane" and "Virginius Banques," to place under the pictures. Capably, with dexterous fingers, he opened the miniature of the girl, and removed a little of the hair, placing it with the boy's hair. Then he placed some of the boy's hair with the rich black, and quickly closed both frames securely, and held them for a moment in the palm of his hand.

Mr. Dean carried the pictures of the boy and girl to the display case and arranged them on the velvet cloth. He smiled softly. Gently he pushed the two pictures closer together, until the gold rims lay touching, snug beside one another. Slowly he lowered the lid and locked the case, and hurried from the building into the bright morning sunlight. #

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Pianist for a Percussive Age

Continued from page 71

Vilma's music lessons at the Yorkville Settlement Music School on First Avenue cost only a dollar an hour. When they returned to town Mrs. Kapell sent Willy to the Settlement. There he had the amazing good fortune to fall into the expert hands of a first-rate teacher, Mrs. Dorothea Anderson LaFollette. Her excited pupil's enthusiasm for Mozart was so overwhelming that Mrs. LaFollette gave him some fragments of a concerto to practice. Willy's face, according to Mrs. LaFollette, "lit up in perfectly extraordinary fashion." In three weeks she gave him the Haydn *Sonata in C Major*. The night he brought it home Mrs. Kapell had a startling experience. Her hardboiled problem child with tears in his eyes kissed each page of the score.

During the six years that he studied with Mrs. LaFollette (five of them at her own studio), Willy practiced on a $25 secondhand upright, beating vicarious hell out of a lot of mugs. As his dexterity grew so did his braggadocio, and by the time he was sixteen the gentle Mrs. LaFollette could no longer manage him. "We'd been together so long I was certain I knew more than she," says he, now considerably chastened. Mrs. LaFollette wisely credited adolescence and took Willy to Madame Olga Samaroff whose strong hand and imperious manner with students were well known. When Mrs. LaFollette enthusiastically sang her pupil's praises, Samaroff, with justifiable suspicion, asked what was the matter with him. "Madame," said Mrs. LaFollette frankly, "he is *very* difficult and I am *hoping* you can manage him."

Texas-born Madame Samaroff had long before proclaimed her allegiance to the turbulent Russian school of pianistics when she changed her name from Lucie Hickenlooper. But even for her, roistering Willy Kapell proved almost too much. He came to his first lesson with a Bach partita filled with a wild assortment of wrong emphases and notes. Samaroff let him storm through it, then said authoritatively, "If you need to be told an F-sharp is an F-sharp and a quarter note is a quarter note, you shall have to seek another teacher." Willy glowered through narrowed eyes, saw he'd met his match.

For six years they battled it out. Samaroff has described her job with Willy as "curbing his fiery temperament and reducing the musical exaggerations of his boyhood." Today Willy somewhat grudgingly admits she was right "in most cases." When their musical quarrels became less frequent and intense, Samaroff nagged Willy on his lack of social graces and his inability to play musical politics. Here Samaroff was less successful. Hard as she tried, she never was able to get the chip off Willy Kapell's surly shoulder.

Instead she started him winning prizes. In 1941 he won a free recital in Manhattan's Town Hall, in 1942 another. Critics praised his flashy technique both times, but the public didn't seem to care. In 1942 Willy Kapell was as little known outside New York as an obscure Armenian-Russian composer named Aram Khatchaturian. But that spring Kapell met up with the music of Khatchaturian. Next to his meeting with Olga Samaroff, it was the most significant introduction of his life.

It happened in March before an esoteric audience of musicians and critics in New York's Juilliard School of Music. An Armenian piano student named Maro Ajemian played the first American performance of Khatchaturian's piano concerto. Willy Kapell was in a front row, so was Efrem Kurtz, later to become the conductor of the Kansas City Symphony. The wild and brassy concerto in the glittering Russian tradition of Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff sent them both. "Learn it quickly," Kurtz begged Kapell, "then we'll play it together." Willy got to work. On a steaming July night in New York's Lewisohn Stadium, Kurtz conducted the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and Kapell played the first public performance in America of Khatchaturian's rip-snorting concerto. The ovation was as wild as in the old stadium days of George Gershwin. In a frenzy Willy played a miniature recital of six encores.

The next day Kapell and Khatchaturian, the dark horses of that summer's music season, were both on their way up. Eugene Ormandy signed Willy to an unprecedented three-year soloist's contract with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky hired him to play *the* concerto with the Boston Symphony. In the last four years Willy has played Khatchaturian's concerto 32 times and recorded it with the Boston Symphony. Though Khatchaturian provided no program notes with his concerto, Kapell has made up his own set of mental images. "The oboe cadenza in the first movement," he told a friend rakishly, "is a lot of sly old Turkish greybeards clucking over a harem full of veiled babes." If the crescendo of the slow second movement would mean the same thing to an audience that it does to Willy, it would be performed only at stag smokers and never in Boston.

Willy hit big time with a repertoire of only three concertos: the Khatchaturian, Rachmaninoff's Second and Beethoven's Third. He learned others in a hurry. Within the last two seasons he has played more orchestra dates than any other pianist, save Rudolf Serkin and Robert Casadesus. For recitals he charts programs which are as uncompromisingly tough on his audiences as on himself.

Last season an audience in suburban Chicago sweated out a Bach suite and a sonata each by Mozart, Chopin and Prokofieff. The sponsoring women's club wrote to Willy's New York manager, complaining of the somewhat starchy bill of fare. Now the music club wants him to play a return engagement.

Next season he'll play a four-sonata program by Mozart, Brahms, Chopin and Aaron Copland. "That's what I think of Copland," Willy blurted. "There's a guy that's worked things out. He's lonely too, but he knows what to do with his loneliness. Just listen to his music."

Three years ago Willy moved his family into a red sandstone house which he bought on East 94th Street, just off Central Park. The block of old mansions is known as "pianists' row" since Vladimir Horowitz and Ania Dorfmann both live in it. Willy has the second floor. His parents and brother Bob—now a Princeton student—share the first floor. Mr. Kapell still runs his bookshop, but for Mrs. Kapell life has changed. A maid gives her much more time to bustle after Willy, sending him on his appointments with rubbers on his feet if the days are wet.

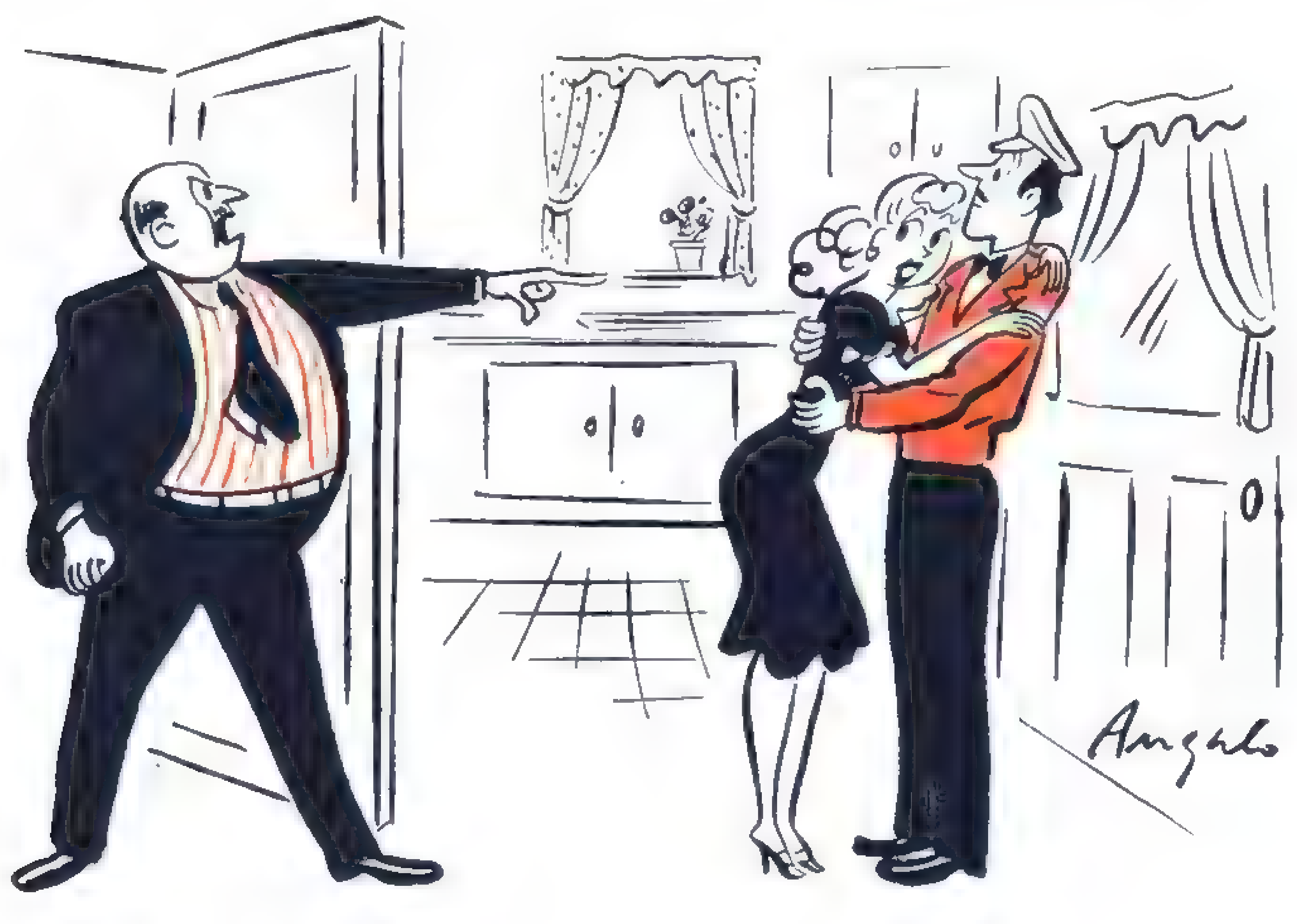
The board walls of the old house are covered with Willy's own water colors and oil paintings. If he hadn't become a pianist, Willy might well have been a fair painter. His pictures, full of rolling black skies and twisted dead tree trunks, are as restless as his music. On a boat trip to Australia in 1946 he painted seascapes. The Swedish ship carried mostly crisp British military gold braid and diplomats. Willy, who had scheduled 30 concerts on a two-month Australian tour, needed to increase his repertoire. The three-week voyage, he figured, would be a fine time to polish off the new pieces.

The crowded boat had hardly left the San Francisco harbor when Willy had a shock—there wasn't a piano aboard. A helpful first mate produced a plank on which Willy painted a keyboard, slightly large so as to develop the stretch of his smallish hands. Throughout the voyage he sat in a corner of the deck, stripped to the waist, either daubing a brush on canvas or practicing on his fantastic keyboard. His arms zoomed through the air, his fingers rat-a-tattled mighty crescendos on the plank. "Listening" at his side was the fascinated first mate. When the boat docked in Brisbane Willy had seven new pieces and five new pictures.

His recent years of prosperity have filled out Willy's lean, hungry face and five daily hours of practice have developed the muscles of his arms and shoulders. He smiles quite frequently now, but his eyes still twitch nervously and his hands open and close on restless fists or tap out perpetual cadenzas on the soles of his shoes. He reads as much as his eyes will take, usually unbridled and lashing authors like Koestler, Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe, his favorite.

What Willy hasn't learned, to the chronic embarrassment of his managers, is that he could be honest and still socially tactful if he carefully edited the thoughts he puts into words. The same sort of editing applied to his music would almost certainly make him a greater pianist than he already is. He is always in a fever over some injustice or another. Recently it's been the cause of Palestinian Jews, but those close to Willy are aware that it could just as easily be the squalor of an East Side tenement or the heartbreaking struggles of young musicians for recognition. Only at the piano is the inner storm quelled. Said Willy: "I'm always lonely and sad except when I'm playing. I'm saddest when I've just finished a good performance. I want it to go on forever. When it's over I'm right back where I started from—the green room. The green room and sadness."

Because he is sad, Willy Kapell is an extraordinary musician. If a pack of gremlins offered him happiness without a piano, he'd never make the trade. ⧺



"Listen you! I stopped the milk three months ago!"

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One turn removes it,
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Look for the Mission
when you buy a pipe.

K B&B

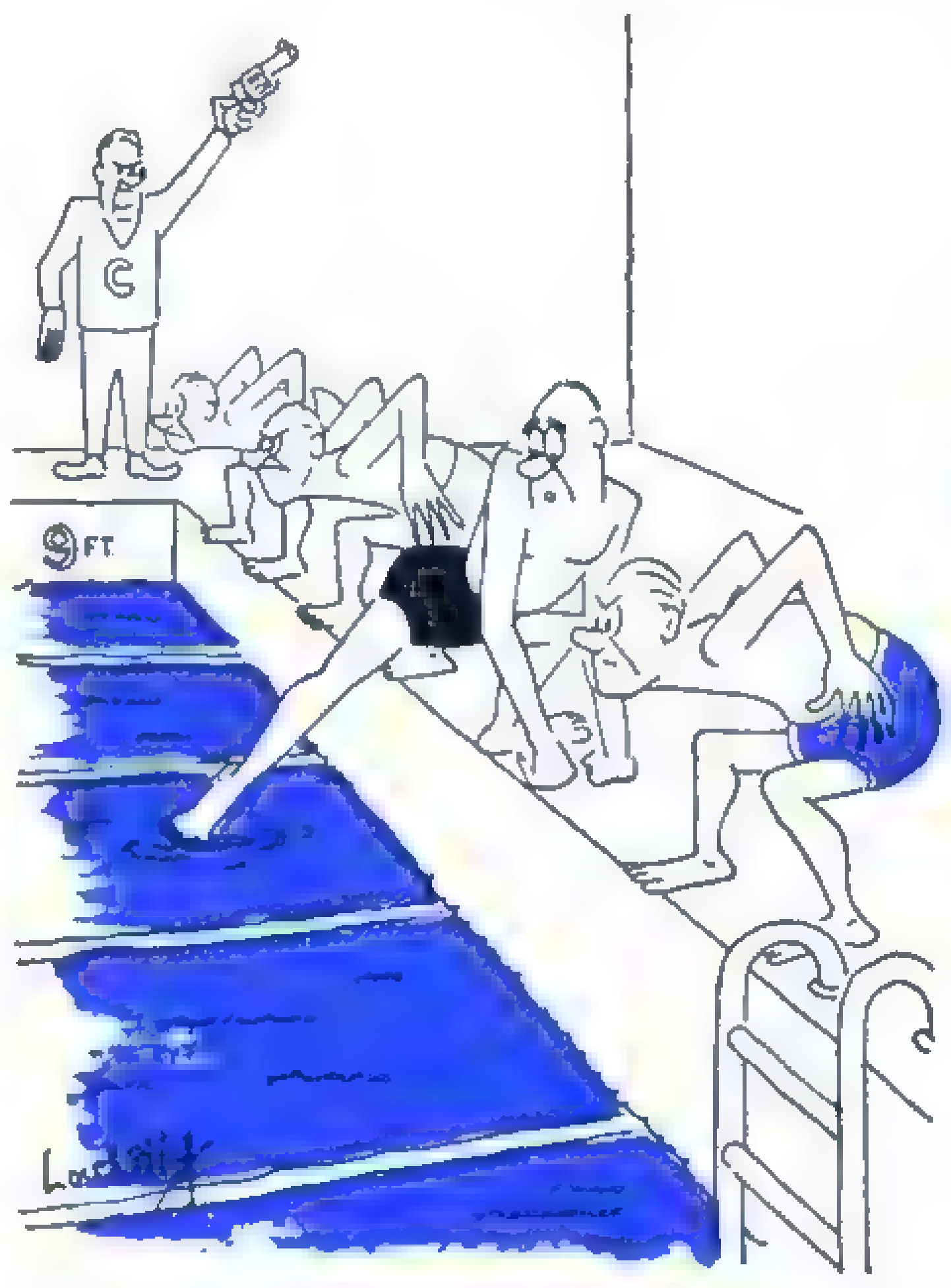
Adventures in Bad Eating

Continued from page 96

Russia proved quite tolerable, though eggs boiled just enough to disqualify them for honest rawness did not. The South Sea Islander's breakfast is not different from dinner, so morning on Babelthuap saw us eating the leftovers from the great feast of the preceding day, not too miserably. Cold boiled taro—the universal South Sea root-vegetable—was at least filling, the bananas were again excellent, and the soup made of leftover roast wild pigeons, though queer, seems a good idea in retrospect. None of it was as dismal as the New Zealander's sandwiches of thin bread and slices of cold boiled beet.

They really have ideas down there. Another beauty is spaghetti sandwiches, which often appear for tea. Up to then I had hoped that the all-time low in that line was the baked bean sandwich that some guilty American mothers put in children's lunch boxes. The South Pacific tends to confusion about processed foods anyway. The Polynesian still regards old-style seagoing salt horse as a luxury and eats it as salty as it comes out of the keg—and so does the guest who wishes to be polite. For dessert in a Rarotongan boardinghouse the same wanderer is likely to get corn flakes with a sauce of canned peaches.

Such capers merely make you wonder whatever could have put the idea in their heads. But octopus in Havana, well before the war, we remember with a positive bewilderment. We had eaten and rather liked squid, little cousin of octopus, cooked in small bits with rice, but we were not prepared for the sinister air of what the waiter brought us this trip: a cross section from what must have been the largest arm of the grandfather of all octopi, a hunk of fiber and gristle four inches in diameter and an inch thick, boiled to the consistency of a half-rotted heavy-duty tire. Somewhere on it should have been stamped the words "Made in Akron, O."



The octopus carries a bag of dark coloring matter for protectively coloring the water in which it lives. This had been cooked up to go with the hunk of boiled tentacle as sauce. The taste was not so bad—a vague, fibrous fishiness is all I recall. But it looked as if somebody had colored badly set gelatine with pulverized soft coal and poured it over a beat-up hockey puck.

No gastronomic piece is complete without drinkables—you remember that subtle little *vin du pays*, too delicate to transport, which went with the omelet at Salecrac-sur-Mer? Nobody who went through American Prohibition has any right to express astonishment at anything anybody drinks anywhere. Still there was that Manila whiskey, distilled under military permission, that cost $3 for twelve ounces in a salvaged beer bottle. The label admitted that it ran only 60 proof, meaning 30% alcohol, and that was a shrieking exaggeration. You could drink the whole thing in ten minutes without any greater effect than if you had swallowed a similar quantity of mouthwash.

Only the taste was not mouthwash. It reminded the nose of a dilution of the alcoholic Formalin dope in which they pickled the fish we dissected in biology lab, though, since I never drank any of that, I am not sure of the identification. It also had elements of a pink Japanese soup that I once found absolutely impossible to swallow for reasons best left out of the public print, and was not too dissimilar to the taste of some alleged wine that I helped to brew in 1928 out of a mash of raisins, carrots, brown sugar and baker's yeast.

If I were drawing up a menu of traveler's horrors for dinner, two-ounce snorts of Manila whiskey along with appetizer sandwiches made with canned spaghetti would certainly be served before the company sat down to eat. I should also want the guests to stay for breakfast, because I would like to serve an item of which as yet I have only heard, but which I intend to try if good Scotch ever gets plentiful again. A prominent and responsible gentleman whom I recently met in the South Seas enthusiastically recommends mixing Scotch whisky into oatmeal porridge as it cooks the night before. He says this is Highland style and you eat it cold in hunks the next morning with salt. That ought to go pretty well with the Samoan cold fried eggs and Australian coffee. #

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SPECIALTY SHIRTS
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Pity the Poor Publisher

Continued from page 56

copies. The result? We're shopping for sure-fire stuff. We are aiming at the book-club type of book."

This might lead to a certain degree of standardization, I reflected, with the publishers all shooting for the book-club groove and the authors shooting for what the publishers wanted. It would be like children trying to write the best twenty-five word reason for why they liked Wheaties. But I could see the distinguished old altruist's point. Only it seemed to me that there would have to be an increase in the number of book clubs, or else a slash in publishing houses, so they would come out even and each publisher could have one book chosen by a book club every month. Because the trouble with most books written for the book-club market is that if they fail of selection you can't find *anybody* to read them, except by starting a new book club and offering a trip to Williamsburg or a set of teeth as a premium.

I was beginning to think of having my kitchenette remodeled so it would serve as a free dormitory for the impoverished proprietors of Dandruff House when I came to the gimmick in Mr. Breit's tearjerker. This was a set of figures, genuine arabic numerals, "breaking down" the cost of a $3 book with a "moderate first edition." It showed the publisher made just one nickel a copy—five cents, the price of a subway ride, on a book like that, and that "if only three-fourths of the edition were sold, the unsold remainder would more than consume the profit as it is here calculated."

These are his figures:

Retail price	$3.00
Dealer Discount, Commissions, Shipping	$1.50
Royalty	.45
Manufacturing	.50
Advertising	.15
Overhead	.35
Total Cost	$2.95
Profit per book	.05

Breit, if he has ever written a book, should know that the standard royalty on the first 2500 copies is never more than 10 per cent; on the second 2500 never more than 12½. On a moderate printing (which to me would mean about 5000) the average royalty on each book would therefore be about 34 cents, and that shift of pennies alone would make the publisher's share 16 cents. If only three-quarters of the books were sold the author's royalty would be 32½ cents, and the publisher's share 12½ cents. This error of 25 per cent in the computation of the royalty leads me to think that Mr. Breit, or whoever gave him his figures, may have also slightly exaggerated the other costs on the list, say by about 20 per cent. This is a mere speculation, as is the thought that publishers may even now be using the figures in the *Times* story to get young authors to accept a lower royalty.

"Advertising rates have risen," Mr. Breit says, expanding on the black misery of the book trade.

This is a break for the publisher of my last book. He saves more money by not advertising at the higher rates than he used to save by not advertising before.

In a few years he will be able to retire on his savings. If I ever sign another contract with him I will ask for a small percentage of the money he doesn't spend. The book, which the publishing house brought into the world with all the fanfare usually attending the birth of a child to an unmarried mother of good family, got such excellent reviews that as a special reward the publisher agreed to take an ad in the *Survey Graphic.*

One of the most enthusiastic rooters for publishers I know is an editor of a magazine who spent seven years writing a very good novel. The old distinguished house that had it decided that it couldn't possibly sell more than 6000 copies, so precisely that much paper was set aside for it. That was in 1945, when the paper shortage was tough. The book got terrific reviews and there was a great demand for it. People were buying lots of books then. But there were no books in stock, and there was no paper to print any on. I see the guy often, staring into space as he walks back to his office from the water cooler in the hall, and I know that at such moments he is counting up the dough he would have made on the books the publisher didn't have. In 1952 he will probably have another book ready, and just as the good reviews appear something else will happen. Poor Nathanael West, who died in an automobile crash, would have a greater popular reputation as a writer today—his critical position is already secure—if his publisher hadn't gone into bankruptcy just as *Miss Lonelyhearts*, West's best book, was beginning to win general recognition. A publisher will do anything to queer you.

Publishers change partners as often as the old six-day bike riders. You see the same names from year to year, but not always in the same combinations—A. and C. Stony, Stony and Liverwurst, Stony and Glare, Sparrer and Dinehart, Sparrer and Shouse—trying to place them is like keeping track of divorced couples. Even more amusing for writers, however, is a practice which has been especially common in the last two seasons of editors leaving one publishing house to join another. For example, an editor named McEmulsion, of Mutton, Pifflin, hooks on to a writer named Jack Crapulous, who is mad at Diamond and Keister, the publishers of his last book. A writer is always mad at the publisher of his last book. "Come over to Mutton, Pifflin," says McEmulsion. "Diamond and Keister's is just a factory—no feeling for

Continued on page 158

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. . . it's a whole wardrobe in one handsome, inexpensive casual coat. For you can build 4 or 5 good-looking outfits around the MARLY. Mate it with contrasting slacks, dress or sport shirt. Wear it on the campus, to the game, informal dates—everywhere! It's the busiest coat in the wardrobes of America's best-dressed men. In Sand, Brown, Green, Maroon, Blue, Grey.

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Pity the Poor Publisher

Continued from page 157

greatness. We appreciate genius here—personally I have always said that you were the lad who would make people forget Hemingway. We will promote you like Kreuger promoted the match business." So Crapulous signs up for three books for Mutton, Pifflin. He works a year on the first one and just as he turns in the manuscript he learns that McEmulsion has been fired for repulsing the advances of a female best-seller writer, and has now become second vice-president of Diamond and Keister.

This leaves Crapulous in a delicate spot, as he is now known in the firm as one of McEmulsion's prize acquisitions, and the guy who has McEmulsion's job wants to prove he is a lot brighter than McEmulsion. The quickest way to do this is to show McEmulsion's boy is a bum, a situation familiar to anybody who has worked on a certain newspaper chain. So Crapulous has to wait 4 years and 23 days before Mutton, Pifflin publish the book, and then instead of the big editions McEmulsion talked about they print 24 copies, binding only 12, in case the first 12 don't sell. There is something somewhere in a contract about the author's right to get a manuscript back if the publisher doesn't put it out in a reasonable time, but Crapulous has had a pretty fair advance, and he has of course spent it. He would have to return it to get out of the deal. The promotion McEmulsion talked about resolves itself into an invitation to Crapulous to make a free appearance on a short-wave radio program heard only in Guatemala. If the book gets good reviews anyway, the new editor goes into the publisher's office and says: "You know what this means, boss. Books the critics like never sell." So the firm gives the book the silent treatment, and it triumphantly submerges.

Crapulous goes up to Tim Costello's to swim out the brain kinks in beer, and there encounters Lindsley Doniger, an editor for Doodle, Moan and Bierce. "What are you doing with a stuffy firm like Mutton?" asks Mr. Doniger. "I have always predicted you would someday make the American public forget Henry James and Zane Grey, because you combine the best qualities of both." Three days before our friend Crapulous delivers his new manuscript to Doodle, Moan and Bierce he learns Doniger has become editor-in-chief of Rearguard Press. The girl at the reception desk, who used to twitter at him when he asked for Mr. Doniger and wave him on his way with both hands, now asks him for his name as if she had never seen him. "Mr. —Crapulous?" she asks incredulously. "Won't you have a seat, over there behind the bookcase, so Mr. Doodle won't see you and throw up if he happens to pass through here. Mr. Heboboru, the gentleman who took Mr. Doniger's place—heh, heh, heh, what a funny name, Doniger—left word that he won't be able to see you for the next three weeks, too busy, but maybe his secretary will come out to talk to you." Then Crapulous knows what's going to happen to his new novel.

The thing that really waters me off about a lot of book publishers, though—this doesn't go for my particular friends, of course—is that they want the best of two worlds. They think as businessmen but want to be thought of as something very like an artist. Mr. Breit's head of an old, distinguished house who said he wanted only big sellers has precisely the same slant as a garment manufacturer, but he likes to think that he moves in the same world as Thomas Mann. One type guy is a writer, and another type guy is a cotton converter, but a publisher is a fellow who couldn't make up his mind.

The book-club fellows are the next ones that will start beefing, when, sometime or other, their take falls off a million or so, the way the handle at the race tracks does every now and then. There are few writers who can say they have even seen a high official of a book club, but I once went to a cocktail party for starving partners in Snippincotts' and saw one plain. He was a little fellow in a tweed suit the color of spit-out tobacco juice and he had a glass in his hand just as democratic as you please—not even a publisher to hold it for him, as you might suppose he would have. "What are *you* doing here?" he says to me. He could see right away I didn't belong there—there was something that gave me away—maybe a couple of pencils that were sticking out of my breast pocket.

"I came here because I am sorry for starving publishers," I said boldly, and then very foolishly, "I'm a writer."

"Oh, you are?" says the little man fiercely. "Well, I'm Shaun O'Beehive, the President of the Vulgar Book Club, and I don't like writers."

I was about to say, "I don't like punks who run book clubs, either," when I remembered that I was going to be writing the rest of my life and it would be like tearing up a lottery ticket. ⧺

Continued from page 56

"Get in the 'BUCKS' for fall"

PACE-SETTERS - in the truest sense of the word

These PACE-SETTERS in rich, mellow brown buck are way out in front for style — "stoppers" for looks. They add the just-right touch for Fall. You'll like the pliable, fine nap buck, a material that's been out of this world for some years. Select the style that will put you two feet in front of any crowd. Priced from $9.50 to $10.50.

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Plain toe, in buck, Model 5844
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Smart plain toe, in buck, Model 5846
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They're all "BUCKS"

If you haven't had a pair of buck shoes recently, then you've a treat coming with these mellow, fine nap Pace-Setter bucks by Holland-Racine. They're at your Holland-Racine Independent Dealer right now.

Holland Pace-Setters Racine
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Write for the name of your nearest dealer
HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC., Holland, Michigan

Madison Square Garden

Continued from page 77

is circulated through the pipes, the melting ice is plowed and pushed by two specially built tractors into a melting pit, where it is melted by live steam and run off through a trapdoor which opens into the city sewer system. When the rink has been cleared, Donopria's crew sets up the 4200 temporary seats which cover the floor from the stands to the ring.

The most expensive job the Garden's face-lifters have ever performed took place when Ignace Jan Paderewski gave a concert there in 1932. Paderewski wouldn't use amplifiers, couldn't fill the hall without them. To make the acoustics satisfactory to the great Polish pianist, the Garden installed a complete new ceiling built of mineral wool, which they supported on fine wire mesh. It cost more than $30,000.

Although professional prize fighting has become just another attraction and by no means the leading one, it is still the sport most readily associated with Madison Square Garden. For, whatever its other claims to fame, the Garden has been, for the past 65 years, the undisputed capitol of the boxing world.

The beat-em-up business was just creeping out of its swaddling, bare-knuckle days in 1882 when the legendary John L. Sullivan began the tradition which has made the name, Madison Square Garden, synonymous with big-time boxing. The occasion was a fight between the great John L. and a cautious Englishman named Tug Wilson in the abandoned railroad station which had been renamed Madison Square Garden. The old railroad station, which was actually located at Madison Square, was the first of the present Garden's two predecessors.

For the oldest Garden, the Sullivan-Wilson bout, which drew an overflow crowd, was a much-needed shot in the arm, although it gave the great John L. a sharp pain in the pocketbook. The blustering Boston Strong Boy had agreed to knock out Wilson within four rounds or forfeit half the gate receipts and an additional $500. Wilson dropped to the canvas every time Sullivan threw a dirty look at him, and, in that way, managed to last out the four rounds and conserve his strength for toting the loot to Britain.

The second Madison Square Garden was a huge, rococo affair designed by the erratic architect, Standford White, for a combination headed by the elder J. P. Morgan. The building, which resembled a Moorish palace, had a 300-foot tower topped by a bronze Saint-Gaudens statue of Diana, goddess of the hunt, and her bow and arrow. It opened on July 16, 1890, with a curiously nonathletic program which featured a ballet and concert by Eduard Strauss and his Viennese orchestra. The new auditorium drew gasps in 1906 when White was shot to death on the roof by millionaire Harry K. Thaw after a quarrel over the affections of Thaw's show-girl wife, Evelyn Nesbit. The case dragged through the law courts for the next two years, the newspapers played it for gaudy and the Garden became a fixture on the front pages.

By that time, the big hall had achieved a solid, undisputed prominence as the nation's outstanding prize-fight arena. It had also sketched in the pattern which its successor was to develop: it housed political conventions, dog shows, religious meetings, Wild West shows and a wide assortment of other pageants and programs.

For all its prestige, Garden No. 2 never made the grade financially and the original sponsors soon cashed in their interest in the building. In 1912 the $3,000,000 hall became the property of an insurance company, which succeeded to the title when the preceding management was unable to pay the gas bill, taxes, etc.

A number of ambitious individuals had tried and failed to make the elaborate auditorium pay off before the insurance men leased it, in 1920, to Tex Rickard, the gold-fingered gambler who, for a decade, *was* Madison Square Garden.

There have been many legends built around the flamboyant personality of Tex Rickard—most of them at least partially true.

The story is that Rickard came to New York in 1920 with nothing but a gold-headed cane and a gambler's skill at bluffing learned at poker tables and faro layouts from the Yukon to the Amazon. He set himself up in an elegant suite at a midtown hotel, called in the press and, along with copious quantities of Scotch whisky and Havana cigars, gave out the news that he was going to rent Madison Square Garden at the incredible price of $250,000 a year.

Rickard may not have had any money, but he did have one item that was as valuable as a fortune—a contract giving him exclusive rights to the future ring appearances of Jack Dempsey, whose brutal, gory knockout of the giant Jess Willard the year before had made him the hottest thing in prize-fight circles since John L. Sullivan. That contract got Tex the gold. The gold got him the Garden. John L. Ringling, whose circus was bearing the brunt of the Garden's overhead at the time, agreed to finance Rickard, and the Texan was in business.

A year after Tex took over the Garden's boxing department he astounded the nation by promoting a prize fight between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier, which took in the incredible sum of $1,800,000. Two years later he repeated the performance when he matched Dempsey against a ferocious-looking Argentine, Luis Angel Firpo.

The million-dollar gates not

Continued on page 160

. . . may I suggest you ask for this precious pre-war Bottled in Bond Kentucky bourbon now?

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TROUSERS HAGGAR SPORTSWEAR

HAGGAR CO., DALLAS

Madison Square Garden

Continued from page 159

only established Rickard as a phenomenon, but also marked the beginning of a new era for the boxing racket and the beginning of the end for the old Garden. Boxing, as Tex Rickard handled it, had proved itself to be a very big business. The old Garden wasn't able to handle the crowds he attracted to its arena.

One of the more apocryphal stories in the Rickard legend concerns the manner in which Tex got the new Garden built. According to the fable, the project was financed by a group of socialite sportsmen whom the sports-page romancers quickly dubbed "The Six Hundred Millionaires." Tex is supposed to have cadged the money from them by using a shrewd snob appeal. In exchange for backing Rickard's project, the select Six Hundred were given memberships in an exclusive Madison Square Garden Club, which, the legend runs, automatically gave them all sorts of special privileges.

The facts are more prosaic. The contribution of the Six Hundred Millionaires was a mere drop in the bucket. They contributed $1000 each and, in exchange, received 125 shares of common stock and membership in the Garden club, which gave them the opportunity to buy, at box-office prices, of course, a pair of good seats to any Garden event. No matter how you multiply $1000 by 600, it comes out $600,000. The remaining five million of the $5,650,000 needed for the new structure was advanced by a six-man syndicate headed by banker Richard F. Hoyt.

The new Garden was a wonderful baby. In its first four years it earned a net profit of almost $3,000,000,000, paid dividends each year and reduced the mortgage from $2,250,000 to $1,900,000.

Then, in January, 1929, Tex Rickard died. The Garden's profits fell from $1,000,000 in 1928 to half that. Along Eighth Avenue the fight guys shook their heads and said, "When Rickard died, so did the Garden." It looked as though they were right. Profits kept falling, to $410,000, then to $340,000, then to $130,000. The Garden paid no more dividends.

Its blackest year was 1934, the year Kilpatrick took over as president. Under William F. Carey, Rickard's immediate successor, the big arena had been sliding downhill, but it had never crossed the dividing line between the red ink and the black. Under Kilpatrick, it did. In his first year the Garden showed a net loss of $60,000. The wolves began to howl.

The Garden's boxing program had fallen apart. It became virtually impossible for Kilpatrick or his matchmaker, Jimmy Johnston, to sign any of the leading fighters for an appearance at the arena. When one fight grossed less than $7000 (the Garden needed $12,000 to break even), Kilpatrick announced that, henceforth, boxing would be only a filler-in at the auditorium.

There were many factors contributing to the Garden's downfall: the national depression, the lack of colorful fighters, the unpopularity of Jimmy Johnston and the inexperience of Kilpatrick. But it was the direct war waged by Mike Jacobs, with the aid of the New York State Boxing Commission and the great majority of the city's boxing writers, that was mostly responsible for the Garden's loss of position as the ruling power in this field.

Jacobs, the king of the ticket speculators, had been virtually a partner in most of Rickard's enterprises. He had collected $180,000 from his own and his colleagues' tills to finance Tex' promotion of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight when Rickard's original backers, theatremen William A. Brady and Charles Cochran, had backed out. It was Jacobs again who had held out a helping, gold-covered hand when Tex needed $70,000 to secure his option on the Eighth Avenue property, in the touch-and-go days before he lined up his Wall Street backing.

Rickard had paid off his indebtedness to Mike and the other ticket speculators by selling them huge blocks of tickets for all important fights at the Garden or which the Garden promoted elsewhere. Kilpatrick had no obligations to anyone and when he took over, he ended the scalpers' supply of choice ducats. Jacobs organized the 20th Century Sporting Club to compete with the Garden in the dwindling prize-fight market.

The Boxing Commission played directly into the new outfit's hands. They heckled and hampered the Garden in a dozen ways. For what seemed to be the most inconsistent reasons, they banned fighters who had been scheduled to appear in the Garden ring. One fighter, Hank Bath, was banned because his manager, Jack Kearns, had once served a jail sentence. The same Kearns had managed Jack Dempsey throughout the greater portion of Dempsey's career and never once had his jail record stood in the way of a Dempsey ring appearance.

In one sweeping move the boxing board ruled that the Garden's binder contracts with a dozen top-flight fighters were illegal and the men, who included all the heavyweight contenders, were free agents. The standard Garden contract, which always contained a clause giving the Garden the rights to the winner's next ring appearance, had been devised by Rickard and had never before been questioned.

The press at the time was almost unanimously anti-Garden. Jimmy Johnston had alienated the Hearst papers when he cut the Milk Fund's percentage on fights staged by the Garden for the benefit of the Fund, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's pet charity. The Milk Fund's boxing directors, sports writers Damon Runyon, Bill Farnsworth and Ed Frayne, shifted their shows to the new 20th Century Sporting Club, in which they operated as Jacobs' partners.

But the greatest weapon in Jacobs' campaign against the Garden was Joe Louis, the first natural "gate" fighter since Dempsey. With Louis as his big gun and the friendly Commission sniping at the Garden at every turn, Jacobs was in a position to make the Garden sweat. It began to look as if the Hippodrome, the site of Uncle Mike's promotions, would replace the big Eighth Avenue auditorium as the capitol of the boxing world.

When the Commission ruled that Baer, Schmeling, Carnera and a half-dozen other contenders for the crown held by Garden-controlled Jimmy Braddock were free agents, Jacobs' campaign was almost complete. The Garden still had the champion, but it had no one with whom to match him.

The impasse was resolved when Mike persuaded Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, to break his contract with the Garden and fight Joe Louis for the championship in Chicago under Jacobs' direction. The Garden sued Jacobs, Gould and Braddock, but the fight went on, Louis won and Uncle Mike had the championship. The Garden appeared licked.

Its directors had one trump card left. The Garden arena was still the best platform in the world for the display of fistic talent and they knew that Jacobs knew it. As one sports writer put it, "Jacobs had done as well as anyone could be expected to at the Hippodrome. But the Garden is synonymous with big-time boxing and Friday night is traditional fight night in the city. It is tough to change the habits of a community and anyway the Hippodrome is the Hippodrome and the Garden is the Garden."

Following the old maxim that when you can't lick your opponent, you enlist him as an ally, the Garden directors offered to collaborate with Jacobs in the promotion of future fights. He agreed and in August, 1937, Madison Square Garden and the 20th Century Sporting Club became partners in the prize-fight business.

"I realize now that that was the best possible arrangement," Kilpatrick says. "I know now that a corporation can't produce fights successfully. Prize fighters and their managers are a whim-ridden lot. Arranging a fight calls for intricate, personal handling, not just logical business methods. I confess I still don't know how their minds work."

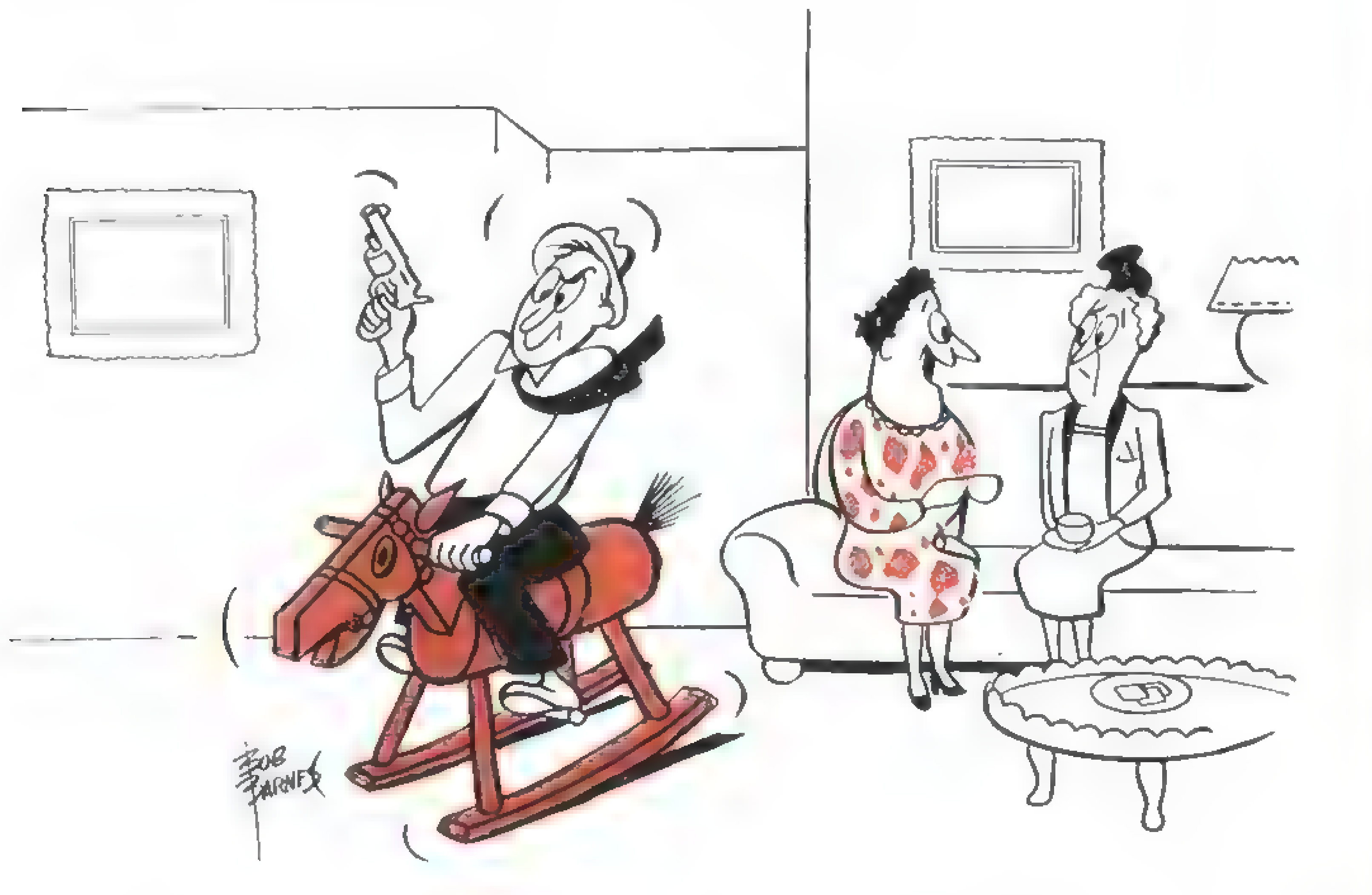
The Garden's calendar and cashbooks prove Kilpatrick's point. At no time, not even in Rickard's palmiest days, has the Garden had a more prosperous outlook. Its gross income for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1946, was the highest in its 21-year history and its arena is booked solid from September 1, 1947, through June, 1948. Though the Garden is still the center of the boxing business, it no longer depends on the biff-and-bam department to pay the rent. Hockey, basketball, the circus, rodeo and ice shows give the old barn's bosses a feeling of security.

A few months ago, Kilpatrick announced that, as soon as building materials become available, the Garden will change its address again. The proposed new Garden, which would be Madison Square Garden No. 4, will fill the block west of Columbus Circle, the wide place in the road where Broadway, Eighth Avenue and Central Park South get together. Despite a set-back in the New York legislature last winter, the directors are confident it will be in operation by 1949 or 1950.

Commodore Dutch, the odd little gnome who has been a fixture at the Garden's fight nights for a pair of decades, shook his head when he heard the news.

"Time was when Madison Square Garden was at Madison Square," the Commodore said. "If things keep on like this, by the time Garden No. 8 goes up, a guy will need a passport to Yonkers to go to a fight." ###

Continued from page 77



"I think every man should have a hobby"

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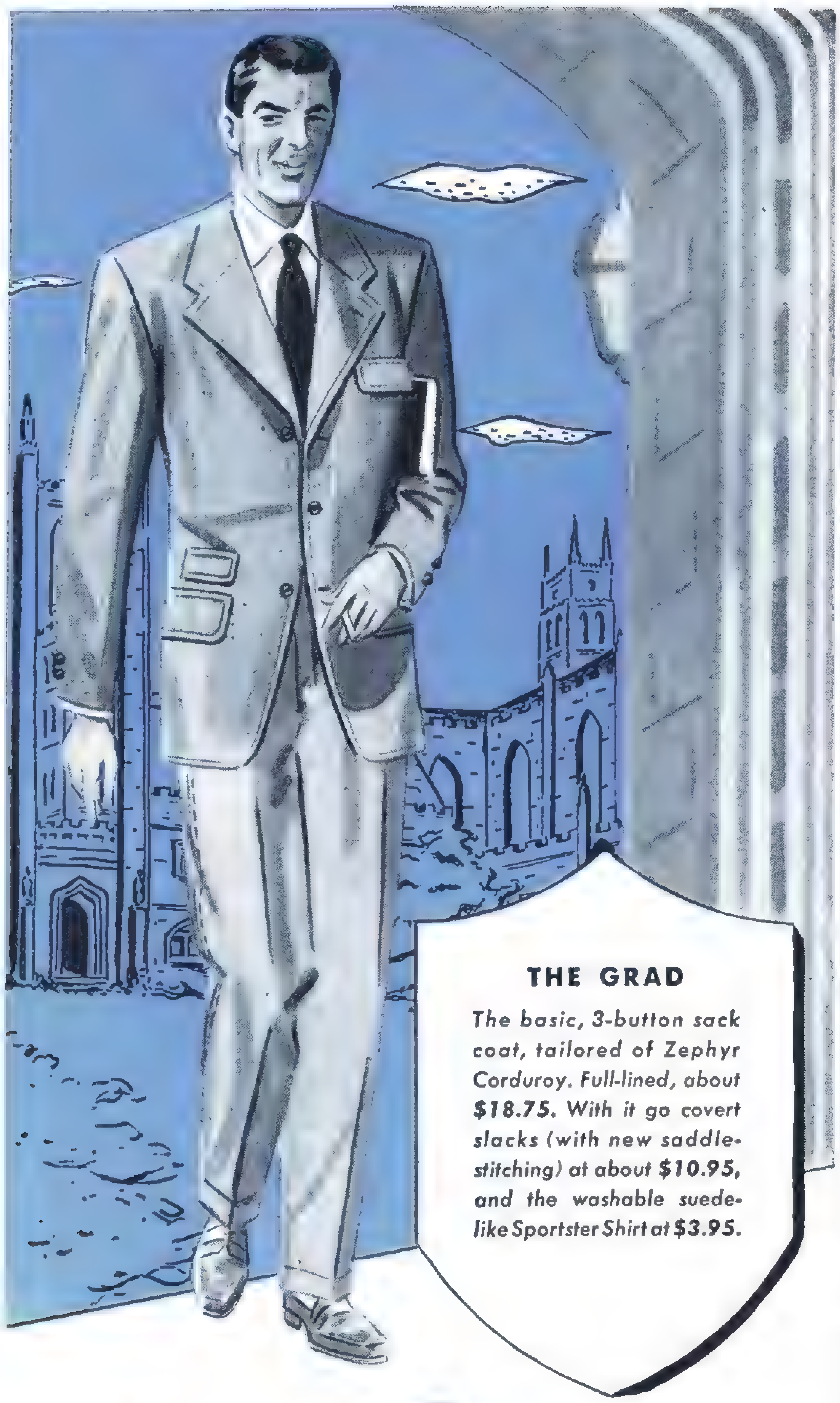

THE GRAD

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Culinary Male

Distaff pressure notwithstanding, the masculine cook is here to stay

by BILL RHODE

Add masculine cooks to your list of once sissy practitioners who are now highly respectable. And while you're about it, note that the someone in the kitchen with Dinah is probably the master of the house, and he isn't after what you think he's after. He's trying to beat his way elbow-distance to the stove. He's cooking, chum, and with gas.

The emancipation of the amateur male cook out of the mire of social disapproval is perhaps one of the significant, albeit rumor, social trends of recent years. And the average male whose spouse now permits him to preside over back-yard barbecues and midnight eggs can thank the more famous cooking members of his sex for his new freedom. Slowly and steadily, these better-known men who cook for a hobby have made their presence felt. And there's a reason, or rather a whole complex of reasons. For the male cook is a perfectionist. He is an experimenter, an explorer. And he is not hogbound by tradition as written down in cookbooks. He is, in short, and for all his limitations, an artist.

As exhibit A consider Hal Phyfe, a gentleman whose culinary reputation is second only to his fame as a photographer. Phyfe is a cooking perfectionist, a part-time farmer and a master of angel-food cake so succulent that it would make your pioneer grandmother green. For those who don't cook, be it known that this cake depends on properly beaten whites of eggs. Most cooks are satisfied to take great care with the beating so that the egg whites are stiff and hold their peaks, but are not beaten so much that they are dry. Phyfe doesn't stop there. As a farmer he claims that to achieve the perfect state of beaten egg white nothing but the freshest eggs must be used. So when Hal is off on one of his baking sprees, he will only use eggs that were laid the day of the baking. This idiosyncrasy has not only produced many perfect cakes but also many disappointed guests, for when Phyfe can't find enough superfresh eggs, he just won't bake the cake.

A perfectionist of similar mien is Phil Baker, the $64 man. One of his pet concoctions is that elegant Russian dish known as Chicken Kiev. This, in way of short explanation, is a breast of chicken containing a small lump of hard, sweet butter rolled around a carefully scraped drumstick bone. It is breaded and fried in deep fat. Before Phil dared tackle the creation of the perfect Chicken Kiev he first studied the recipes of many famous chefs. In addition, he made personal inquiries among professional and amateur cooking practitioners. Phil listened, learned and experimented with all these recipes until he finally found the combination that suited him best. Those who have shared his board and samovar imply that Phil's Chicken Kiev is practically a contribution to United Nations unity.

Phil's opposite, the experimenter without rhyme or reason, is best represented by the late Tony Sarg. Tony held to the theory that women tended to get bored with cooking and considered it a chore because they cooked everything the way the recipe in the book told them to. Thus, Tony's own cooking was distinguished by a chameleonlike nature; he seldom did it the same way twice.

One of Tony's most famous cooking stunts was his marionette salad. In a large salad bowl he would arrange a bed of mixed greens and cooked cold vegetables. Sometimes he used French dressing; sometimes a plain mayonnaise or a pink or green version of the latter, all depending on the effect he was after. All this was crossed with figures and faces carved out or skillfully made of vegetables. Sometimes he built a race track with horses made of carrots and jockeys of whittled radishes or green beans. At other times the salad bowl seemed alive with faces of little bearded men peeking out from the greens. For these he used fennel. And for other occasions he'd recreate with his magic fingers the figures of his famous Thanksgiving Day Parade. Tony Sarg was the epitome of the old saying, "there's fun in food."

Sometimes, however, the amateur cooking masters reverse themselves. For instance, Gelett Burgess, the inventor of the purple cow, will stand for no frolics when he is busy in the kitchen. Humor made his reputation, but his attitude toward cooking is deadly serious. Being a man of rare imagination he is, of course, completely inconsistent in this attitude, which comes out in the names he gives his concoctions. One of Gelett's best cooking exploits is his own version of a baked apple. The finished product is a pleasure to behold and to eat. The apple is perfectly glazed with a shiny golden crust overall and the center hole where the core was removed is filled with a mixture of Gelett's own invention, which consists to the best of my knowledge of chopped nutmeats, raisins, grated lemon peel, brown sugar, and currant jelly. This classic baked apple à la Burgess he calls simply "apple gefoojit."

But not all the famous amateur cooks are such perfectionists. The majority might better be termed specialists. In the mildest form a specialist cook is a one-dish artist, a man who can turn out a well-broiled steak or, as is most frequently the case, make a very involved steak sauce or throw together a fantastic mess that he proudly labels a salad. And, of course, there are the men who really are specialists in outdoor cookery, especially barbecues.

There are specialists, however, of wider horizon. These are men who excel in one particular phase of cooking. Not that such limitation of their activities is always caused by lack of interest; usually it is the result of mechanical handicaps. Radio-comic Peter Donald, for instance, calls a two-room hotel apartment his home. All that he has at his disposal as a kitchen is a cupboard-like closet that contains an icebox and a two-burner electric stove. Such a lack of equipment would have held down the greatest of chefs. Nevertheless, Peter seems perfectly happy, although limited to such cookery as can be accomplished by the use of no more than two pots or pans at one time. And he manages to come through with truly elegant concoctions of which his poached eggs on chicken hash has found the most sustained applause, including that of his wife.

"Well, good night, see you in the morning"

Other amateur cooks find their knowledge and ability a very important factor in their business life.

Henry Stahlhut, one of our leading young illustrators, would have been stumped many times if it hadn't been for his culinary hobby. Whenever Hank has to include food in any of his designs or advertising layouts he prepares the dish he is going to paint. Naturally the purpose of his cooking is not only to prepare a flavorsome dish but also one that is paintable—so it happens often that he doesn't quite hit the right color or appearance at the first try. Luckily, Stahlhut is an excellent cook, because many times the same dish has been served at his house four, five or even six nights in succession until finally it looks right—which means that it looks good enough to eat in the magazine advertisements.

The real fun begins when amateur cooks get together for a cooking bout. On one occasion John Royal of NBC invited some nine well-known amateur chefs to cook a dinner in a restaurant kitchen and provided them with half an hour of air time, a national hookup and his best announcer, Ben Grauer, who, by the way, is a very accomplished cook in his own right. Participants in the cooking fest included such kitchen masters as Rube Goldberg, Russell Patterson, Dean Cornwell, the late Ford Madox Ford, and Wilfred Funk. Ford labored in a secluded corner preparing Banana *Flambée.* Dean Cornwell was busy making hot cornbread and others were attending to the preparation of vegetables. And Russell Patterson, a fine artist whose coffee is legendary in excellence, stood around awaiting his turn to brew and serve.

Such perfection as the Patterson coffee unfortunately isn't found too often in the realm of amateur cookery. Only a very few of the amateur chefs are so proficient in their hobby that they at any time could leave the profession by which they earn their livelihood and become professional chefs, and not be poorer for the change. I have often thought of the perfect dinner prepared by such amateur chefs. I'd line that dream meal up as follows:

I would assign the making of the hors d'oeuvres and the soup to Hinson Stiles, the managing editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*; the fish course and the salad would be prepared by Alfred Lunt; and the roast, the vegetables and the dessert would be by Edward Arnold. These three in my considered opinion are the best amateur chefs in the country. Not only are they cooks who excel in any phase of cooking but their proficiency is so great and their culinary imagination so keen that they could hold their own in competition with the best professionals. Although Russell Patterson is not in their class where cooking is concerned, he should be there to make the coffee.

For some strange reason women still think a man's place is not in the kitchen, but in the same breath they resent quite audibly the old idea that a woman's place is. That leaves the kitchen pretty empty. So why not have both in the kitchen? Men cooks can learn a lot from the distaff side of the species as, for instance, consistency of performance and thrift. By the same token, the gals would do themselves no harm by forgetting some of their prejudices and seasoning their food with a little imagination and ingenuity. #

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The Case of the Double Clasp

Continued from page 87

around on the sidewalk. It was still raining. No one knew anything except that the owner of the store had been found dead by a customer.

About the middle of the afternoon, it seemed, old Mrs. Grossman had gone into the secondhand store. Apparently she had been the first to enter since noon. Her screams rapidly collected a crowd. Patrolman Fogarty had been one of the first to arrive on the scene. He allowed no one else to enter the building. Several people noticed that Fogarty was pale and shaken. Other police in plain clothes had arrived later and had stayed in the building for some time. Shortly after their arrival a police ambulance had taken away Mrs. Grossman, who was in an hysterical condition.

I slowly walked away—stunned. A horrible thought was eating its way into my mind. I somehow knew that there had been but three customers that day in the secondhand store: Mrs. Grossman, the stranger and I. The proprietor and the stranger had been arguing when I left. And the whole silly quarrel had been the result of my inane remark about buying the book when I was financially incapable of doing so.

Should I go to the police and tell my story? If what I suspected was true, my description of the stranger could be of a great deal of help in solving the murder. I instinctively knew that it had been murder. I was equally certain that the murderer was the stranger who had been looking at the old book in the window.

If I went to the police would they believe me? I knew so little of what had actually happened. And I knew that the police asked for more than hunches and impressions—they worked with facts. At last I made up my mind to tell my story to Fogarty.

Fogarty, the patrolman, lived three blocks up the street. I had never called on him at his flat before. However, I knew him fairly well for we had drunk beer together a number of times of an evening when he wasn't on duty.

I walked up to his door and knocked. His wife, a small, plain woman, answered the door. She stood and stared at me as though she didn't see me.

Taking off my hat I said, "Good evening. Is Officer Fogarty in?"

At last her eyes focused on me. "Yes," she said, "he's in the kitchen."

Fogarty was alone at a small table. At the moment his hands were folded in his lap. A quart bottle of bourbon was on the table. A single bare electric-light bulb hung directly over his head. It was bright, but the corners of the room seemed filled with shadows. His face was ashen and the fright in his eyes was obscene.

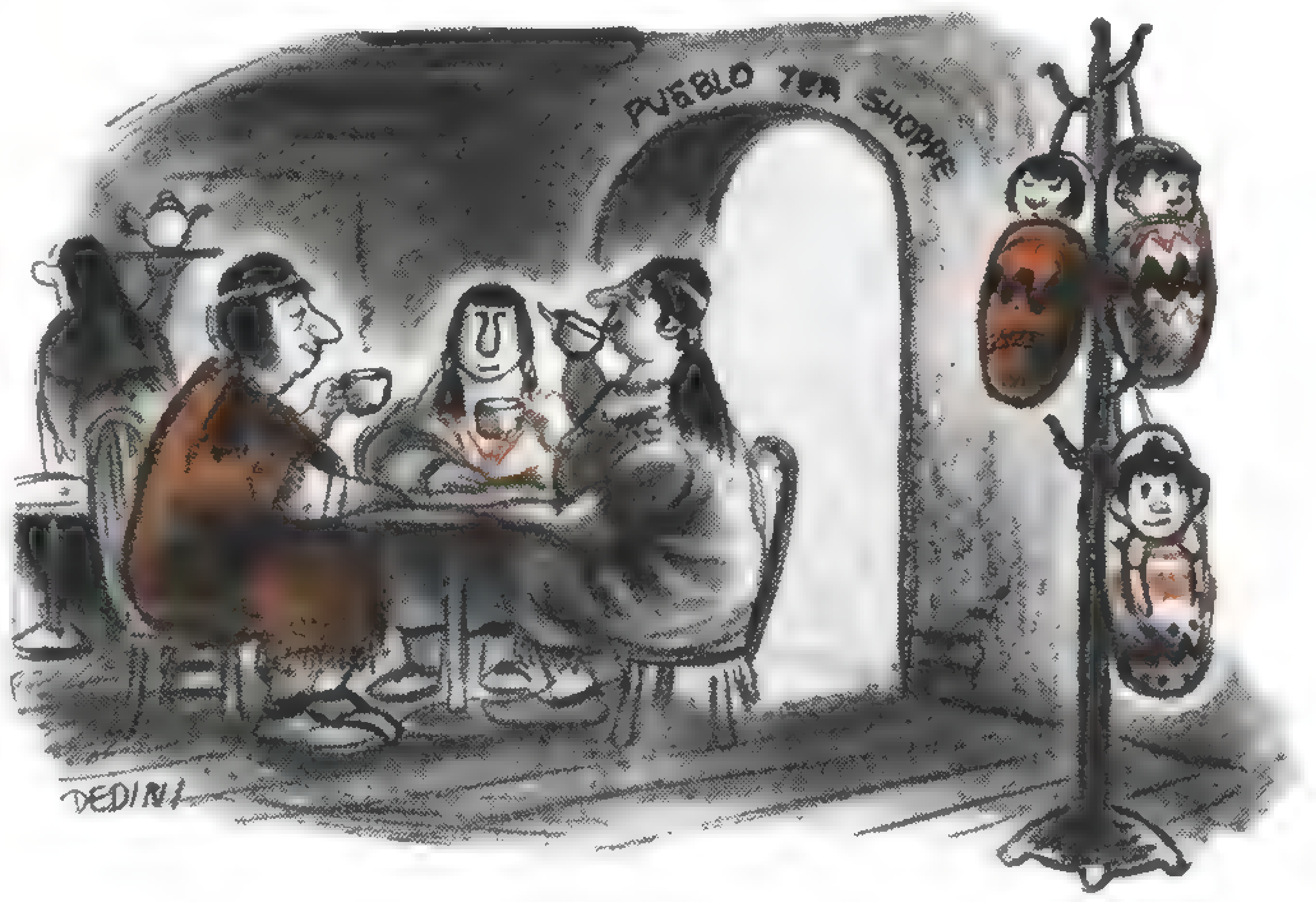
He didn't even look up at me; instead, he picked up the bottle and took a great long drink that did much toward emptying it. Then in an emotionless voice he started talking.

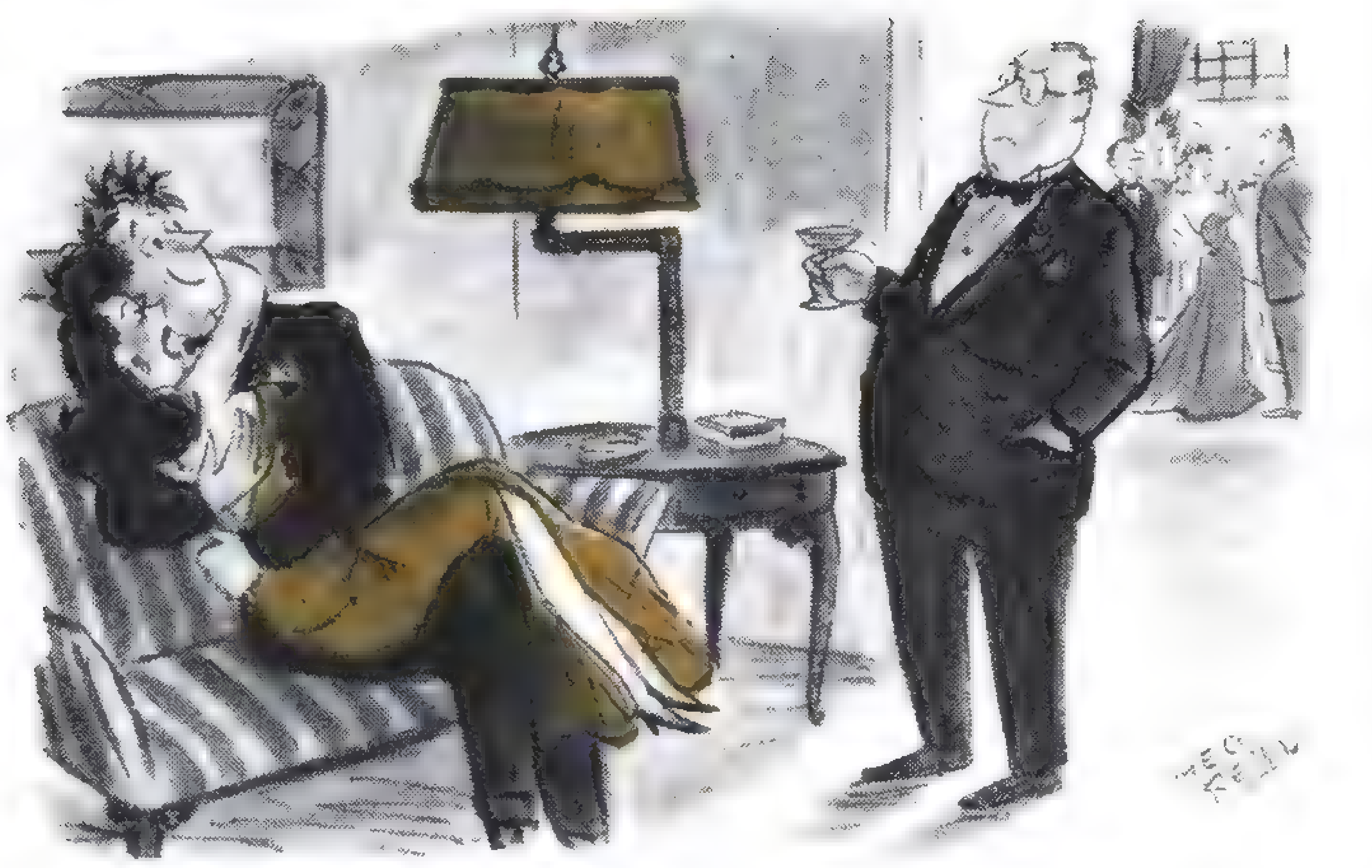
"I know. You want to know about it. All right, I'll tell it again." His voice sounded wooden, mechanical. "I was just passing Nick's barbershop when I heard her start to scream. At first I couldn't place where the sound came from." Fogarty paused and wiped the back of his hand across his forehead as though he were trying to wipe away some deep stain.

"Finally I located where she was. She was standing just inside the shop door. I shoved past her and then I saw him. He was lying on the floor. He was dead. I knew that my first glance at him. There was some blood—but not enough. From the hole in his neck that spread up across his face it should have been all over the place. But it wasn't." Fogarty paused for a moment.

"Then I saw the thing. It was still feeding on the body's neck. It was deep down in the great cancerous hole it had made," he droned on. His eyes were staring past me at the wall.

Now, I was the one that needed a drink. I reached out and picked up the bottle, which was now al-





"Please, dear, remember I'm the hostess!"

most empty. The raw whiskey burnt going down and became a welcome pool of warmth in the pit of my stomach.

"I was afraid," Fogarty continued, "afraid for the first time in my life. But I knew that I must do something. I didn't know what the filthy beast might be; but I did know that it was dangerous. I grabbed up a pair of rusty pliers from a pile of junk. I reached carefully into the neck and pulled away the thing. It was covered with blood. So were the jaws of the pliers. I laid the whole bloody mess on the floor. It didn't move."

Fogarty stopped and reached for the empty bottle. Slowly I was beginning to get the picture of what had happened that afternoon—and that morning. Now I knew what it had been even though I didn't know yet what it was. I was suddenly afraid for Fogarty to go on talking, yet I also feared he would stop. I just had to know all of it—one way or the other.

Fogarty set down the bottle. Apparently he thought he had had a drink. Speaking as though there was no one and everyone in the room, he went on.

"I called the station house and the inspector and the medical examiner came in. I gave them a verbal report. Neither said anything when I finished. They looked at each other and then went over to look at the body. After a bit the inspector asked where the thing was. I pointed to where it lay. It was still covered with blood and in the jaws of the pliers.

"They both walked over and squatted on their haunches to look at it. Neither one of them tried to pick it up at first. They had seen his face and neck. After a bit they started poking it around some. Then suddenly the inspector laughed out loud. He had the thing in his hand. He picked a rag up from the floor and wiped the thing as he walked toward us. It was not a cruel, feeding beast. It was only a book clasp—an old-fashioned book clasp made of soft copper. Both the inspector and the doc were chuckling as they turned to leave. They looked at each other and at me as though they thought I had lost my senses. I *am* losing my mind. I know it. I know it because I saw that clasp, that thing, whatever it is—feeding, eating away at the man's neck. I tell you I saw it."

Leaving Fogarty's apartment fear moved in on me. I suppose Fogarty's wife spoke to me as I passed through the living room but I didn't answer—the walls were closing in. I knew that darkness awaited me at the foot of the two flights of steps.

I don't know how long I stood just inside the front door. The light from the bulb in the hallway entrance was dim—barely pushing back the shadows that crowded in from the night outside. But it was light.

At last I steeled myself for the dash home. The street was deserted. I ran madly, but as silently as possible, down the exact center of the street toward the hotel and my room. Some malignant force was abroad. Its influence, like slender tentacles, wove about me in the dark damp air. I ran as in a nightmare.

Now I am sitting in the middle of my room. I have every light turned on. All the furniture is pushed back against the walls. I have the mirror off my dresser propped up with books on the floor before me. In it I can see the bare floor in back of me. There is a small circle of bare floor all about me. If nothing else I will see it come for me.

Now I sit writing and watching the floor and trying not to think too much. I hope that when the police find me and this, if it is not too late, they will return to the secondhand store and search out the clasp that killed the shopkeeper and irrevocably destroy it. Also that they will seek out the short man in the black homespun suit and destroy him. Illegally if necessary.

I realize of course that all this will do me no good, for I know that the hunt is on already—that doggedly I am being hunted down. I know—for I remember.

I remember that there were two copper clasps on the unknown book and one of them has not fed today. ##

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

what's in a nickname?

Parke Cummings' sport quiz was okay but wouldn't these also fit:

11. The Thin Man—Joe Moore
42. The California Comet—Glenn Davis
68. The Flying Parson—Gil Dodds
79. The Scholar—Moe Berg
81. Oom Paul—Derringer

Sorry I can't impress you. Only got 85.7.

BARNEY BLATTERFIN
Toledo University, Toledo, O.

cosmolines wanted

I am very keen to get in touch with an American artilleryman, one who is a regular soldier, about my own age (29) and who like myself, instructs in all types of guns and artillery work.

At present we over here are using many types of American guns, all part of the plan to standardize the equipment of England and America. I find however, certain difficulties in getting the necessary technical manuals relating to the maintenance of these guns. The books in question are not in print over here.

I think therefore if I were to correspond with one of your servicemen we might both reap benefit from each others experience.

SGT. J. R. GIBMAN
School of Artillery
Larshill, Wiltshire, England

sleuth of the month

Is the sun so powerful at Jones Beach that it is possible to tan right through a bathing suit?

I am referring to Mr. J. Frederick Smith's *Naiad,* who seems to be in the act of removing her bathing suit, and though it is of the one piece variety, she is tanned from the waist up. To my knowledge this has never happened at Coney Island or any other beach. Is it possible Mr. Smith was so bewitched by his own creation that he didn't realize where his brush was wandering?

MELVIN L. SCHURBERG
New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note: Ever see a sun lamp?

inside Brazil

Having spent eighteen months in Brazil with the Air Transport Command and having witnessed two carnival celebrations, I feel that I am quite capable of enlightening the disheartened Robert Noce.

Rio is much like Miami or any other resort. There are the higher prices and the lower prices and because Noce is "Americano" and, it seems, rather gullible, he was taken to the cleaners, much the same as he would be in the larger cities of the U. S. For cheap prices, one should visit São Salvador commonly called Bahia, Recife the capital of the state of Pernambuco, or Natal the capital of the state of Rio Grande de Norte. There things are very cheap, and commodities are very plentiful.

BOB BRYAN
Chandler, Ariz.

ditch by Bowditch

If Mrs. Faye A. Strouts of Cleveland really wants to do a little figuring she might try that one that the shipmasters in the Azores cooked up for Nathaniel Bowditch to see if he was really as good as he was said to be. Here it is.

A ditch of equal depth and width is to be dug around an acre of ground of such dimensions that the excavated earth will cover the acre to a depth of one foot. The acre of area is in form of a square.

With all that courage she ought to be able to break that one down.

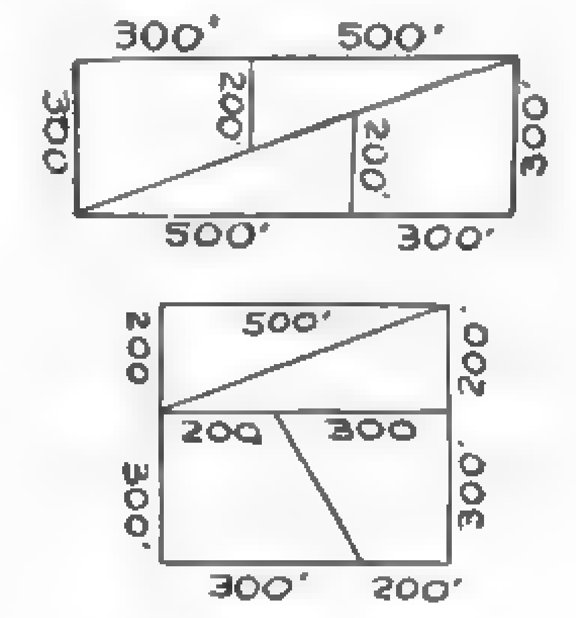
WM. T. BAUSKETT, JR.
St. Augustine, Fla.

add artichoke award

Re Paul Gallico's article in June issue of Esquire, re *On Understanding the Rooshan.* More power to Gallico for having the bold fortitude to come out with straight two-fisted thinking. During the last war the writer had occasion to do business with some of them. I need therefore make no further statements.

Also note he likes his "pressure cooker"—chicken in one hour. If he likes artichokes I'll send him some nice ones from the San Francisco Area of our golden state. My wife informs me that with his gadget he can cook them in five minutes.

H. L. W.
San Francisco, Calif.



how to raise a farm

A farmer had a piece of land containing 2400 square feet in the size and shape shown in the first sketch, with fences crossing it as shown. Another field, made up of areas of the same sizes and shapes as the first field contained 2500 square feet, when they were arranged as shown in the square field. How come? Where'd the 100 sq. ft. come from?

VIC ZIMMERMAN
Tacoma, Wash.

cogent

Paul Gallico, in the July issue, talks more good common sense in less words than anyone since Will Rogers.

JAMES B. GRIM
Marietta, O.

Kill-Divil to Planter's Punch

Continued from page 88

brought war and freedom. Beyond the innocent pleasures of rum, the drink became a major business. Across the New England wharves moved thousands of barrels of tropical molasses for the distillers. Back across the wharves passed thousands of gallons of rum for the vessels engaged in the slave trade. There was a three-way journey ahead and a triple purpose. The New Englanders sent the rum to Africa and swapped it for slaves. The vessels returned to the West Indies, sold the slaves and bought molasses. Stops came at our Southern ports for the sale of more slaves. And then they sailed down the winds for New England with molasses to make more rum and money to buy England's exported goods. It was necessary for them to buy the goods; England saw to this by restricting manufacture in the Colonies.

In Virginia, George Washington knew the trading angles and the taste of honest spirits. When a slave named Tom became unruly, he packed him off to the Islands to be swapped for "One hhd. of best molasses" and "one ditto of best rum," among several other things, placing the "residue much or little in good old spirits."

But England, watching these goings-on, clamped on the Molasses Act in hope of monopolizing the molasses-rum business in its own islands. The war came. John Adams said later: "I know not why we should blush to confess that molasses was an essential ingredient in American independence. Many great events have proceeded from much smaller causes."

And rum stiffened the national spine. No one knows how much of it the straggling soldiers swilled from the sixty-odd distilleries that were in operation in Massachusetts alone. But it left a saying that rum "made a rabbit fight a bulldog."

It consummated countless real-estate deals with the Indians and was used by many realistic missionaries to save the Red Man's soul. Of the pious Eleazar Wheelock, Congregational minister, they still sing at Dartmouth College:

Eleazar Wheelock was a very pious man,
He went into the wilderness to teach the Indian
With a gratis ad parnassum
And a Bible and a drum
And 500 gallons of New England rum.

The drink became much better as years passed: It became American history and, with improvements, an epicurean delight. Rum, of course, is still what it always was—a distillation from the fermented juice of sugar cane or its by-products. But blackstrap molasses is most heavily relied upon now and the product grows stronger with each of many distillations.

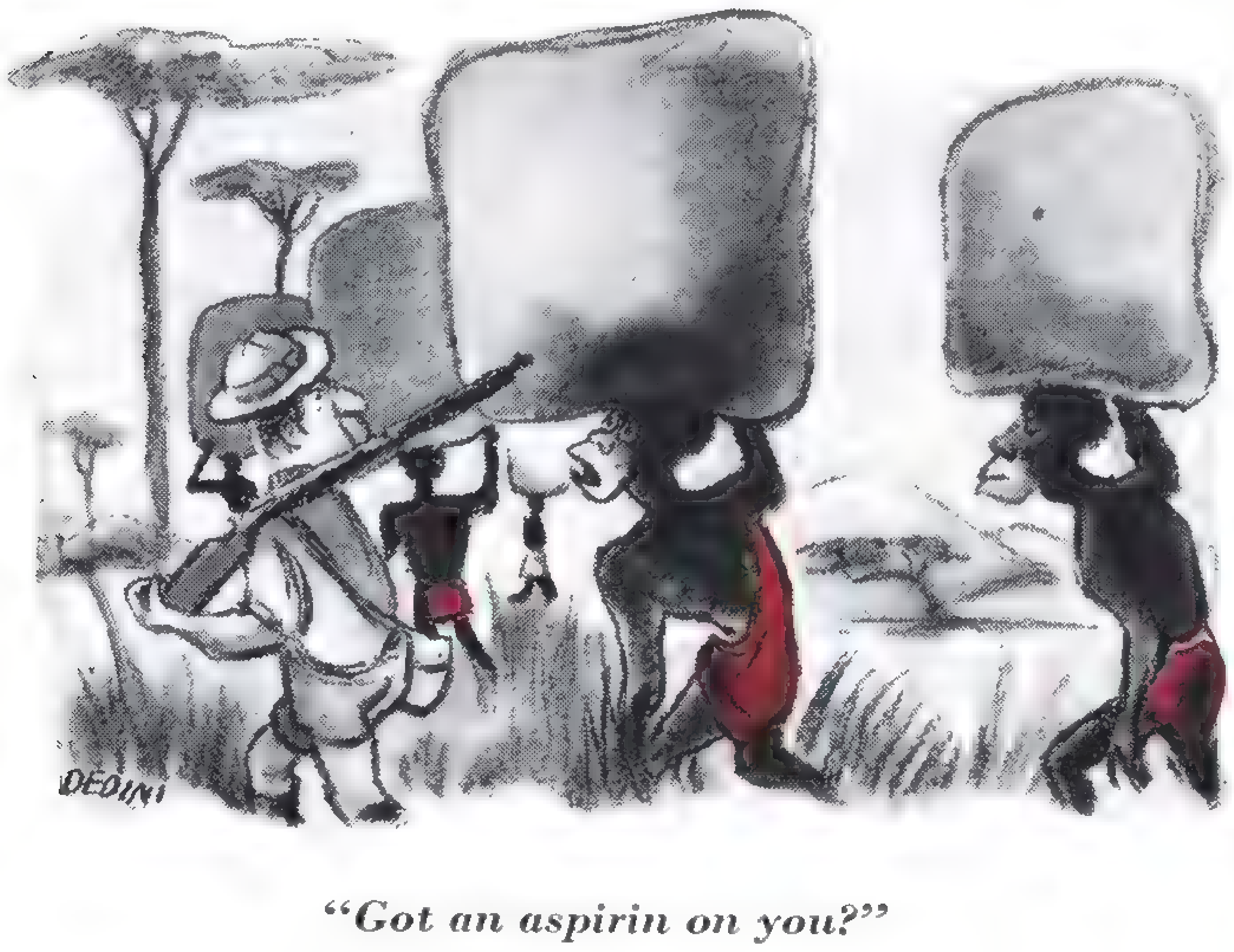
It emerges colorless and finds its brown or golden look through aging in casks. Some manufacturers add caramel for distinctive coloring and to enrich the flavor. Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, Cuba and Haiti supply most of the light-bodied rums; the heavy-bodied product comes from Barbados, Jamaica, Martinique, Demerara, Trinidad, New England and the Virgin Islands. In the latter place one distiller is the United States Government, which claims that if it withdrew from the business the natives would go on relief.

Most rums are bottled at about 86 proof. An intense Latinlike rivalry prevails to attain the greatest distinction, the most pleasurable product. The manufacturers are acutely hang-over conscious. They believe that rum causes a minimum of after-morning discomfort.

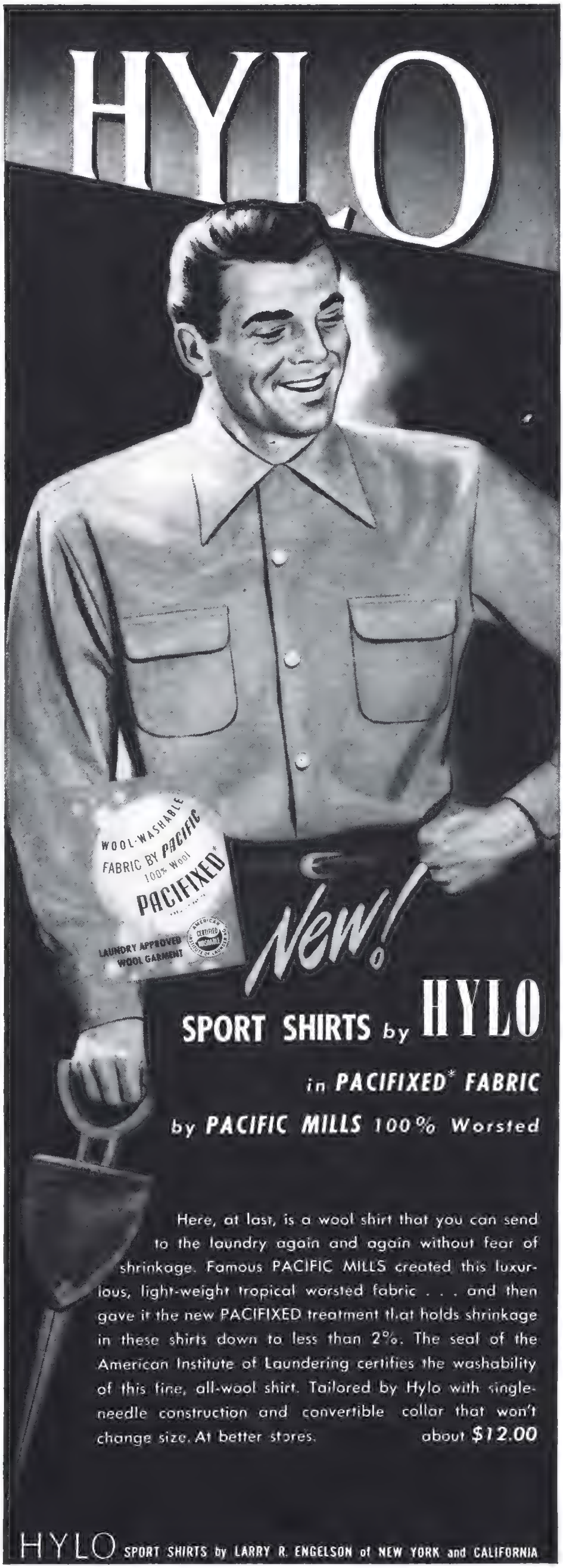
A recent visitor to Puerto Rico was summoned to the bar by his host.

"I have poured here," the host said, "some 29-year-old Spanish brandy and some of my best rum. You taste both, and name it." The visitor sipped and mulled over it for a while and then gave it as his considered opinion that the

Continued on page 168



"Got an aspirin on you?"



SPORT SHIRTS by HYLO
in PACIFIXED* FABRIC
by PACIFIC MILLS 100% Worsted

Here, at last, is a wool shirt that you can send to the laundry again and again without fear of shrinkage. Famous PACIFIC MILLS created this luxurious, light-weight tropical worsted fabric . . . and then gave it the new PACIFIXED treatment that holds shrinkage in these shirts down to less than 2%. The seal of the American Institute of Laundering certifies the washability of this fine, all-wool shirt. Tailored by Hylo with single-needle construction and convertible collar that won't change size. At better stores. about $12.00

HYLO SPORT SHIRTS by LARRY R. ENGELSON of NEW YORK and CALIFORNIA

headin' the class-

SOLES BY Rajah

You'll get top spot on the raiment roster by wearing shoes with Rajah Soles. As all Big Men On the Campus know, Rajah Soles mean smartness, extra wear . . . and *comfort!* You'll find plenty of brothers in *this* footwear fraternity . . . and they'll all tell you it's using your head to cradle your feet in shoes with Rajah Soles!

Fine Soles for Fine Shoes

Rajah SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Founded 1837

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY • NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

Kill-Divil to Planter's Punch

Continued from page 167

rum was the fine old brandy.

Puerto Rican manufacturers have found that aging rum in sherry casks produces a beverage of extraordinary taste and delicate, lingering bouquet. But under present conditions they must drink this all themselves. There just aren't enough sherry casks available at the present to send rum aged in them to the world.

Rum as we know it continues to hold strong place in a hard-liquor-drinking world. Its great heyday since Colonial times came with World War II and the shortage of many other drinks. In the heyday, however, was an inherent misfortune. Under the booming demand, all manner of rum was rushed to the public. Some was new and raw. People who didn't know rum well drank it and disliked it. The responsible manufacturers regretted the whole thing. But they know this: such products can't stand up in the normal market. The relied-upon old names on the shelves of liquor stores are the time-trusted guarantee to the buyer. The others will have to close shop or reach for higher standards.

In total consumption, Puerto Rican rums are in front. Those of the other islands are handicapped by a duty of forty and fifty cents a fifth. There is talk of lowering the duty on Cuban rum under the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, but it stays at the talking point. Meanwhile, a few American distillers have bought heavily into Puerto Rican companies and many have signed long-term contracts for distribution. One result is showing: there was long a belief that rum needn't be aged over four years because the distillation at high proof removed the chemical impurities. At least one Puerto Rican company now markets a five-year-old product. The trend is toward placing a quantity of rum of long-ripe age in every bottle for the market which bought 17,684,161 wine gallons in 1944.

Rum can adapt its character to men's moods and the change of weather better perhaps than any other drink. It helped inflame the anger that gave us freedom. And, on the other face of its character, rum has moved millions to pleasant reflections. Seafarers suffering in the cold winds and flying spray know nothing better for instant revival than hot buttered rum. In the ski lodges of New England the big bowl of rum punch is as familiar as the roaring open fire. For rum was born with tropical warmth in its body and it was made with a built-in kick.

As easily, it became the drink in hot, languorous climates. Down there they like to mix it with fruit juices.

One night in Puerto Rico dancers swayed to a throbbing band on an outdoor pavilion of the four-century-old La Fortaleza Palace of the governor. By a high balustrade two men, one from the States, one from the Island, stopped talking as the last sighs of a ship's horn faded out to sea.

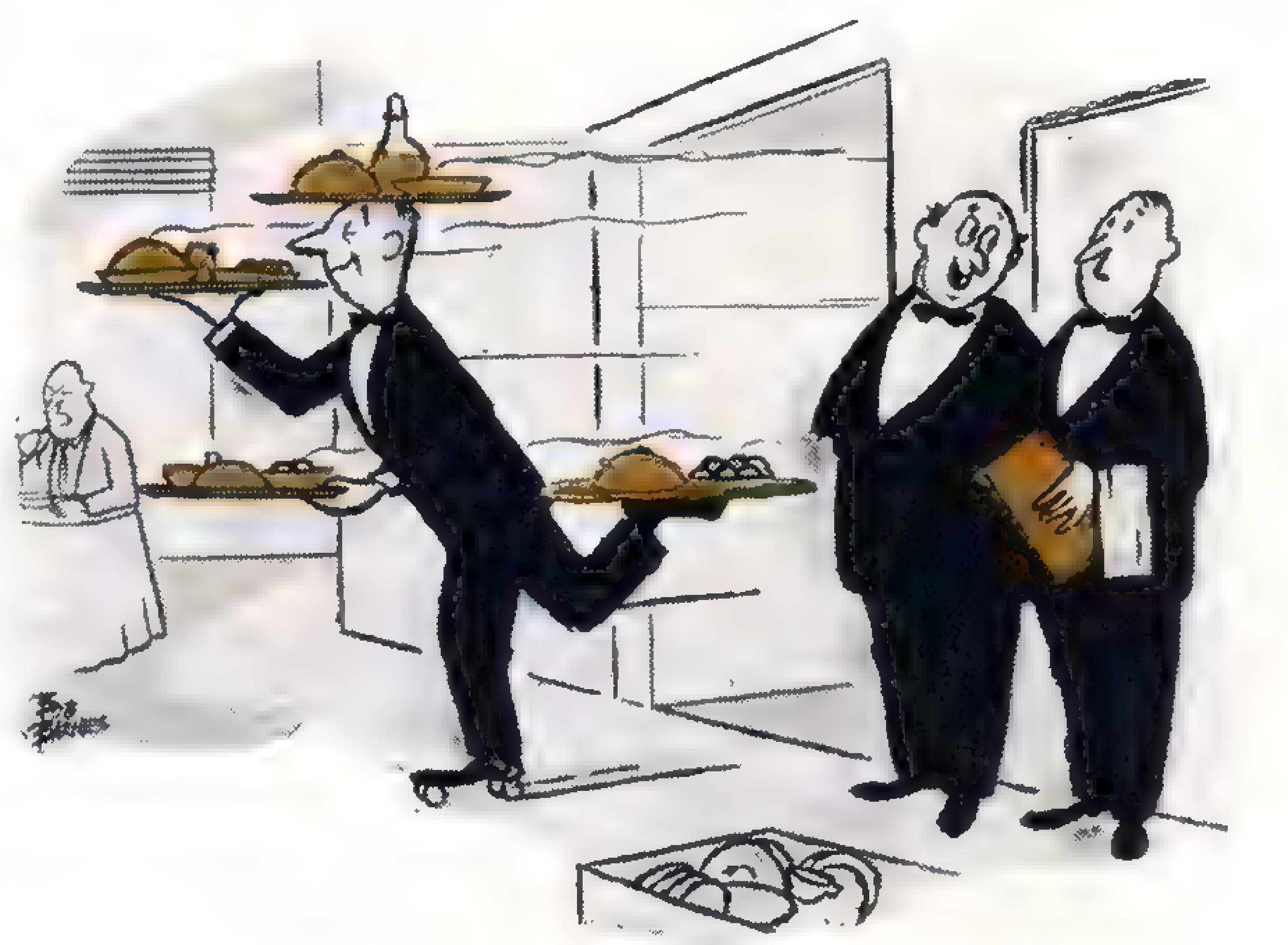
After a moment the man from the States said: "You people down here have given us many things. But I'm thinking chiefly at this time of that great tropical discovery, rum."

The Puerto Rican bowed and smiled. His voice rose, almost excitedly. "Let me tell you," he said. "We have done much, I think. We have learned now to make that drink, the Planter's Punch, so that nothing is quite so good. Come now to the bartender and watch what he does so that you'll know how to prepare it for yourself."

They watched the bartender put in one part lemon juice and two parts of simple syrup that had been made by using one-third more water than sugar. Then three parts of light rum and a dash of bitters were added. A drop or so of vanilla went in. The ice cubes followed and the barest suggestion of nutmeg was added to it.

Glasses were raised to mouths. The man from the States said only, "Tremendous!" ⌗

Continued from page 88



"What we need are more men like Kennerly"

Blood on the Snow

Condemned to die, he was disconsolate until the stranger paid another visit

by HAROLD A. MORRISON

A GREAT snow had fallen during the night. The fields round the prison were completely covered. In the distance beyond the fields the shape of the hills was just visible as the sun began to rise.

The chief guard tightened the leather belt round his waist and went over to inspect the firing squad. He looked at their rifles and equipment and then marched them to the cell. It was cold and damp and the group of prisoners huddled in the straw. The guard walked over and ordered three to get up. They stood in the corridor, waiting for direction, their eyes wide open and staring, trying to see in the dark. The rags on their bodies hung like shrouds ready for the grave.

There had been seven in the cell. The remaining four lay in the straw, close together, trying to keep warm. The chief guard waited until the first group had been pushed down the corridor and out into the open area behind the prison yard, then stepped into the cell and struck one of the condemned men with his foot.

"You," he commanded.

The prisoner, lying in the straw, looked up at him.

"It is too bad that you do not feel like writing today," the chief guard laughed. "It would be funny to see you writing how to die. It would be a fine story for your friends to read."

The man was silent. He had been convicted of sedition.

"It is too bad you did not mind your tongue," the chief guard continued. "A fine writer like you should have more sense."

There was a sudden sharp crack of rifles and the sound echoed in the corridors. A few minutes later the guards came in, stamping their feet and slapping their shoulders. They picked the three prisoners lying near the condemned writer and led them off. The remaining prisoner lay motionless in the straw in the small cell and then slowly rubbed his eyes and stumbled to his feet, remembering.

The third day in the cell, an apoplectic fit had seized him and almost strangled him to death. A strange man came into the cell and nursed him back to health. He had spoken to the prisoner very quietly and had encouraged him to live. When he had fully recovered, he looked for the stranger to thank him, but the stranger had disappeared.

With one hand on the concrete wall he staggered toward the entrance to the cell. Again the roar of the rifles filled the corridors. The prisoner knew his time had come and tried to control his fear.

The chief guard came in, puffing at a small cigar. "You are next, my writer friend. You are the last. I shall give you good attention."

They marched to the field and the prisoner saw the impressions in the snow made by the dead bodies falling. Tiny puddles of blood glistened in the sun. His hands began to shake violently.

"Strap his hands to his body," the chief guard called out. "Put the handkerchief over his eyes."

A gust of wind swept through the open field and he shivered as it cut through his body. He cursed the thing that made him live. Why had he been born? Why had his life been only despair and pain? He had striven for good and truth, but the world was for devils, hypocrites, men who lived on the lives of others. It was all rottenness and hatred. His body began to shake with the cold.

Suddenly he heard someone approach and touch him. He tried to move away. Then he heard the quiet, questioning voice: "Do you remember me?"

The prisoner recalled the voice of the stranger.

"Get away," he cried out. "They are going to shoot me. You must not stay near me or they will shoot you, too."

"Do not be afraid," the stranger said.

The prisoner was silent and relieved. The presence of the stranger brought him comfort. He began to feel warmth from the sun. He felt the bitterness go out of his heart. For a moment he had a picture of a new, enlightened world emerging from darkness.

"Prepare to fire."

There was a pounding at his heart and lungs. An immense deathly shape pulled him down into the snow. He stumbled and felt the strong arms of the stranger reach out and embrace him.

"Leave me," he cried.

"Do not be afraid," the stranger said, "they will not hurt me."

"Fire!"

A roaring flash of flame shot through the prisoner's eyes. His head swung up to meet the giant sun, then he pitched face forward into the snow.

A long, smooth field rose obliquely and a crowd of people ran towards him: shopkeepers, housewives, workers, soldiers. They were shouting and singing and laughing in the falling snow. He smiled at the merry people, and felt the strong arms of the stranger holding him gently. Then the field fell back and he became lost in a thick and heavy darkness. ⌗

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style
Hammonton Park
CLOTHES

The drum beats out its accent; this suit is more subtle in emphasizing the trim, athletic features of your figure. That's because of Animated Style, a sparkling, natural interpretation of what a man wants to look like in his waking hours. See yourself in our *Chester* model, with vest, sold in leading men's stores whose style eminence is recognized by the Style Trophy on display.

Hammonton Park Clothes, 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

free "A Manual of Modes and Manners" on correct dress for business, sports and formal occasions. A guide to proper accessories and color harmonies. Drop us a postcard.

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Good Mixers...

Northampton

SLACKS
and SPORT COATS

Blending in smoothly with casual ensembles, Northampton does handsomely by your leisure life. The sport coats are tailored to give you a build-up where it counts most, and the slacks hit a smart note below the belt.
In the fabrics you always want: gabardines, coverts, flannels, tweeds.

There's a Northampton dealer near you—write for his name.

NORTHAMPTON Slacks

CROSS COUNTRY SPORTSWEAR CORP.
NORTHAMPTON, PA.

September in Canada

Continued from page 78

ince and three other mountain ranges running north and south, the westernmost washing its foothills in the Pacific.

What to do: The visiting vacationist can find practically any sport or recreation in Canada, depending on when he goes there. Most Americans think of Canadian vacations for July and August—or January, February and March if they're winter sports fans. But to the average Canadian his country is at its best in the fall, when Indian Summer drowses through warm, sleepy days and awakens for the clear, cool nights—and the combination of the two makes magic paint for the leaves on the trees.

That's the best time to get out in the woods. There's game behind every tree, and in the lakes the muskies will bite at anything smaller than a rowboat. You get yourself a guide and head for wilderness streams in Ontario or Quebec, or you go on pack trips through the western mountain country. And fall is best for unhurried sight-seeing through the Maritimes and the Gaspé Peninsula, or leisurely cruising along the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

Canadians will tell you most sports are more enjoyable there in the fall. Golf courses and tennis courts are in good shape and less crowded; horses seem to absorb the sparkle in the air. People who prefer swimming in very warm water are about the only ones who won't enjoy Canada more in autumn.

What to eat and drink: Canada's cuisine has never been particularly distinguished for native specialties, but you've always been able to dine there very well on good, American-style cooking. Canadian steaks had Americans drooling during our meat shortage, and—even today—you can get a good thick steak on a course dinner for $1.50 to $2—about half of what you'd pay in the U. S.

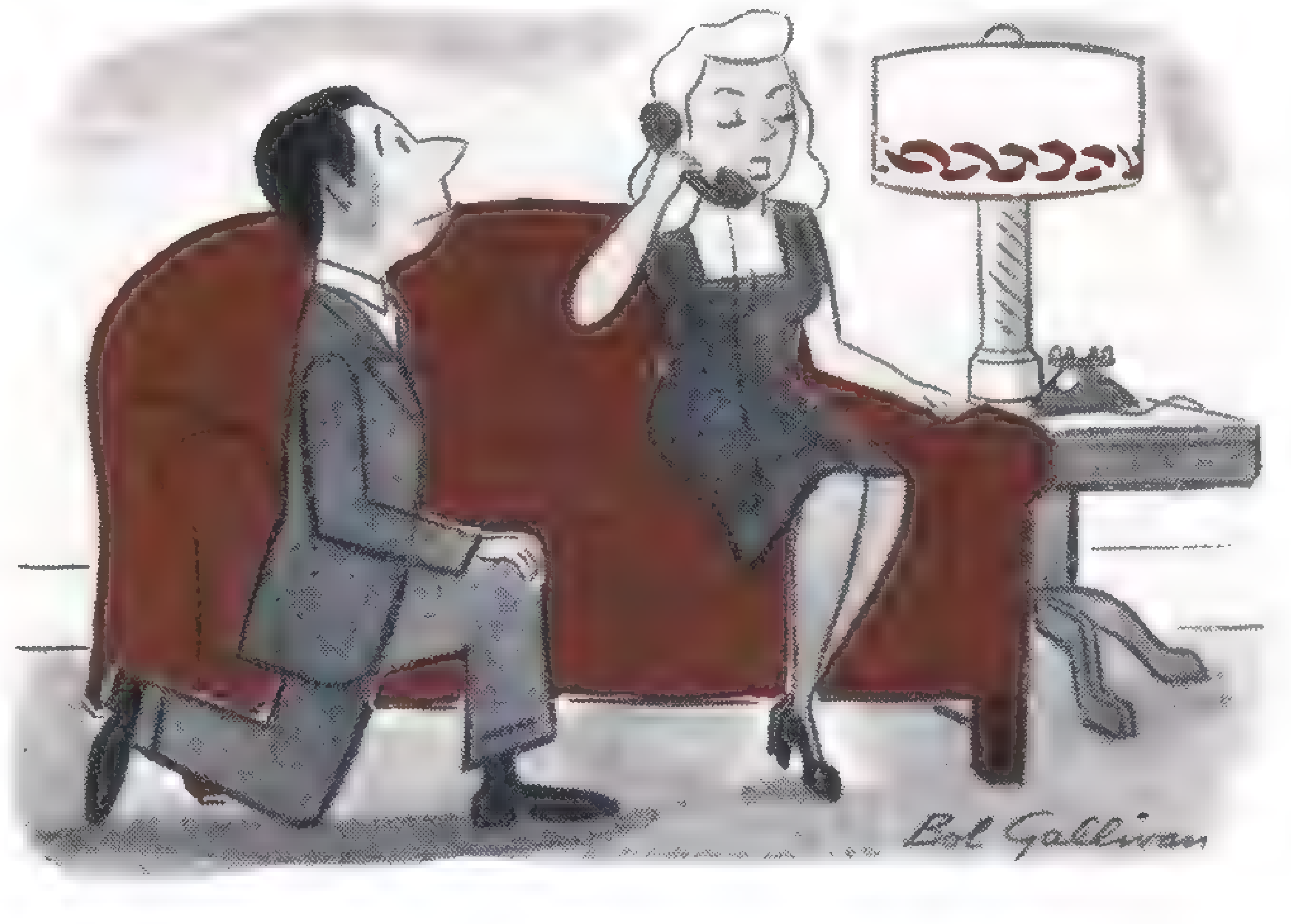
You'll never die of thirst in Canada either, although beverage laws vary with each province and have a tendency to be somewhat quaint and whimsical. Famous brands of Canadian whiskey are available, fine ales are on sale wherever you'd expect to find them, and the province of Ontario just declared cocktail bars in the large cities legal.

What to buy: Before the war Canada was a shopping mecca for Americans who wanted to buy British goods for a great deal less than they cost in the States. Tweeds, woolen mufflers, Argyle sox, razors and china were what tourists usually wanted to buy. At the time of writing, many British products are beginning to make their reappearance on the Canadian market. Most of them can be bought in the States also, but since Canada, as a British Dominion, charges less duty on British imports than we do, prices are usually much lower than at home.

Shoppers will also be interested in various regional specialties. Amethysts are mined in Nova Scotia, and beautiful amethyst jewelry is on sale in Halifax. Hooked rugs are featured in Quebec and Nova Scotia, which also are happy hunting grounds for fine antiques. Habitant blankets and wood carvings are other good bets for the tourist in Quebec. Gift shops in each province feature local handicraft. With fur ranching an important industry in some provinces, furs are good buys throughout the country. (U. S. residents are allowed to bring $100 worth of Canadian purchases into this country duty-free.)

What to wear: In town, or for automobile-tripping, you'll wear just about what you would in the northern U. S. Medium-weight sports clothing is best for early autumn. Remember that topcoat time comes earlier in Canada and you'll want a coat, at least for nights, from mid-September on.

For fishing, hunting and canoeing, Canadian woodsmen wear light pants of windproof and showerproof cloth—long enough to be tucked into boot tops—and light, long underwear, usually of fine wool. Here's a chance to get some use out of your G.I. stuff. OD pants and combat boots are perfect for



"Call me back in about five minutes"

"Geez, don't be timid. Go ask the warden for a raise"

the Canadian woods, as are most types of Army field jackets. A light undershirt and woolen outer shirt usually meet all daytime requirements, with a windbreaker or parka for cooler days and evenings. Boots should be sturdy and high enough to hold down your trouser tops. Don't buy heelless moccasin-type boots unless you're used to wearing them. Wool sox are a must for the woods. Army and Navy surplus stocks are a good bet for saving money while picking up good outdoors clothes and equipment.

Where to stay: Canada has some of the finest resort hotels in the world, most of them owned by the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railroads or Canada Steamship Lines, though many are privately owned. These hotels include the Château Frontenac in Quebec; the Alpine Inn and Mt. Tremblant Lodge in the Laurentians; Manoir Richelieu and Tadoussac along the St. Lawrence; Pictou Lodge in Nova Scotia; Minaki Lodge in Lake-of-the-Woods District, and Bigwin Inn in Lake-of-Bays District of Ontario; Jasper Park Lodge and the Banff Springs Hotel in Alberta; and in British Columbia the Empress Hotel at Victoria and Harrison Hot Springs Hotel at Harrison Hot Springs.

In addition to the de luxe places, most Canadian tourist centers offer excellent accommodations at smaller lodges, tourist homes and cabins for $2 to $3 per night.

How to get there: A score of principal north-south U. S. highways connect with main Canadian roads at the border. U. S. 1 takes you up to the Maritimes through Calais, Maine, and St. Stephen, New Brunswick. U. S. 2 is good for New Brunswick and the Gaspé Peninsula. Main routes to Quebec City are U. S. 5 through Vermont and U.S. 201 from Augusta, Maine; U. S. 7 and U. S. 9, both east of the Hudson, are the direct routes to Montreal. U. S. 11 swings through Watertown, New York, to southwestern Quebec. Out of Buffalo and Detroit networks of roads lead you into the province of Ontario. A western approach to the province is on U. S. 61, northeast out of Duluth. U. S. 75 leads to Winnipeg, Manitoba, through western Minnesota. Further west, U. S. 91, 89 and 93 all lead to Banff, Lake Louise and the Jasper National Park area of the Canadian Rockies through Montana, while U. S. 95 is the main artery to that region for traffic from Idaho and eastern Washington. Connecting Washington and British Columbia are U. S. 97, 99 and 101.

By train, the New Haven Railroad takes you up to Montreal from New York City. The Boston & Maine does the same from Boston. The Canadian National or Canadian Pacific will gladly take you from Montreal to Quebec. Both lines run between Detroit and Ontario. Other American railroad gateways to Canada include Sault Ste. Marie, Duluth, Spokane and Seattle. All feed into Canada's two great railroad systems, the Canadian Pacific, privately operated, and the government-owned Canadian National.

By air, Canada is reachable by Northeast Airlines from New York and Boston to Montreal and Moncton, New Brunswick; Colonial Airlines from New York and Washington to Ottawa and Montreal; and American Airlines from New York to Toronto. Trans-Canada Airlines, Canada's national air service, runs between Boston and Halifax; between Toronto and New York, Cleveland and Chicago; and between Seattle and Victoria. It also runs flights between Duluth and Fort William and Port Arthur in Ontario.

By sea, you can go by means of the Eastern Steamship Company's overnight runs between Boston and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; and, on the west coast, on the "Princess" ships of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line from Seattle to Victoria and Vancouver.

Red tape: The U. S.-Canadian frontier is the easiest in the world for tourists to cross. If you're a resident of the U. S., you'll find border formalities take only a few minutes. No passports are necessary, but it's a good idea to have some proof of U. S. residence for your return across the border. This can be a valid or expired

Continued on page 172

Rely on Reliance

Shirts so smart they go to school!
(and business and dating, too!)

As Always, Reliance Proves Fine Quality Need Not Be Expensive!

Smartness . . . that can't be missed! You see it in every line, from the smart-looking, comfort-styled contour collar to the fine needlework details throughout. You *feel* it in the smooth shoulder fit, the full-cut freedom, the grand Sanforized* fabrics. You *know* you can *Rely on Reliance* . . . from campus to conference room . . . for Reliance means quality that's laboratory-controlled every step of the way! Ask your dealer for *Reliance* shirts . . . and Reliance jackets, shorts, and pajamas, too!

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%

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SHORTS • PAJAMAS
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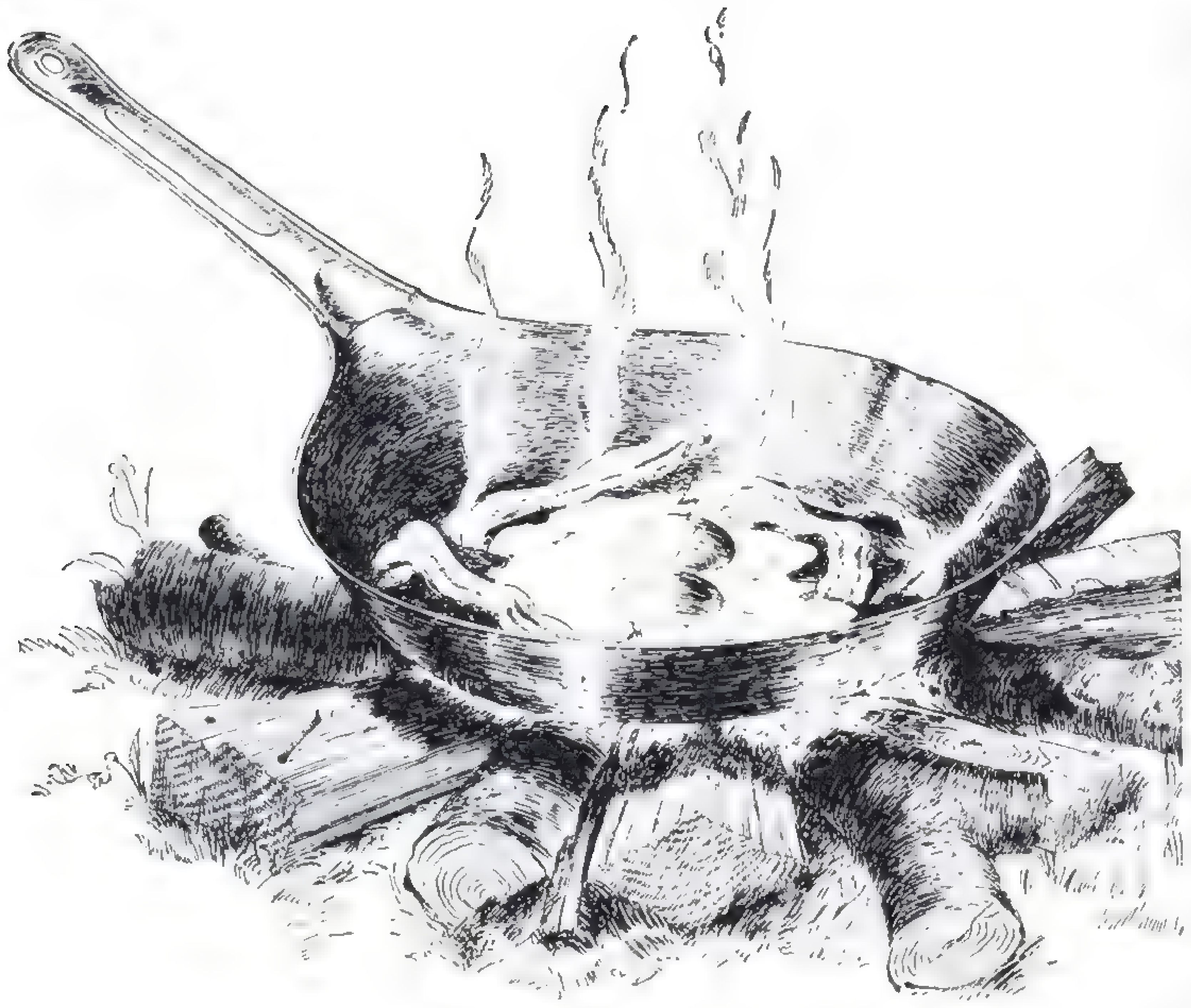

After breakfast

When a man's in the woods and the alarm clock that rings "hurry-to-work" is worlds away, there's plenty of time to light up a Dutch Masters and leisurely enjoy the nut-sweet taste of this fine cigar—even after breakfast!

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

September in Canada

Continued from page 171

passport, birth or baptismal certificate, voter's certificate, tax receipts, letters of identification, driver's license, social security card, etc. Naturalized citizens should have their naturalization certificates with them, and resident noncitizens should carry proof of their legal entry in the U. S.

What it will cost: Normally, U. S. and Canadian dollars have equal value, but you'll get considerably more for your money up there than you would at home, since Canada has succeeded much better than we have in holding the price line through the war and reconversion years. As a result, prices you pay for things in Canada will bring on a nostalgia for the good old days, before the killing of OPA was to have solved all our economic problems.

Examples: A good lunch in Montreal or Ottawa will cost no more than fifty cents to a dollar; it would cost you twice as much for the same sort of lunch in Chicago or New York. A good dinner is about a dollar. Where can you get a decent dinner now for a buck in the States?

Twelve dollars per day, per person, with meals, is about top price for Canada's best resort hotels.

What to read: We've always found it adds to our enjoyment of a place if we read about it before we go. The following books will help you get the feel of Canada: *Here's to Canada*, by Dorothy Duncan (Harper & Bros.), *The Unknown Country*, by Bruce Hutchison (Longmans, Green), *Dominion of the North*, by D. G. Creighton (Houghton Mifflin), *See Canada Next*, by Larry Nixon (McClelland & Stewart) and *Kaleidoscopic Quebec*, by Amy Oakley (Appleton-Century). ⵐ

Continued from page 78

(For answer to your travel queries, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Readers' Travel Service, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17.)

Which Block Cord Jacket will look best on you?

Freshman or grad . . . athlete or "grind" . . . make a B line for your new made-in-California Block Cord Jacket. Tailored from Juilliard Cooleroy—water-repellent. Name your style—cardigan, collared or extra long—belted or plain. Name your colors—Fall's newest. Also available with "Intercel" lining, for warmth without weight.

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261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16
1218 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Hollywood Mystery

by PAUL DE FUR

THE analytical trend sweeping Hollywood turns up some amusing situations, according to the experience of a big radio executive from one of New York's top advertising agencies. He had gone to the play actors' paradise to arrange contracts with a few of the people working on shows for his clients. During cocktails at the Derby one afternoon, a local talent dealer cornered our executive and asked him in confidential undertones:

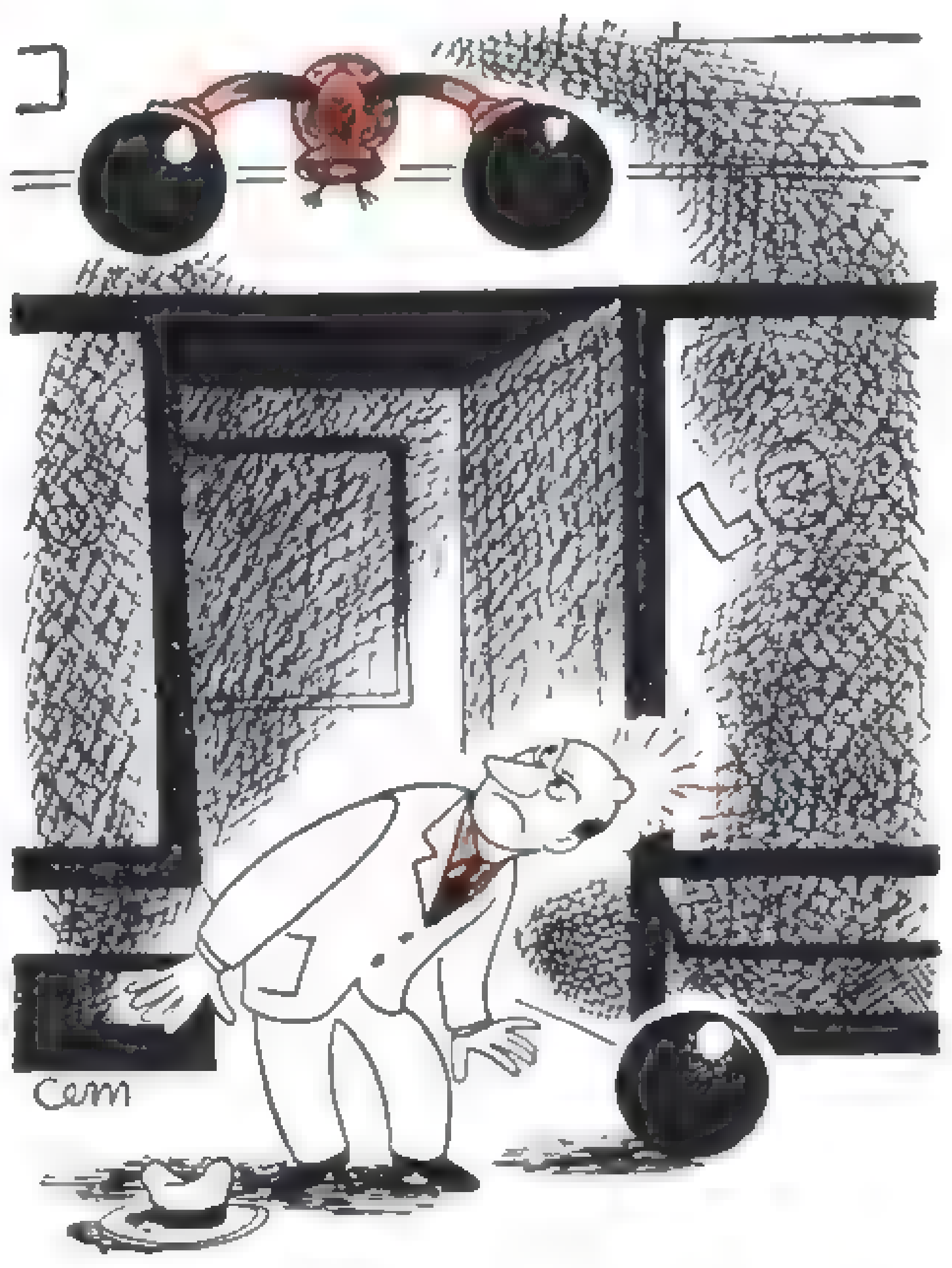
"What are you paying Smith?" and he named a newcomer who had been signed for about four weeks.

The New York Yankee, a keen, direct operator, sized the agent up swiftly and with only a moment's hesitation answered, truthfully, "Five hundred dollars a week," and turned back to his very dry, with lemon peel.

The agent excused himself and went somewhere to think.

"Does he pay more," he wondered, "and won't admit it? Or does he pay less and doesn't want anyone to know?"

Here was a problem to solve! He went around and in his confidential undertones asked those who might know, if they could tell him what the performer received.



"One thousand a week," was the first answer. And then, in succession, he was told: "One hundred a week." "Seven fifty a week." "One seventy-five a week."

Our man was growing confused and suspicious. Haggard and sleepless he approached the actor's agent, "What," he asked, "does Smith get on the show?"

"Five hundred a week—why?"

"Five hundred a week?" He couldn't believe it!

"That," he screamed, "is what the guy who hired him told me. He told me the truth! I wonder what in the hell his motive was?"

Hollywood—mystery of mysteries! ⵌ

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In convenience and style, in quality of leather and workmanship, the finest toilet case you can buy. Opens wide for easy use —closes snug and flat. For sale at better stores everywhere.

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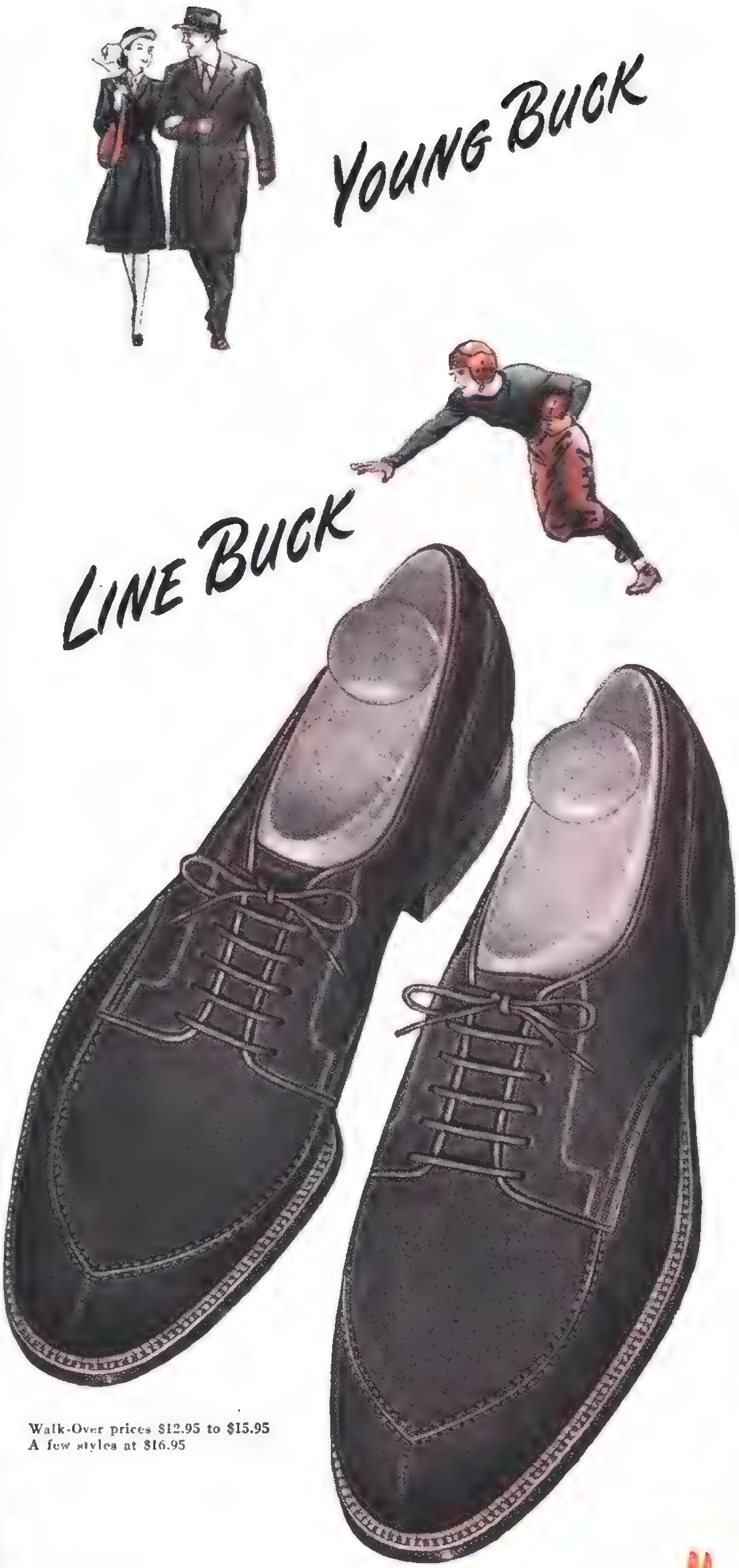
Dept. E-97, Chicago 16

Also makers of the popular line of DOPP-BILT business cases. To get the finest — in brief cases, zipper envelopes, leather portfolios, etc. — ask for a DOPP-BILT case.

Look for the collapsible side gusset, an exclusive feature.



Walk-Over prices $12.95 to $15.95
A few styles at $16.95

WALK·OVER "BUCKO"

• Rough side out, smooth side in—and through and through your smartest shoe for active outdoor living. Norwegian Blucher in town brown bucko calf. Tailored with 73 years of Walk-Over "know-how."

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Back to School with the
Luggage of Tomorrow

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This label identifies S. Dresner's genuine Gladiator

For Men... Dresner's famous Gladiator two-suiter and weekend case ensemble in British Tan smooth cowhide leather. Built for years of wear with sturdy, lightweight steel frame, veneer bottom and sides, reinforced corners, heavy stitching. Solid brass hardware and newly designed push button locks. Handsome, durable, washable lining. Remarkable new wrinkle-free packing arrangement with built-in laundry bag.

For Women... Dresner's beige horizontal stripe ensemble, bound in brown smooth cowhide leather. *Extra lightweight.* Triple stitched through all wood box for added strength. Beautiful, long wearing rayon lining, solid brass hardware, sturdy handles. Many attractive patterns to select from. (Illustrated below: 21" Weekend Case, 21" Dres-Robe, 14" Victoria Cosmetic Case.)

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WRITE TODAY FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST S. DRESNER DEALER

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MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY LUGGAGE SINCE 1904

Business Before Bullets

Continued from page 74

club out on the end of a pier. When I had Doris seated at a table I excused myself and went to the men's room. To reach it, you go outside and along a balcony overlooking the water. It was dark, so I had no difficulty in throwing the gun and the key into the bay.

When I returned to the table I was considerably relieved. Not a shred of evidence remained to link me with Jake Meininger's death. Doris and I stayed at Biagini's until almost twelve o'clock. Then I drove Doris back to her apartment. She suggested that I come upstairs, but being in her apartment after midnight was not the kind of alibi I wanted.

It was about a quarter of one when I drove my car into the basement garage of the apartment hotel where I lived. In spite of the feeling of assurance that I had, my heart beat faster when I saw a husky man who might be a plain-clothes man sitting in the glass office, talking to the night attendant. As I opened the car door he came out and asked:

"Are you Mr. Hilton?"

I raised my eyebrows and tried to look pleasant. "Yes."

He flashed a badge. "I'm so sorry to disturb you at this hour, Mr. Hilton, but I'm afraid I have bad news for you. Your partner, Mr. Meininger, has been killed."

I blinked my eyes. "Good Lord, an accident?"

"No, I'm afraid it's murder."

"Murder!" I paused as if stunned. "Are you sure of this?"

"Positive."

"But where?"

"It happened in his apartment. We've fixed the time at between eight and nine this evening. I know it's late, Mr. Hilton, but I'd like to have you come down to headquarters and talk it over with Inspector O'Grady. You might be able to give us a lead, and the sooner we get all the information we can, the better."

"By all means," I said. "Shall we go in my car?"

"I have a car outside. We'll see that you're driven back."

I was pleased to hear that Inspector O'Grady was on the case. He was an old man, due for retirement, and not very shrewd.

As we entered O'Grady's office, he was behind his desk, puzzling over what appeared to be the contents of Jake Meininger's pockets. Seated in a chair tilted against the wall was a man who, from his clothes, I might have taken for a gambler. He wore a blue suit with broad white stripes, a dark blue shirt, and a yellow tie, braced up by a tight collar pin.

"Ah, Mr. Hilton," O'Grady said. He jerked a thumb at the

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loudly dressed man. "This is Sergeant Al Cune. Bad news, isn't it?"

"I don't know what to think," I said. "I can't seem to realize it's true."

"Oh, yes," O'Grady, said, "it's true enough. Did Meininger have any enemies that you know of?"

"Well, no," I said. "Except that we've always had a certain amount of trouble with unions."

"Your plant does government work," O'Grady said. "Is there anything concerning secret weapons or formulas that might figure in it?"

"That's always possible. Our work is somewhat confidential."

"I see." O'Grady picked up Meininger's wallet. "Here's a railroad ticket to Washington on a train leaving tomorrow. Was Meininger about to make a trip?"

"Yes, he was going to Washington on business."

Cune interrupted. "He was going to testify before the Congressional Committee investigating war contracts, wasn't he?"

I didn't like the way he said it. In fact, I didn't like anything about this man. "Yes," I said. "As a matter of fact he was."

O'Grady's voice became apologetic. "Just as a matter of routine, Mr. Hilton, we'll have to ask you to account for your time this evening. It's just routine, you understand."

"Yes, just routine," the nattily dressed Sergeant Cune repeated. There was a subtle lack of respect in his voice.

"Of course, I understand that," I said. "Let's see now, I had dinner with Mr. Ralph Roebuck of the State National Bank, and Fred Livermore of the Windon Company at the Commercial Club. That was about six-thirty, I believe. Afterwards I had some work to do at the office. I don't remember what time that was. But yes, come to think of it, I do. I had to sign the night register. It was about 7:55. I worked a few hours and then phoned a friend, Doris Clinton, and suggested we go to Biagini's for a few drinks. I went to her apartment and . . ."

"What time did you leave the office building?" O'Grady asked.

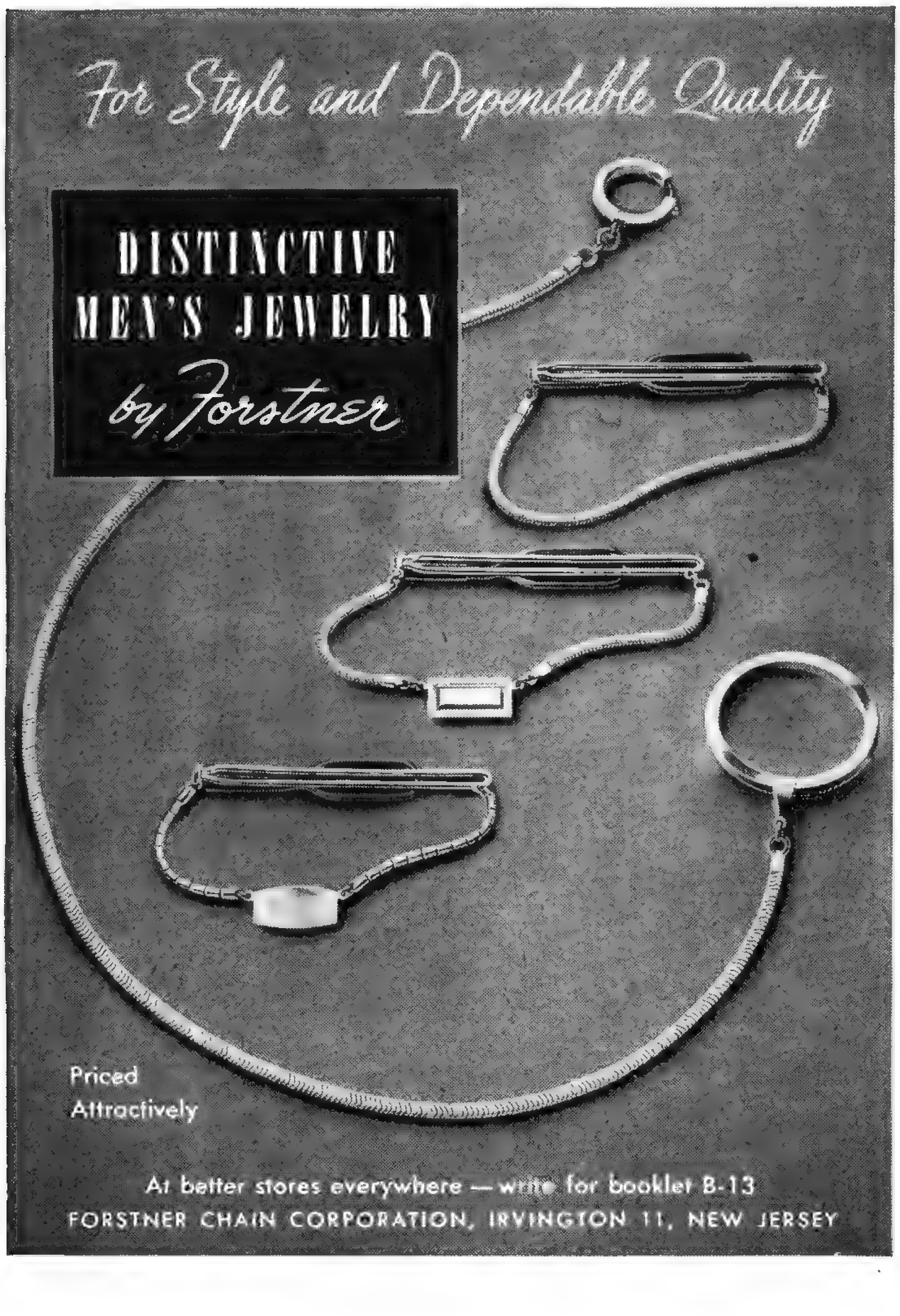
"Well, let's see. It's on the night register. About 9:45, I think."

"And you took this Doris Clinton to Biagini's, you say?"

"That's right. We stayed an hour or so and had a few dances. Then I drove her home. When I reached the garage in my apartment building your man was waiting. He told me what had happened, and here I am."

O'Grady asked other questions about Meininger's life and business activities. I was quite weary when he said, "Well, I think that will be enough for tonight, Mr. Hilton. Thanks for coming down

Continued on page 176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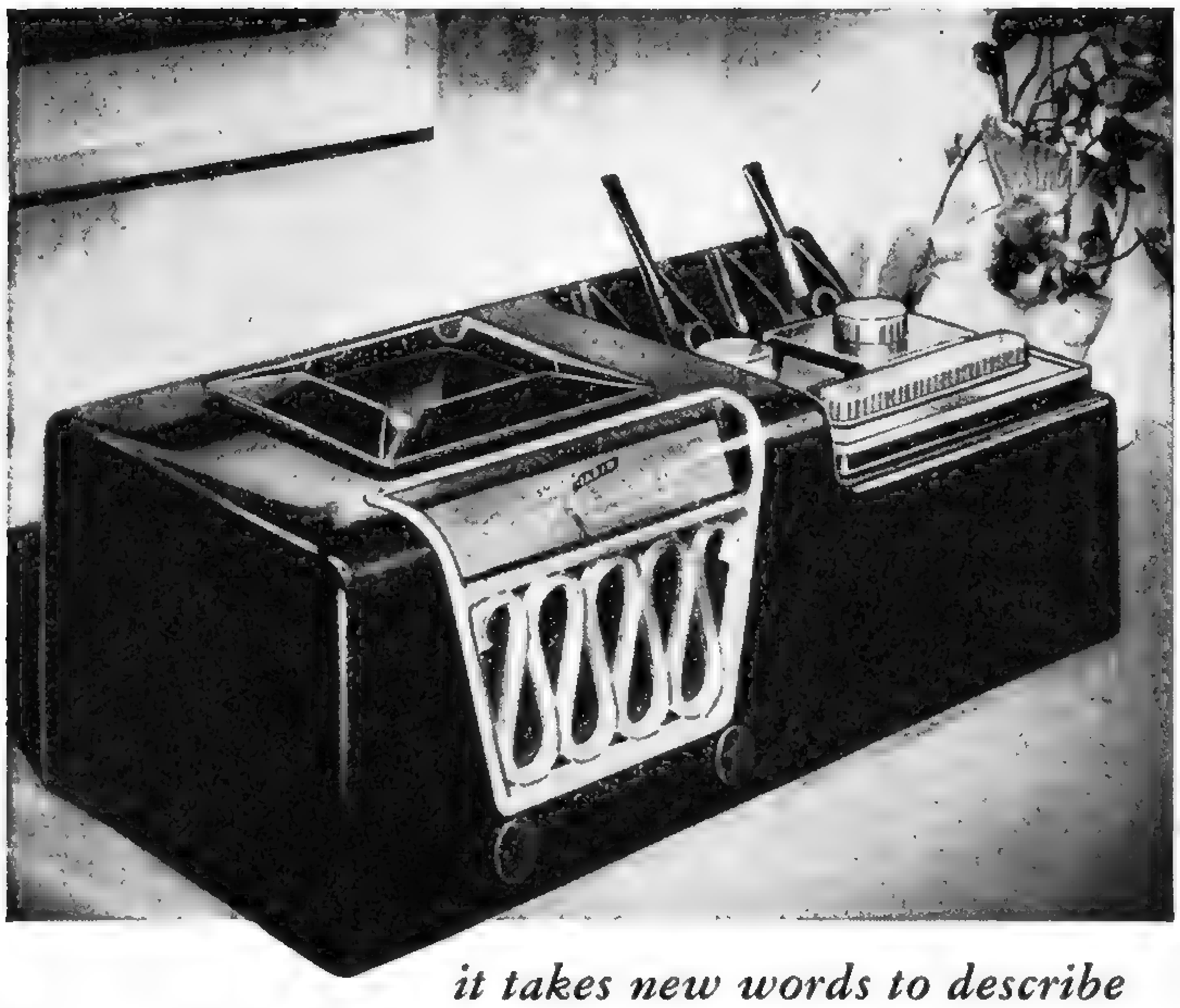

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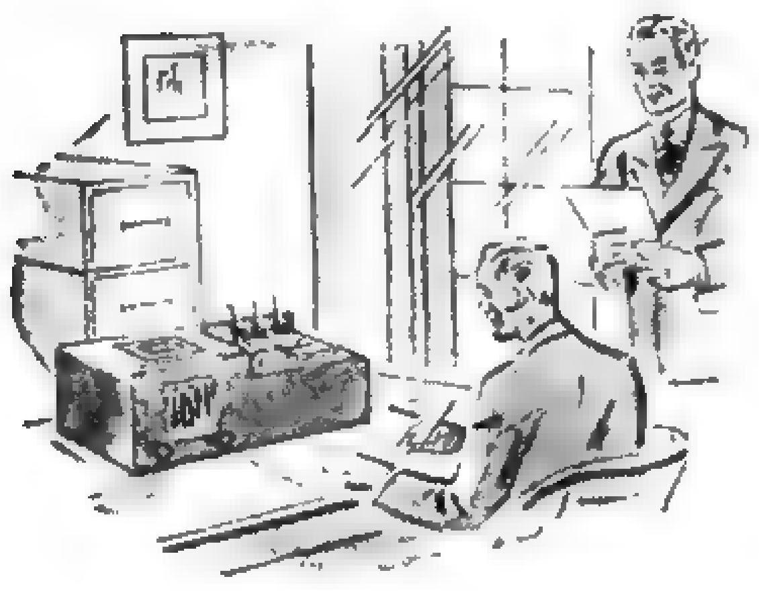

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Business Before Bullets

Continued from page 175

to headquarters. Sergeant Cune here will drive you home."

"That's quite all right," I said. "Sergeant Cune needn't bother. I can get a taxi."

Cune rose. "Don't mention it," he said. "No trouble at all."

Much as I would rather have taken a taxi, I could see no way of avoiding Cune. In the elevator, he took out a pack of cigarettes and offered me one. I refused. He patted his pockets and asked if I had a match. I took a book of matches from my pocket and handed it to him. He lit the cigarette, then calmly folded the book and put it in his pocket.

It suddenly flashed across my mind that this was the same book of matches I had thrown across the table to Jake and later retrieved. This was no doubt an accident, but I felt panic rising in me. I wanted those matches back.

The palms of my hands felt moist and I could not control my anxiety. I suggested to Cune, "This whole thing has shaken me rather badly. I wonder if you would mind stopping somewhere and having a cup of coffee?"

"Certainly," he agreed. "I'd like a cup a java myself."

When we were straddling stools in the lunch counter, I took out my cigarette case and offered him one. He gladly accepted and I took one myself. Then I said, after feeling in my pockets, "I believe I gave you my matches."

He had just reached in his pocket when the waiter behind the counter tossed a whole handful of matchbooks in front of us saying, "There you are, mates. Stick a couple in your pocket."

Cune took two and there was nothing to do but take a few myself.

I had to get that matchbook! I had to get it for my peace of mind. When we reached my apartment house I told Cune, "I doubt if I'll be able to sleep tonight. This thing has been quite upsetting. Won't you come up and keep me company for a drink?"

He said, "Sure," with a faint trace of mockery.

Upstairs, while opening the bourbon, I said, "Take off your coat and make yourself at home."

"Thanks," he said, "but I'm not warm."

I had to make that man remove his coat. The conversation limped along for a few minutes. Then I got up and lit a fire in the grate, even though the steam heat was on. The temperature was soon high enough to put drops of perspiration on my forehead. I got up and took off my coat, hoping he would follow my example. Instead he opened a window.

I could have murdered that man gladly. My efforts to make conversation must have seemed insane. Finally, I said, "I admire that suit you have on."

He looked down at it, grinned

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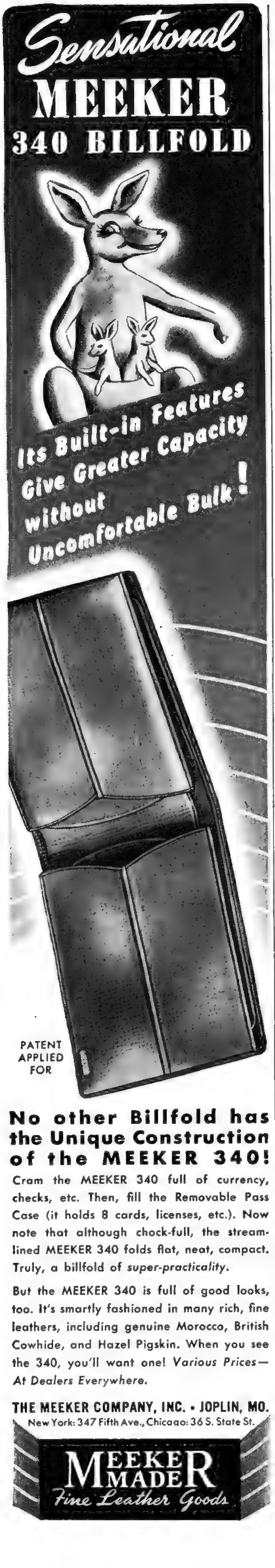

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and said, "It's a dilly, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "It will probably sound silly to you on an occasion like this, but I have a suit I paid $150 for. It doesn't fit me, but it would be just about right for you. Wait a minute, I'll get it." I went into the bedroom and brought out a loud green tweed. Cune's eyes lit with interest. He came over and felt the sleeve.

"It's a pip," he said.

"Slip on the coat and let's see how it looks," I suggested.

He removed his coat without hesitation and dipped his hands into the sleeves as I held it. For a moment, I was afraid it wasn't going to fit. He had an ugly-looking revolver in a shoulder holster that he did not remove. However, the coat draped on him without too much bulge. I backed away a few steps and studied him. "It's just about right, I'd say. Come on in the bedroom and have a look at it in the mirror." He followed me down the hall and studied his reflection.

"How much will you take for it?" he asked.

"Oh, hell, I don't want any money. I'll give it to you. Wait here and I'll get the vest. It will give you a better idea."

I rushed to the living room and seized his coat. The first pocket was the wrong one. I started to put my hand into the other when I heard his voice from the doorway. "Just stop right there, Hilton!"

It was as if a cold needle had been jabbed into me.

"Are you looking for the matchbook?" he asked, holding that ugly-looking revolver in his hand. Somehow I knew it was all over.

This hateful man had the brain of a ferret. When the police had examined Jake Meininger, a burnt match was clutched between the fingers of his right hand. Sergeant Cune had noticed that no matchbook was found in the room. It was purely a stab in the dark that caused him to extract that matchbook from me on the way down in the elevator. Later, he suspected that I was trying to get it back.

When the matchbook was examined under a microscope it was proved that the match clutched between Meininger's dead fingers had been torn from it. Its jagged end and the stub in the book meshed perfectly.

Sergeant Cune is a typical example of the petty, prying, prejudiced minds that have found their way into government office and positions of public service in the past ten or twelve years, until the average businessman hesitates to embark upon any project for fear it will draw upon him the searching and investigating eyes of bureaucracy.

It was this same Sergeant Cune who, after examining the building in which we had our offices, suggested the manner in which I had slipped out to get to Meininger's apartment. When my fingerprints were discovered on both the inside and outside knobs of the back door to the building, the case against me was complete. #

Continued from page 74

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In Defense of Hollywood

Continued from page 50

he read during that. He is the only person I've even heard of who got seven of Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will* series and read them one after another. It wasn't one sitting because he had to get up to eat and go to the bathroom, but he did it over a week end and he didn't get up any more than he had to.

He would lie down on his bed after classes every day and, with his book on the floor and his chin resting on a pillow hanging over the edge of the bed, he'd start through a pile of books he'd brought up from the library. He'd plow right through a collection of Shakespeare's sonnets and on into a Thorne Smith novel with a pause no longer than it took him to light a cigarette. If, on any given night or week end, he finished the books he had before he was ready to stop reading, he'd just start over again at the beginning.

And I knew a third fellow, too, a doctor from Yonkers who was the envy of his social group because he saw so many plays. Every Wednesday and Saturday he went into New York and saw a matinee and an evening performance of two legitimate stage plays. If he finished seeing all the plays before the season was over, he would pick out the ones he liked best and see them over again. At any rate he *always* saw two plays Wednesday and two plays Saturday.

Well I don't think even Louis B. Mayer would advocate the kind of movie-going the old fellow I used to know did every day, but I don't see why people laughed at him and yet had great respect for the doctor and my roommate. The man who reads omnivorously is lauded for being well read, while the fellow who goes to every movie that comes along gets the reputation for being pretty silly. It seems to me that they're all pretty damned silly, but the movie-goer no more so than the reader or playgoer.

It is particularly hard to understand why the legitimate stage, and that means Broadway, retains its status as the entertainment of the elite. The best acting in the world is done in Hollywood, for the elementary reason that studios buy the best talent on earth and assemble it there. With a handful of not particularly notable exceptions, every great actor or actress in America works primarily in Hollywood. When Ingrid Bergman, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, Katharine Hepburn, Burgess Meredith (and on and on) come to Broadway these days, it is for a change. They want to hear people clap and get a live-audience reaction to their artistry. And usually they are, in any given season, the best things on The Street.

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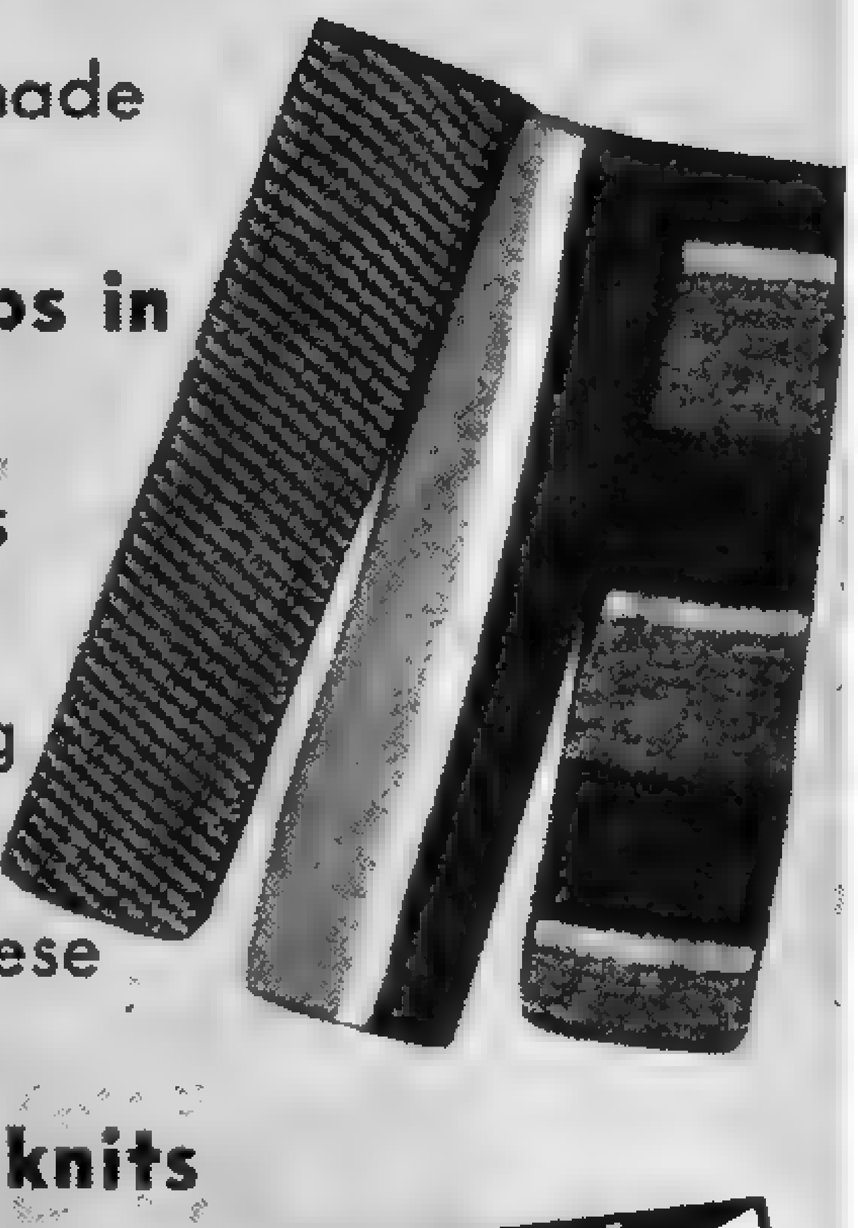

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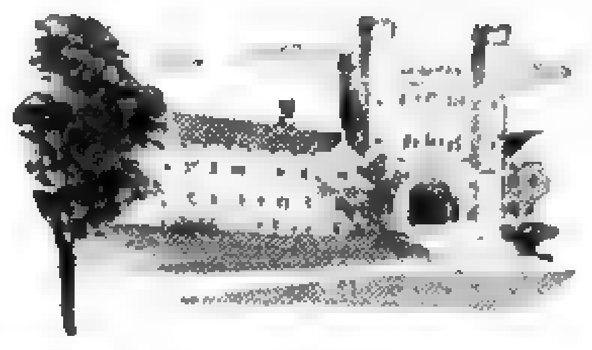

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It is hard to think of any top-flight U. S. writer who, at one time or another, has not either sold his work to Hollywood or actually worked there at a studio. (There probably is one.) Not only has Hollywood hired the services of the best playwrights, short-story writers and novelists in the business, but the industry has developed writers of its own whose talent would have brought them to the top of any writing field.

Hollywood is good for writers. Both the studios and the writers understand that their relationship is a business one and there are none of the Harvard-Club talks, often smacking of philanthropy on the part of the publisher, which creep into the book business. In Hollywood, if a writer is good he makes money. For anyone who objects to the emphasis on money, no one has ever proved that the hungry genius produced any better than the well-fed one, and it usually happens that in Hollywood a writer either gets artistic freedom in his screen work or collects enough so that he can afford to quit and write what he wants to without wondering where his next crêpes Suzette are coming from. There are, of course, the constant and everlasting hacks in the screen-writing business, but they'd be hacks in any business.

Unless a writer creates it himself by spending the first two months that he is supposed to be working on a picture at Santa Anita, the pressure on screen writers is not generally very great. (A few years ago the head of the screen writers' department at a major studio sent a timid note around to all writers, asking them, in effect, to please try to drop around at the studio more often.) Actually many of the writers work at home and some of them legitimately do their best work between the hours of one a.m. and five a.m. and there is nothing intelligent which can be done towards regimenting them into an eight-hour day. Even writers who spend the normal workingman's part of the day at a studio don't usually do much of their work there.

The working conditions for

Continued on page 180

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In Defense of Hollywood

Continued from page 179

writers are good at studios. There is room for improvement, but generally speaking, writers never had it so good as they have it in Hollywood today. The fact is that while a lot of writers are no more intelligent than a lot of plumbers—they just know how to write instead of plumb—studios recognize that the flow of words from a man's head cannot be turned on and off like a faucet. The bigger outfits have taken into consideration the kind of people writers are apt to be and while they have reduced art to a mathematical formula they have the good sense to use X for writers and the mathematical genius to figure in a hundred human variables on the formula and still figure out a writer's productive capacity in terms of dollars and cents to the fourth decimal place.

Just as producers can afford to hire great actors for bit parts, so they can afford to hire people for the type jobs that kids dream of getting ten years after they have outgrown wanting to be firemen. Several major studios hire men at high salaries to do what most people would consider nothing. They sit around or walk around and talk to people. Once in a while they have an idea. If the studio gets one major good idea from one of these people every five years and a couple of titles or minor ideas along the way, they have earned their keep.

A favorite Hollywood story about itself was first told by one of these idea men about another "working" on the same lot. The function of this highly paid man, comfortably settled in one of the luxurious corner offices at the north end of the Thalberg Building on the M-G-M lot, was a mystery to some of the writers who had seen him around. A new writer on the lot asked an old-timer one day exactly what this other fellow did.

"He's a watcher," the old fellow said. "A glacier watcher. There is a glacier in the Arctic regions bearing down on North America about a quarter of an inch a year. He has that office in the north end of the building and he sits there looking out the window. When he sees that glacier come over the hill behind the lot his job is to run in and tell Mr. Mayer."

But studio heads don't make too many wasteful mistakes about hiring useless hands.

Perhaps of the three types of American movie critics the group which thinks foreign films are better than U. S. films is the smallest and most annoying. Individual New York drama critics from time to time stoop down with that special kind of contempt they reserve for movies and select a list of best films, usually naming four French productions with Raimu, filmed in

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1934, in a tie for first place, followed by three British, two Czechoslovakian films, and one American. In a nutshell cliché within a cliché the critics proclaim in the same old way year after year that Hollywood is saying the same old thing year after year; that foreign films are fresh, original.

I have seen good foreign pictures. A few British shows every year ring a bell with a beautifully clear, true tone. There have been French, Swiss, German and Italian classics. But for the most part foreign films look to me as though they were shot in some director's back yard with the kind of a "movie camera" my father gave me for Christmas when I was fourteen. I think that a lot of critics, especially New York critics, confuse technical ineptness with realism. Possibly Hollywood directors are handicapped by the high technical quality of their work. For example, if Harry Brown's *A Walk in the Sun* had been filmed in Italy with some poor equipment, bad lighting and mediocre acting, with an Italian sound track, and then brought to New York and shown with English subtitles, it probably would have been acclaimed by New York critics as the greatest war film ever made. As it was—a slick, well-directed, well-filmed Hollywood production of a pretty good idea—it got just about what it deserved. It was classed as a good film by most reviewers, but certainly didn't get the accolades it might have, had it been technically less well done.

In England a few years ago I watched Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger at work on a production entitled *A Canterbury Tale.* The particular scene I watched them try to catch for several days took place on the bank of a stream. It involved a rowboat, two principals in it, and a third standing on the bank, who had something to say to the two in the boat when they landed. There was a small bridge downstream a few hundred yards and an RAF field in the vicinity. The problem the cameraman faced was 1) to catch the actors saying the right thing the right way when 2) the sun came from behind a cloud while 3) there was no traffic going over the bridge and 4) no engine roar from one of the fighter planes which were taking off or landing almost constantly to interfere with the sound track. The cameraman might as well have tried to guess the combination on a four-number safe.

Later I saw the finished product and it was hailed in London as "realistic" and all the other adjectives traditionally applied to British films by both themselves and ourselves. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed the film because a friend, John Sweet, had been loaned by the U. S. Army to play a leading role in it. It was a pretty good picture, too, with what I would describe as a friendly little idea for a plot. But

Continued on page 182

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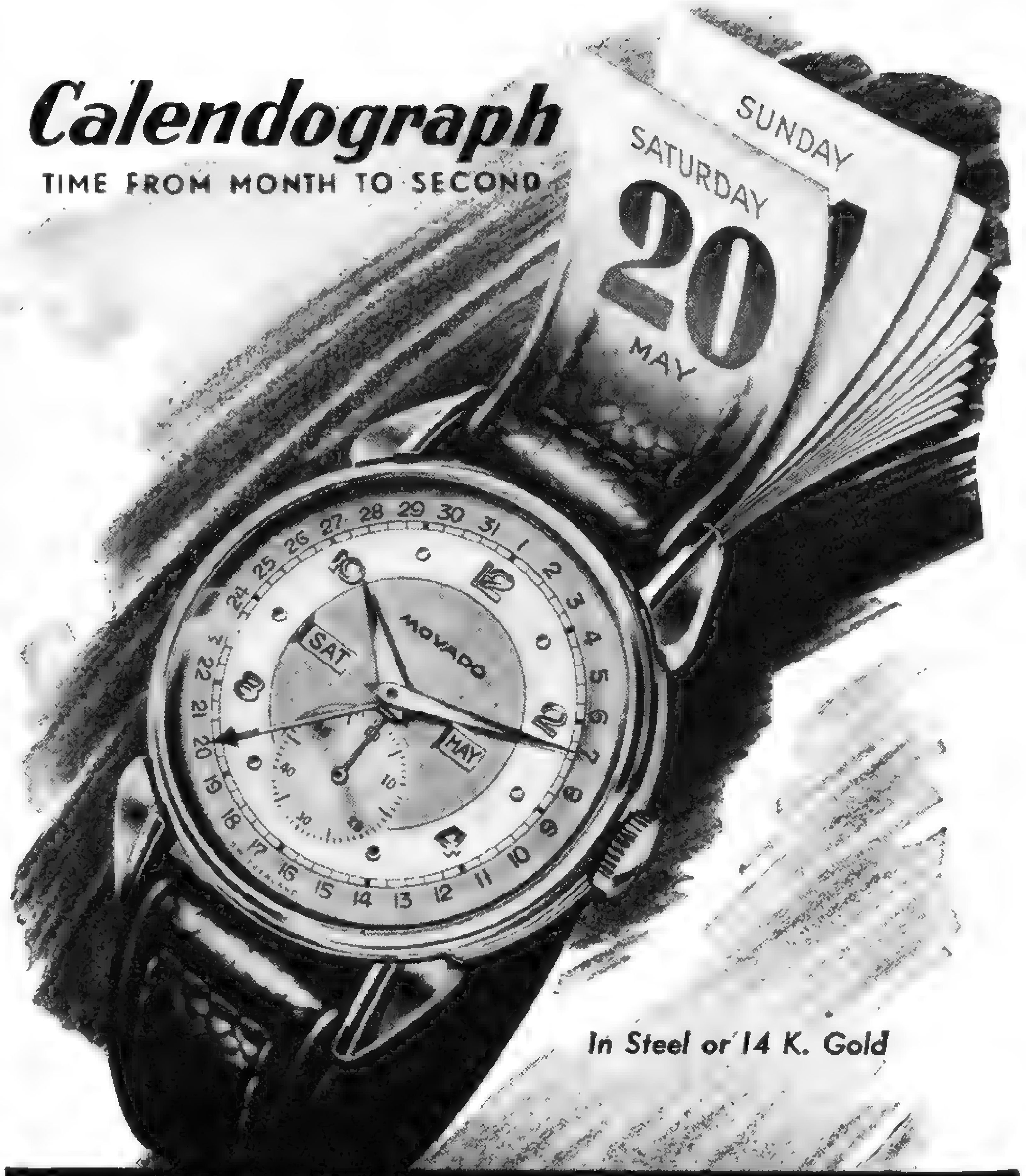

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In Defense of Hollywood

Continued from page 181

it still had that unmistakably homemade look of a British film.

While British officials may lament the quality of U. S. films coming into the British Isles, their grief is not shared by the average Englishman. He is more allergic to bad taste than the average American—and the worst Hollywood pictures are American bad taste at its worst—but on the whole he thinks U. S. pictures are great. And in Paris the French line up for blocks to see anything from Mary Pickford on—and they don't get much farther than that these days. In other words, while foreign officials, prodded by their own little movie industries, throw barbs at Hollywood and its product, their people continue to line up. The answer, which they have not got, is better films of their own. England, in its own little way, is striving hard to break in, but unless its industry mass-produces films which provide more entertainment and look more professional than all but a few British films have in the past, they will have to continue their competition with Hollywood in their newspaper editorials and on the floor of Parliament, not at the box office.

Naturally, everyone has a right to his own choice in entertainment. For people who just don't like movies I have the greatest respect, but for people who say or suggest that movies, particularly Hollywood movies, are terrible, that they are vastly inferior to Broadway legitimate stage plays, and, inferentially, worse by common standards than any other commercial art or entertainment form, I have a great deal of contempt.

Anyone would be a fool to say, without qualification, that Hollywood pictures are good; if studios make 400 films in any one year, it is a good year when fifty of them are worth the time it takes a man, whose time isn't worth much after six o'clock, to see them. My complaint is that Americans are using a dual standard of criticism for Hollywood on one side and for the stage, literature, music and the rest of the commercial arts on the other. If professional critics insist on reviewing Grade-B films and including them in their overall opinion of Hollywood, then it seems only fair that their literary counterparts should include not only the *Forever Ambers* and *The Manatees* but all the slick trash novels and murder mysteries turned out by publishers.

Maybe the answer is a line to critics by the producer down at the bottom of the credit flashes, just below the any-similarity-to-characters-living-or-dead footnote, saying either, "This picture we lay on the line: we think it's good," or, "Look, Jack, there are people and people. Leave off this one, will ya. We know." ###

Continued from page 50

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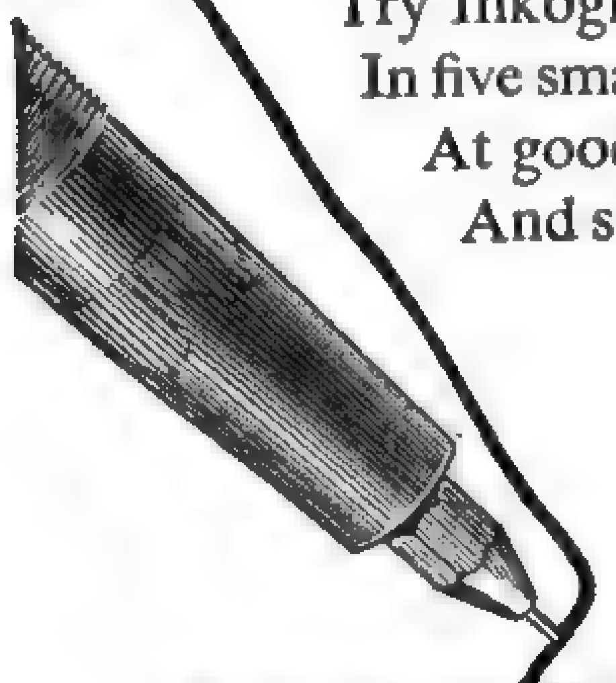

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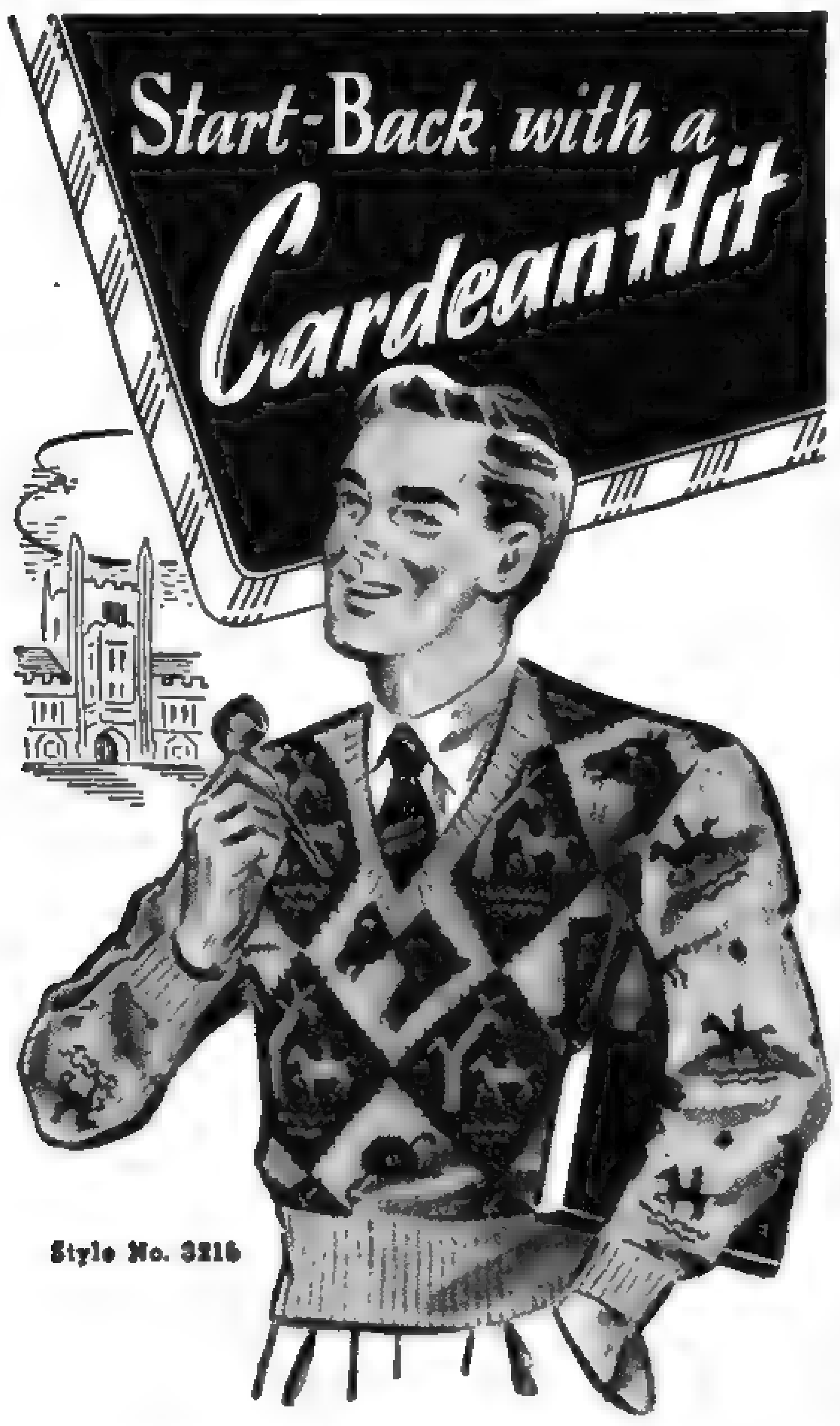

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The Witness at the Crossroads

Continued from page 68

passed regularly over a group of lovely, tropical islands, far from the scene of battle. Often, as he looked down through his glasses at those island paradises, with their waving foliage and their delicate necklaces of crumbling foam, he would be filled with an irresistible longing so vivid that, as the plane shot away from that place, he would hold in his imagination a picture of himself on those islands, swimming in the lagoons, wandering among the tropical trees, listening to strange birds and eating strange fruit. There, he would think, is a place where the ugly civilization of modern man will never intrude.

Each time he passed over the islands this longing grew stronger. Each mission became important for one reason only; it provided him with an opportunity to study these islands. He would slow down when he came to them, dropping far behind the formation. He had even picked out his own island, as he called it, slightly apart from the main one—a tree-covered platter on the sea, and as far as he could tell, quite uninhabited.

One afternoon, just as the planes reached the area of the islands, they ran into a gathering thundercloud, and he found himself separated from the others in a thick mist. Suddenly he shot out into a half mile of clear air and there, directly beneath him, was his island. He circled slowly, unable to move on. All at once he checked his harness, set his controls and, making sure he had the kit provided for airmen forced down at sea, crawled out of the cockpit. In a few seconds he was rocking gently downward beneath the huge shadow of his parachute while his empty plane vanished into the bank of cloud.

Back at the base they talked for awhile about the mysterious disappearance of Henderson; for neither he nor his plane were ever seen again. He was reported missing, later dead. Eventually he was forgotten.

But for Henderson there began for the first time in his remembered experience a completely happy existence. His daily life on the island fell into a smooth, effortless routine. He built himself a rude but sufficient hut, and when he had finished that, he constructed an outrigger canoe. He used part of the strong, fine parachute cloth to form a sail. It took him several months to finish these two tasks with the crude instruments he had on hand, which consisted mainly of fire and a strong, sharp knife. These had been provided by his kit, together with a good supply of lines and hooks for fishing. He spent long, lazy afternoons skimming over the water or drifting with lowered sail, while he trailed a baited hook over the side. His beard and hair

Continued on page 184

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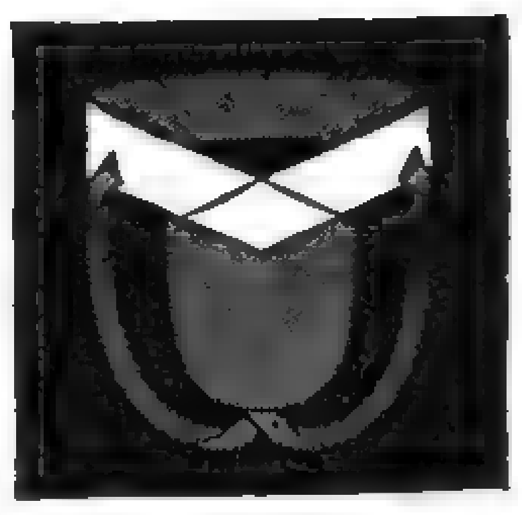

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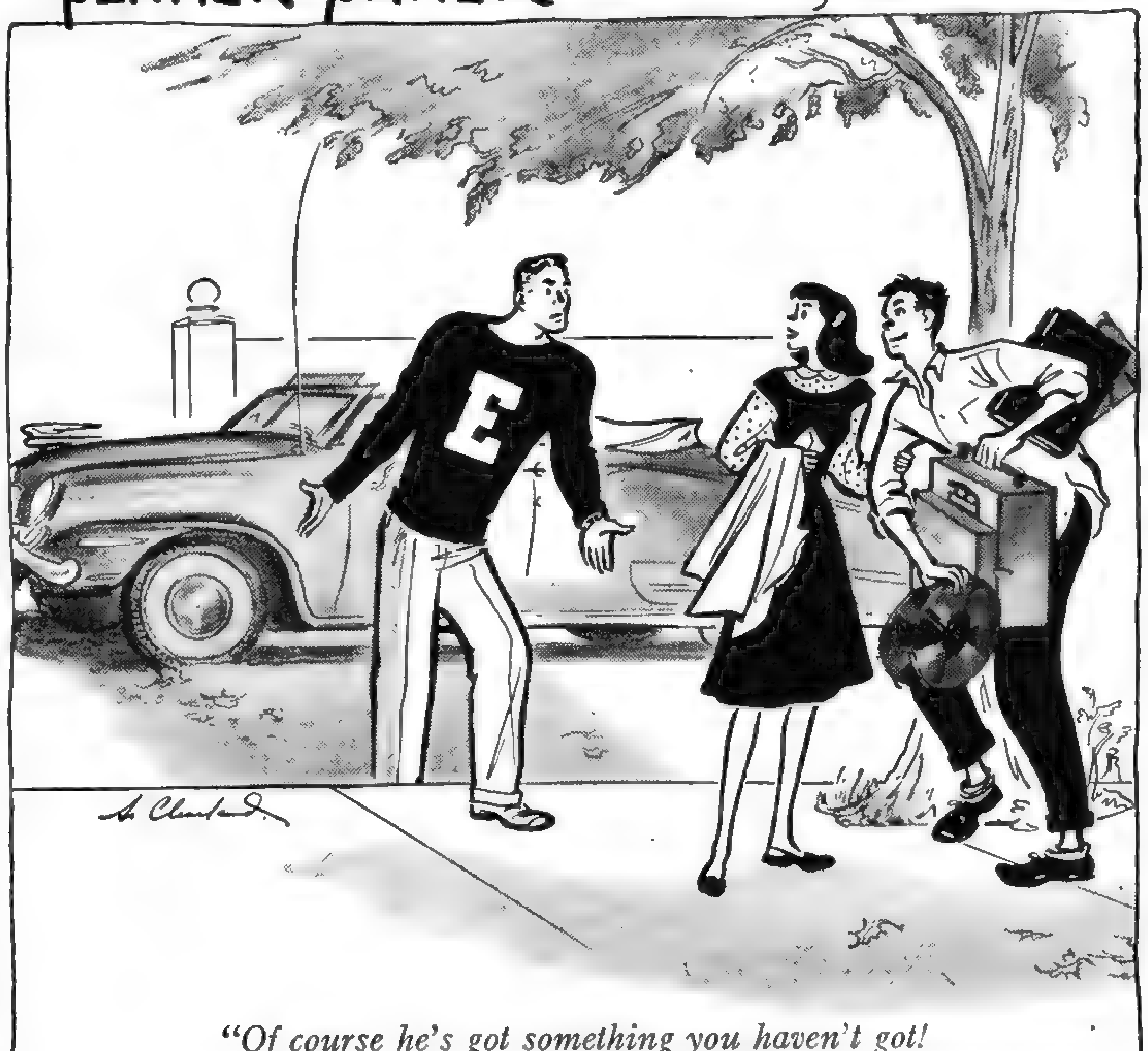

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The Witness at the Crossroads

Continued from page 183

grew long, and his whole body became a deep mahogany color. His health was so magnificent that he nicknamed himself Tarzan. He talked to himself a great deal.

Occasionally he would notice specks in the sky, where a group of planes was passing. Once in a while the low smudge of a ship would move slowly across the horizon. Sometimes he would think of the war and he would be filled with a scornful sort of pity for the poor humans caught in churning civilization.

After he had been on the island about a year he began to suffer boredom. His trained and energetic mind could not remain satisfied with the simple problems of his daily needs. He thought a long time about this. Finally he decided that he would write. His mind was filled with memories of the world in which he had lived and of the world of man's past as stored in the books of history he had studied. Here, on this lonely island, he could look down with scientific impartiality upon mankind, free from all distraction, all responsibility. What better conditions could be found for writing the great commentary on the story of man—the bitter, tragic story, as he saw it, of man's unfortunate experiment in social living.

There was, however, one drawback. He had only a six-by-nine-inch notebook containing exactly sixty-nine blank pages, and one lead pencil. He solved this problem by deciding to write his commentary in the form of a poem, the most condensed form of expression. The beach would be a slate on which he would work out his trial lines with a pointed stick. Every day the tide would wipe his slate clean, and he would start afresh. When he was an old man the notebook would be filled and his life work finished. He would bury the book carefully in a sealed container beneath a cairn in the driest spot on the island. Above the cairn he would carve a sign, telling what was hidden there.

There began for him now a life of contentment and quiet industry. The days and months grew into years, all of which he recorded on a crude calendar. Slowly, page by page, the little notebook was being filled.

There came a time when there were no more flying specks in the sky, and he assumed that the war was over or had moved on to other parts of the globe. He was thankful that he had not managed foolishly to get himself destroyed in that meaningless contest. He now experienced a period of absolute isolation and peace. Off the main island, far in the distance, he would sometimes see the flimsy craft of natives. But for some reason they avoided his island, probably because of the dangerous

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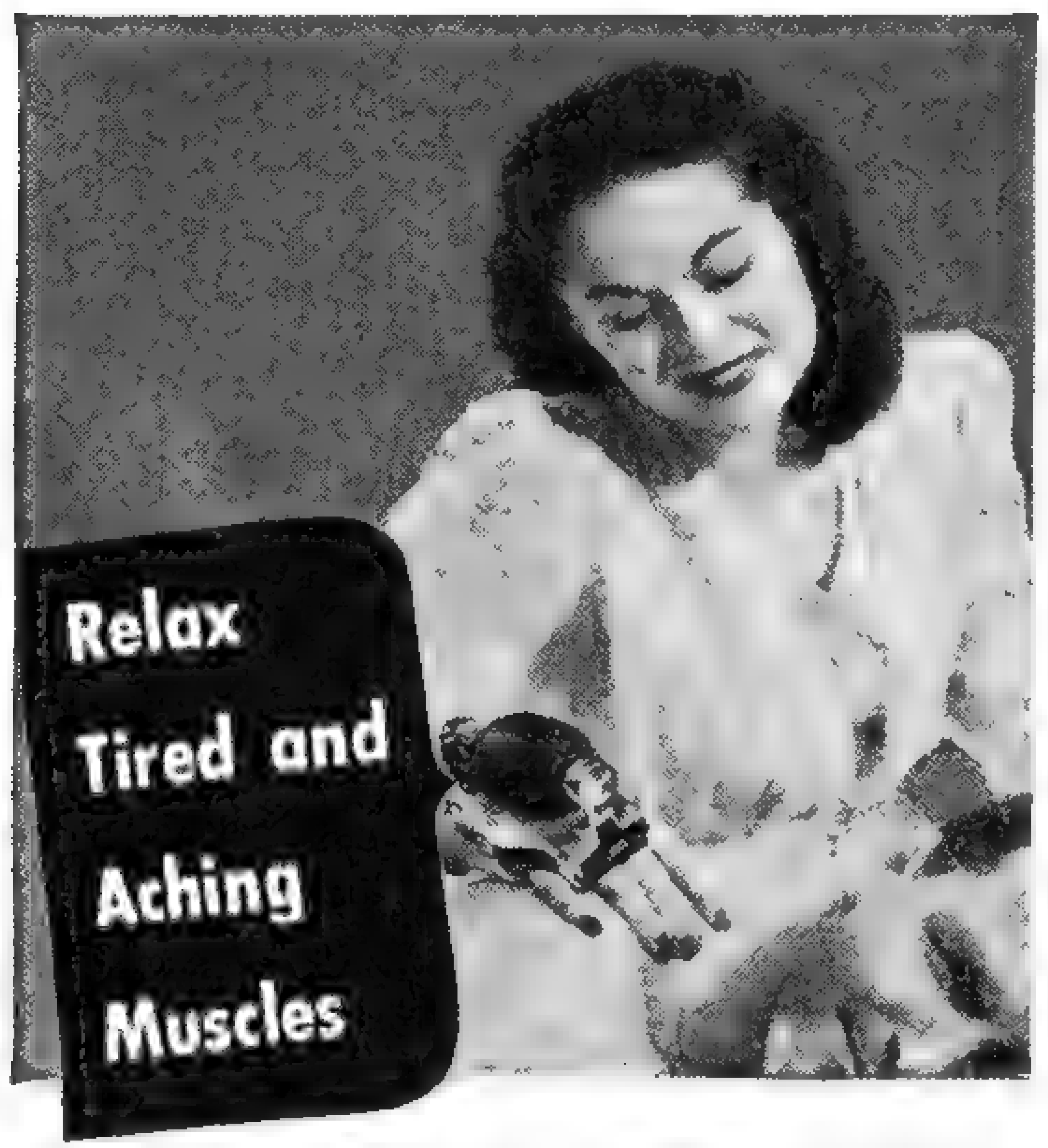

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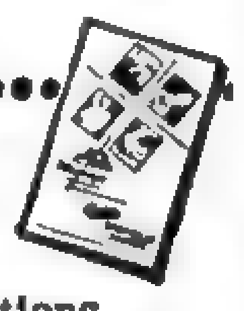

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reefs and currents surrounding it.

He lived this way for another year, when one morning he awoke to hear the unmistakable pounding of a Diesel engine. He rushed to the edge of the grove and stared in astonishment at the trim patrol boat, its American flag flying bravely, beating about the island. On deck a group of officers and men were staring through their glasses toward shore. He crouched quietly behind a thicket, glad that his hut and canoe were hidden in the foliage. Finally, having circled the island, the patrol boat pulled away. Only when the sound of the Diesel had grown faint and the island still, did he leave his hiding place.

For a few days nothing more happened. Then one day he noticed a number of vessels approach the larger island and disappear behind a headland. A few days later they sailed away as mysteriously as they had come. After that he was aware of an absence of native canoes in the waters near the big island.

A week later, without warning and with dramatic suddenness, there appeared on the horizon not one or two ships, but ship after ship. He stared in astonishment as the vast armada streamed out of the distant haze, and spread out in a great circle directly off the shore of his island. Every type of vessel used in modern warfare seemed to be represented —battleships, cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, and many others. Overnight the empty sea became a scene of tremendous activity. He had to keep under the screening foliage almost continuously. Planes droned overhead. Patrol boats darted back and forth between the anchored larger vessels.

At first he thought that the war must have started again or moved into the vicinity, but certain things puzzled him. For example, the bright red color of many of the ships and planes was hardly a practical camouflage. He watched with amazement the odd assortment of animals he could see being loaded on the nearest boats.

One morning he noticed more activity than usual, and it began to dawn on him as the day passed that the men were withdrawing; but to his complete bewilderment he became convinced at last that they were leaving the ships behind them. By late afternoon there was not a sign of human life. It was meaningless to him. Only the occasional bleat of a sheep broke the stillness that hung over the water. As night drew on he became increasingly uneasy. He stood looking out at that silent, ghostly flotilla. A terrible oppression crept over him. What monstrous game were these cruel infants playing with their ingenious toys! He went back to his hut and slept fitfully.

He awoke to the sound of planes droning overhead. Leaping to his feet he ran through the trees to the open beach. The sky

Continued on page 186

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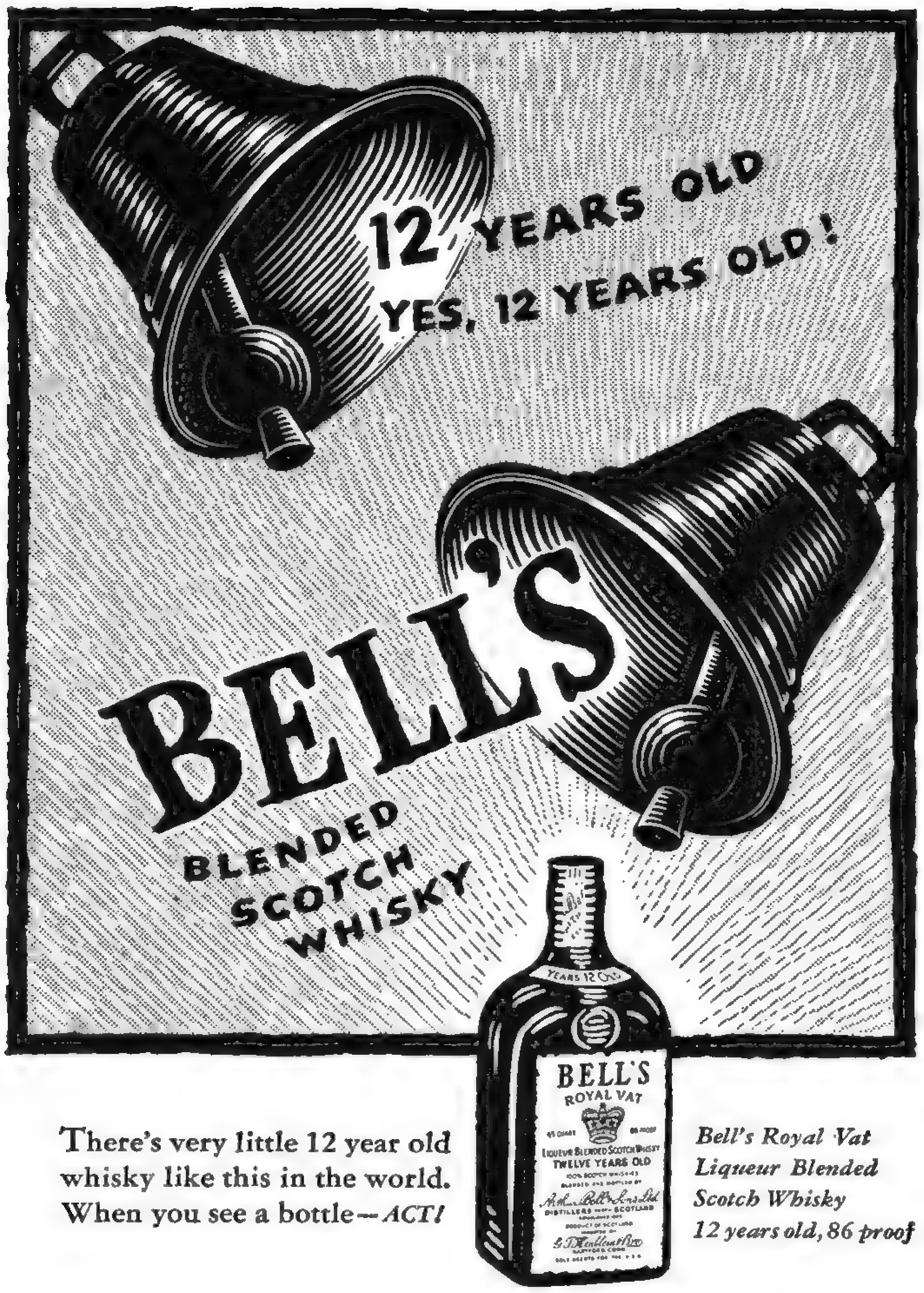

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The Witness at the Crossroads

Continued from page 185

was full of them—the little pilotless, red-nosed ones, and high above, moving in a great, slow circle, some big, four-motored bombers. He continued to watch them, waiting for some key, some clue to the meaning behind the elaborate game.

Suddenly there was a tremendous gash of light, as if the sun had fallen to the earth. A mighty roar divided the air, and he was tossed like a leaf across the beach, where he lay stunned and dazzled. After a long while he managed to raise his stiff body and look out over the water. A great, snow-white cloud hung in the air like an immense mushroom. He looked back at the island. Its trees were flattened as if some giant roller had passed over them. Turning again to the sea he saw with sudden terror an immense wave rushing across the open sea toward the island. He scrambled shakily to his feet and staggered up the beach toward the crest of land behind him, barely reaching it before the wall of water crashed with a long, echoing roar on the beach. The water swelled up toward him, swirling at his feet, then gradually subsided.

After the wave came a powerful wind that raked at the island, tearing the broken limbs from the prostrate trees. It clutched at him like an invisible hand, so that he had to cling to the trunk of the tree upon which he had crawled. When the wind finally died down he slumped back to the earth. He was dazed and sore, his body aching in every limb. His ears throbbed, and it was so still that he wondered if he were deaf. He gave a shout. The sound of his voice was thin and small. He turned wearily toward the shambles behind him, not knowing what to do or where to go. His hut was leveled and his boat was gone. A deep dejection settled down upon his soul.

That night he didn't sleep, but lay through the long hours crouched under a rude shelter of palm branches. He had seen a wonder, but what it portended he couldn't fathom. Perhaps, now that it had happened, the ships would go away and he could return once more to his quiet life.

The next day he was too weak to do anything but recline against the broken stump of a tree and stare out over the water. Some of the ships were still there, but no one came. Once he heard, or thought he heard, the plaintive bleating of a sheep. In the early afternoon, while the sun was still high, it began to grow dark. He wondered what new horror was about to take place. Several times he was sick at his stomach. The darkness increased. He rubbed his eyes and felt nothing, as if the eyeballs were numb. He stared straight at the sun, a pale, white ball in a grey curtain. Then

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he shut his eyes, crouching over, holding the palms of his hands pressed tightly against the lids. For a long time he held his hands in this fashion, afraid to take them away again. At last, when he could stand the suspense no more, he dropped his hands and opened his eyes. At least, he thought he opened them; he wasn't sure, and he reached with his fingers to push the lids back and touched his numb, watery eyeballs. Then he knew he was blind.

A cry sprang from his throat. "Mama!" he whispered, and struggled to his feet, to stand tottering and shivering in the enveloping darkness, his hands outstretched before him in the instinctive gesture of the blind. Sobbing, he stumbled forward until he tripped over some obstruction and fell, clutching and raking with his fingers, pressing his cheek against the damp soil.

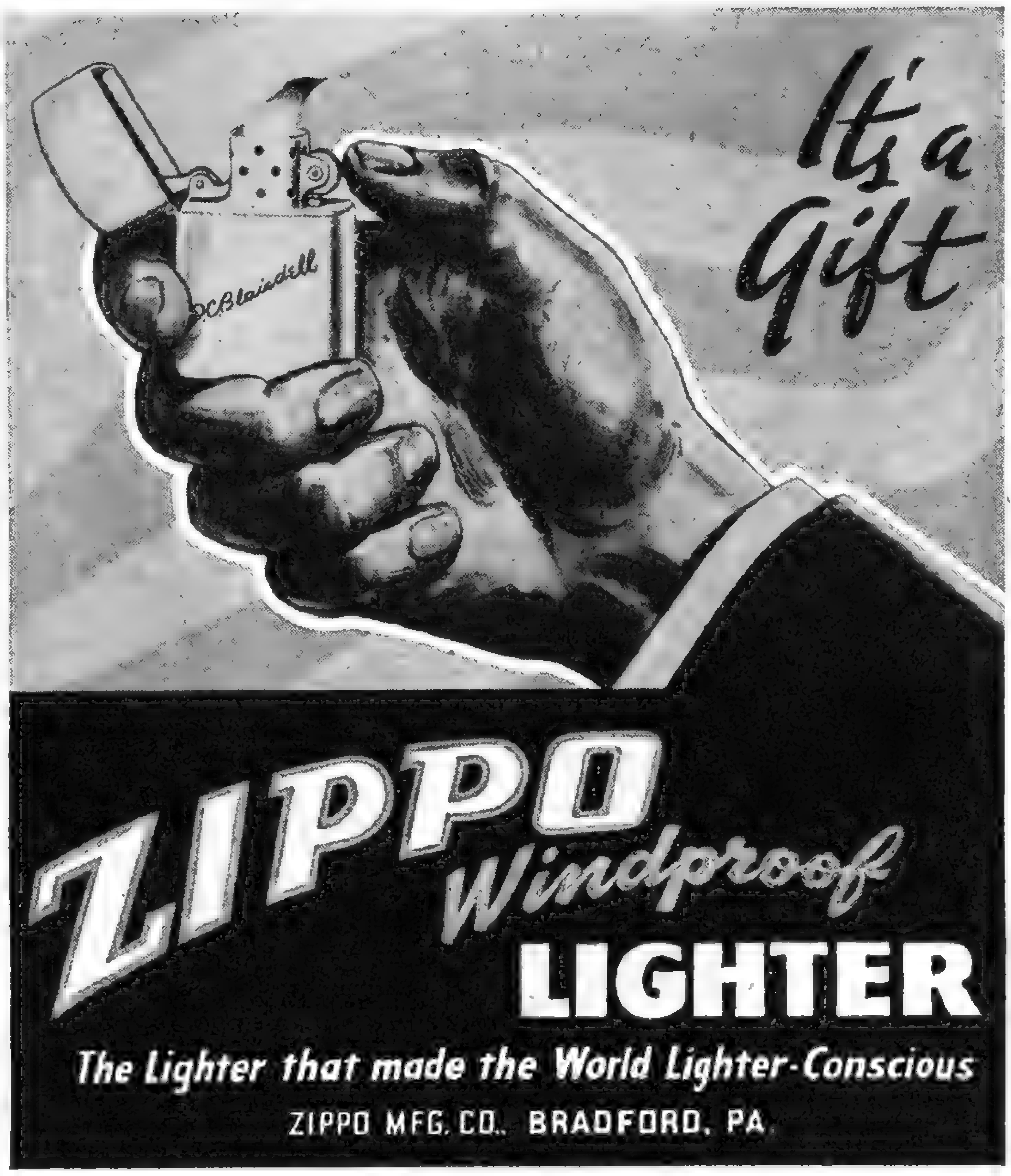
He began at last to curse them—the bright, ingenious men. He cursed the earth on which he lay. He cursed the God and the universe that had fathered him and them; with the last morsel of his waning reason, he cursed the tortured mind sealed in his own skull. He began to beat his head against the earth until he fell at last into a coma.

When consciousness returned he was aware of a terrible thirst, and began to crawl feebly in search of the brook. But he had no idea which way to move. He crawled until his hands were raw, and he could go no further. He sank back against a ridge of earth and put his hands up to his face. Something like a mask came away with them, and he turned it slowly in his hands, until it dawned on him that it was the skin of his face rotted away. He tried to throw the thing away from him, but it clung to his hands, so that he had to scrape them against the earth to get rid of it. The horror of what had happened made him cringe.

There followed periods of blurred, painful consciousness and periods of blankness. Sometimes he felt a coolness about him and knew that the dews of night must be falling on him. Then he would suck at the moist blades of grass, even at the salt blood on his hands. His thirst became unendurable and he tried to crawl down to the sea and drown himself. He made weak efforts, lifting himself to his knees, his tired arms waving before him like tendrils. In this posture of prayer he whispered, "Give me strength—a little strength to reach the sea—"

He didn't hear the second great muffled explosion, or see the beautiful plume of water soaring into the sky. He thought he had reached the sea when the wave rose up around him, and a little sigh of relief escaped his cracked lips as he felt his lungs fill. The sharp pain in his chest lasted only a moment before all sensation was blotted out in a spinning shower of gaily colored sparks. ###

Continued from page 68



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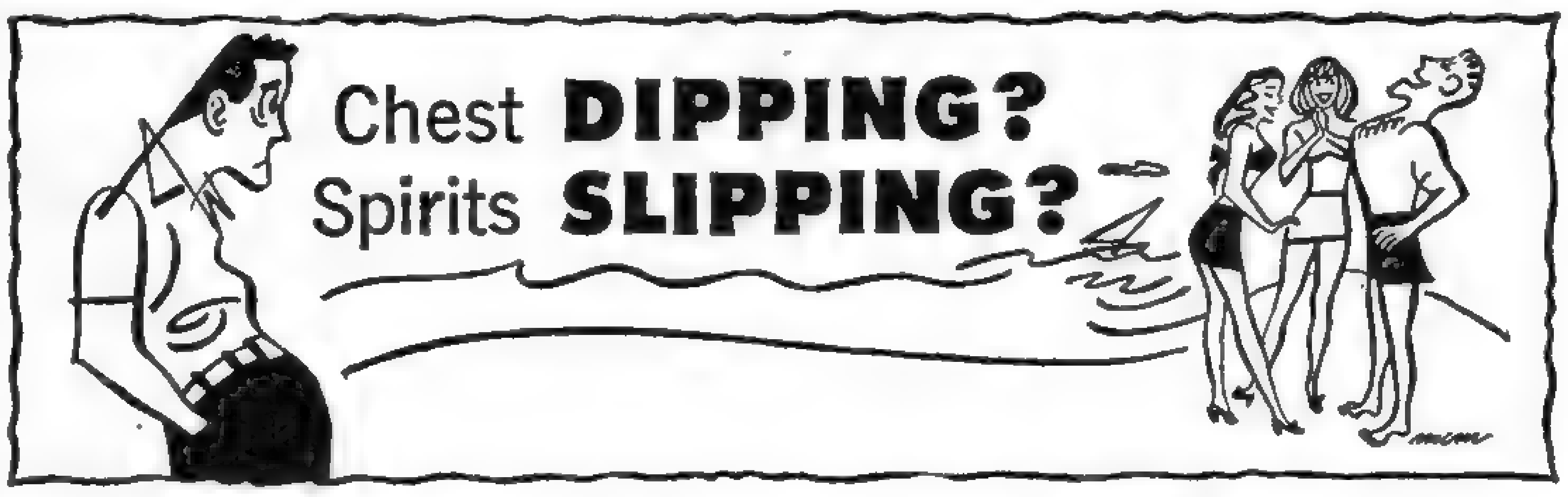

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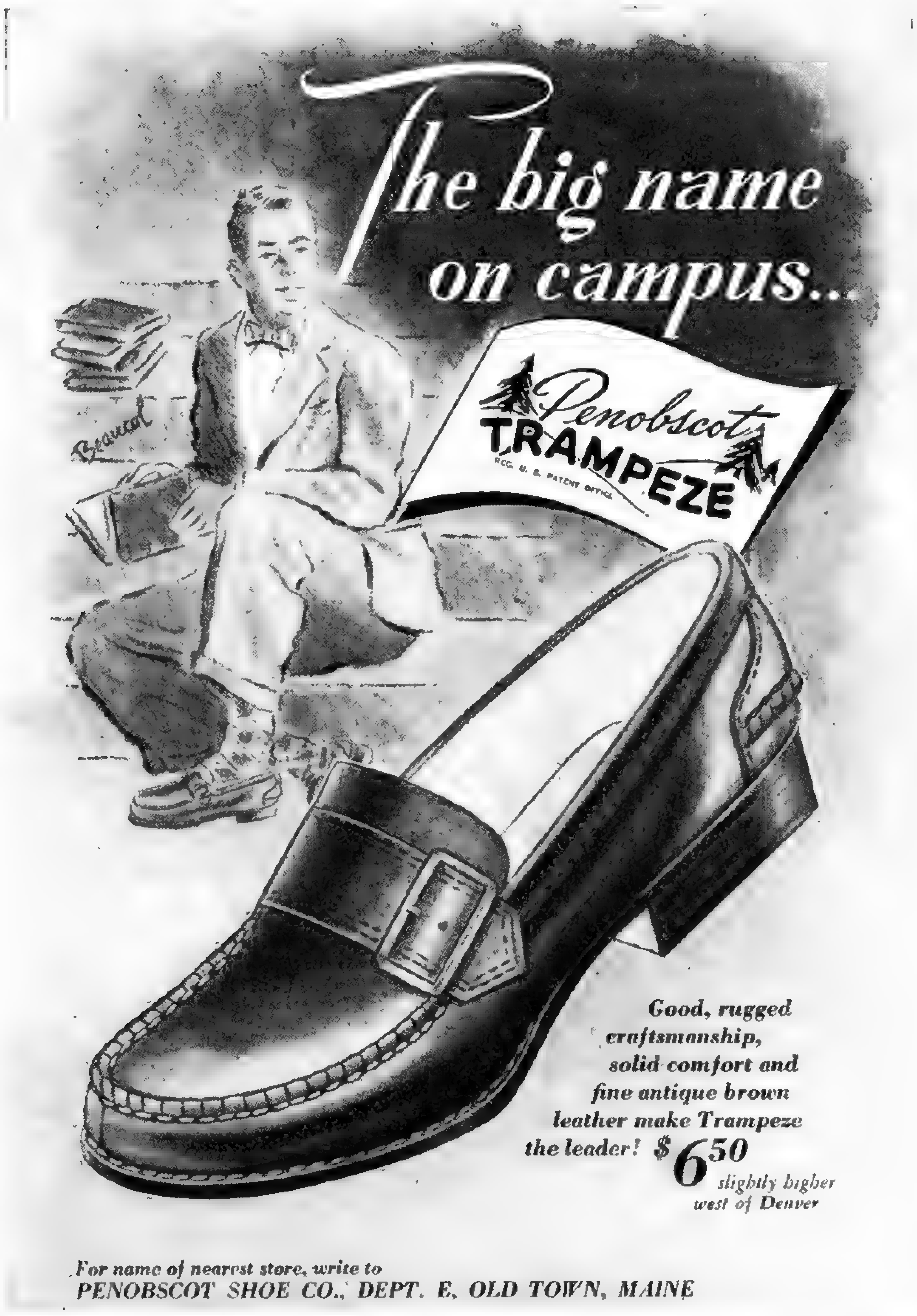
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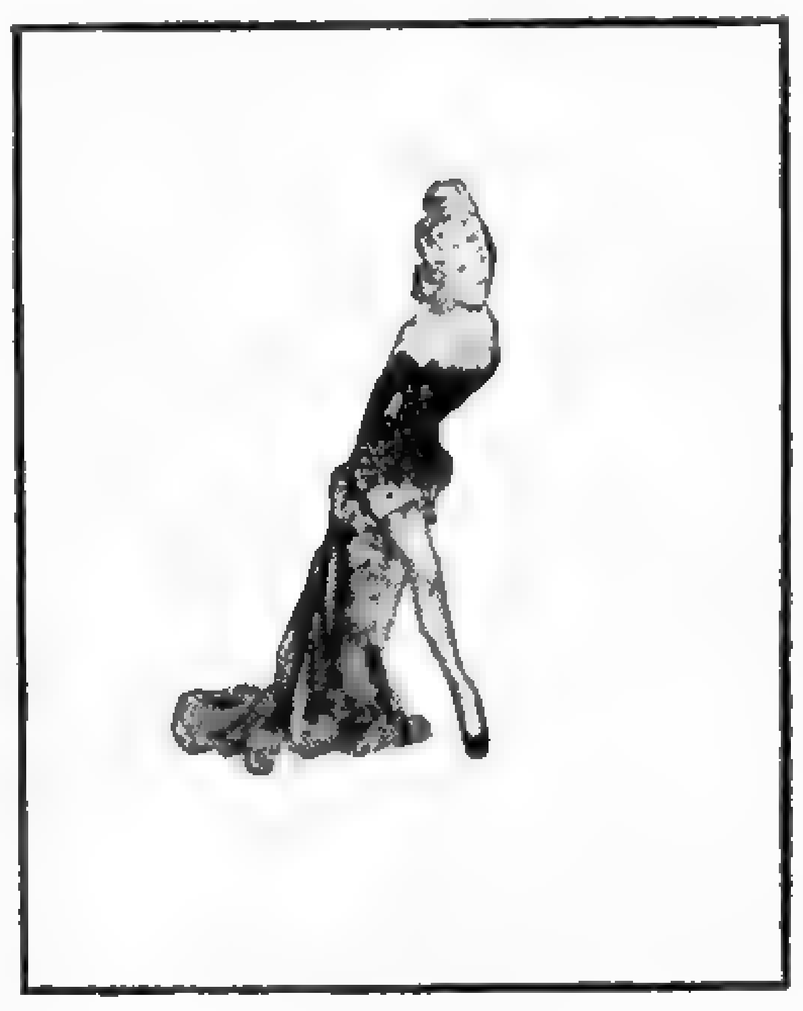

How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?— the philosophers used to muse. Well, I'm no angel, and one thing I can't stand is indifference, so......

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS NEXT MONTH

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

SEPTEMBER, 1947

Abels, Robert 24
Adler Shoes for Men 15, 22
Aetna Shirt Corporation 164
Air-O-Magic (Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc.) 187
Allen Edmonds 181
Allied Knitting Mills (Fashionknit) 178
Algonquin (A. E. Nettleton Company) III Cover
Alligator Company, The (Galecloth) 123
Ancient Bottle Gin (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) 37
Angostura Wuppermann Corp. 33
Applied Plastic Products Co. (Snap-Rack) 16
Argyle Distributors (Topper) 27
Aristo-Tex (Merrimac Mills) 128
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 109
Art-carved (J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.) 152
Artvogue 23
Aurora Ceramic Originals 22
Ayrstar (Stern Apparel Corporation) 157

B.V.D. 17
Bailey of Hollywood (Cali-Scopes) 180
Bakelite Corporation (Vinylite) 4
Bantamac (Marcus Breier's Sons) 179
Barbarossa (Red Top Brewing Co.) 129
Bass & Co., G. H. (Weejuns) 185
Bauer & Black ("Bracer") 187
Beagle Boot (Slax Footwear, Inc.) 145
Beau Brummell Ties, Inc. 131
Bell Watch Co., Inc. 24
Bell's (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) 186
Benner Glass Company 24
Berkeley Square (Padi Clothes, Inc.) 117
Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc. (I. W. Harper) 159
Block Sportswear 172
Blue Ribbon (Pabst Brewing Company) IV Cover
Book League of America 9
"Bracer" (Bauer & Black) 187
Breier's Sons, Marcus (Bantamac) 179
Broadside (Glovecraft, Inc.) 185
Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation (King) 122
"Bub" (John B. Flaherty Co., Inc.) 188
Bunte Brothers (Mi Choice) 33
Burger, Joseph 18
Burlington Brewing Company (Van Merritt) 147

Calendograph (Movado Watch Agency, Inc.) 181
Cali-Scopes (Bailey of Hollywood) 180
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.:
  Exshaw 180
  Johnnie Walker 112
  Water 149
Cardean Sportswear 183
Carnival 33
Cash's 27
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. 15
City Club (Peters) 161
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 109
Colonial Mfg. Co., Inc. 21
Columbia Walescraft, Ltd. (Tel-A-Key) 189
Concord Shoes 24
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 33
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 148
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. ("Great Dane") 181
Cross Country Sportswear Corp. (Northampton) 170
Cross Pencil Co., A. T. 21
Crump Company, Inc., B. T. 18

Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc. (Air-O-Magic) 187
Deauville (Minnesota Knitting Mills) 187
Dobbs Hats 118
Doppelt & Co., Charles (Dopp Kit) 173
Dresner & Son, Inc., S. 174
Dutch Masters 172
Duval of Hollywood 8

Electronic Specialty Co. 24
Empire Products, Inc. 18
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) 167
Exshaw (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 180

Fashion Hill (North American Knitting Co.) 189
Fashionknit (Allied Knitting Mills) 178
Fellman, Ltd. 21, 27
Fitch's:
  "Ideal" 189
  No Brush Shaving Cream 186
  Skin-Pep 184

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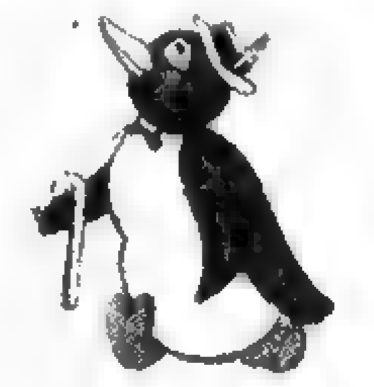

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

SEPTEMBER, 1947

Flaherty Co., Inc. John B. ("Bub") 188
Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, The 178
Florsheim Shoe Company, The 12
Folker Fabrics Corporation 174
Ford Motor Company (Lincoln) 14
Forstner Chain Corporation 175
Frankfort Distillers Corporation (Four Roses) 11

G.G.G. (Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc.) 146
Galecloth (The Alligator Company) 123
Gihon, Inc., H. D. 24
Gillette Safety Razor Co. 35
Glendale Manufacturing Co. 186
Glenmore Distilleries Company (Old Thompson) 20
Globe Novelty House, Inc. (Royal London) 22
Glovecraft, Inc. (Broadside) 185
Glover Co., H. B. 156
Goldman & Bros., Inc., Wm. P. (G.G.G.) 146
Golf-Aid Co. 27
Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd. 175
"Great Dane" (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.) 181

Hadley Company, The 133
Haeger Potteries, Inc., The 8
Haggar Co. 160
Hale Rubber Company, Alfred (Rajah) 168
Halliburton 25
Hamm Brewing Co., Theo. (Hamm's). 176
Hammonton Park Clothes (Wm. B. Kessler, Inc.) 169
Hanan and Son, Inc. 135
Hardeman Hat Co., J. T. 127
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 15
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc.) 159
Harris Manufacturing Company, B. W. (Zero King) 121
Hart Schaffner & Marx 39
Herbert Manufacturing Co. (Valu-paka) 185
Hershey Mfg. Co. 21
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F.:
  Bell's 186
  Vatted Vermouth 190
High Life (Miller Brewing Company). 136
Holiday Products Co. 18
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc. (Pace-Setters) 158
Horn (Rice-Stix) 166
House of Crosby Square, The (Pre-Flex) 111
House of Murphy 33
Hull Mfg. Co. 22
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson) 167

"Ideal" (Fitch's) 189
Indestructo Trunks and Luggage Co. (Packabout) 179
Indian Motorcycle Co. 22
Inkograph Co., Inc. 183

Jest-Art Originals 22
Jockey (Coopers Inc.) 148
Johnson & Johnson 115, 183

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. (Monterey) 155
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 137
Keith Company, Geo. E. (Walk-Over) 173
Kellogg Co., Robert W. 27
Kelly's, Jimmy 33
Kessler, Inc., Wm. B. (Hammonton Park Clothes) 169
King (Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation) 122
Kinsey Distilling Corp:
  Gin 32
  Whiskey 132
Klikit (Rau Fastener Co.) 130
Kreml (R. B. Semler, Inc.) 126

Laird & Co. 28
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The 180
Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc. .. 18
Lawrence Co., The George 27
Leaf Chewing Gum 186
Lentheric, Inc. 29
Leon & Eddie's 33
Lido Luggage Co., Inc. 8

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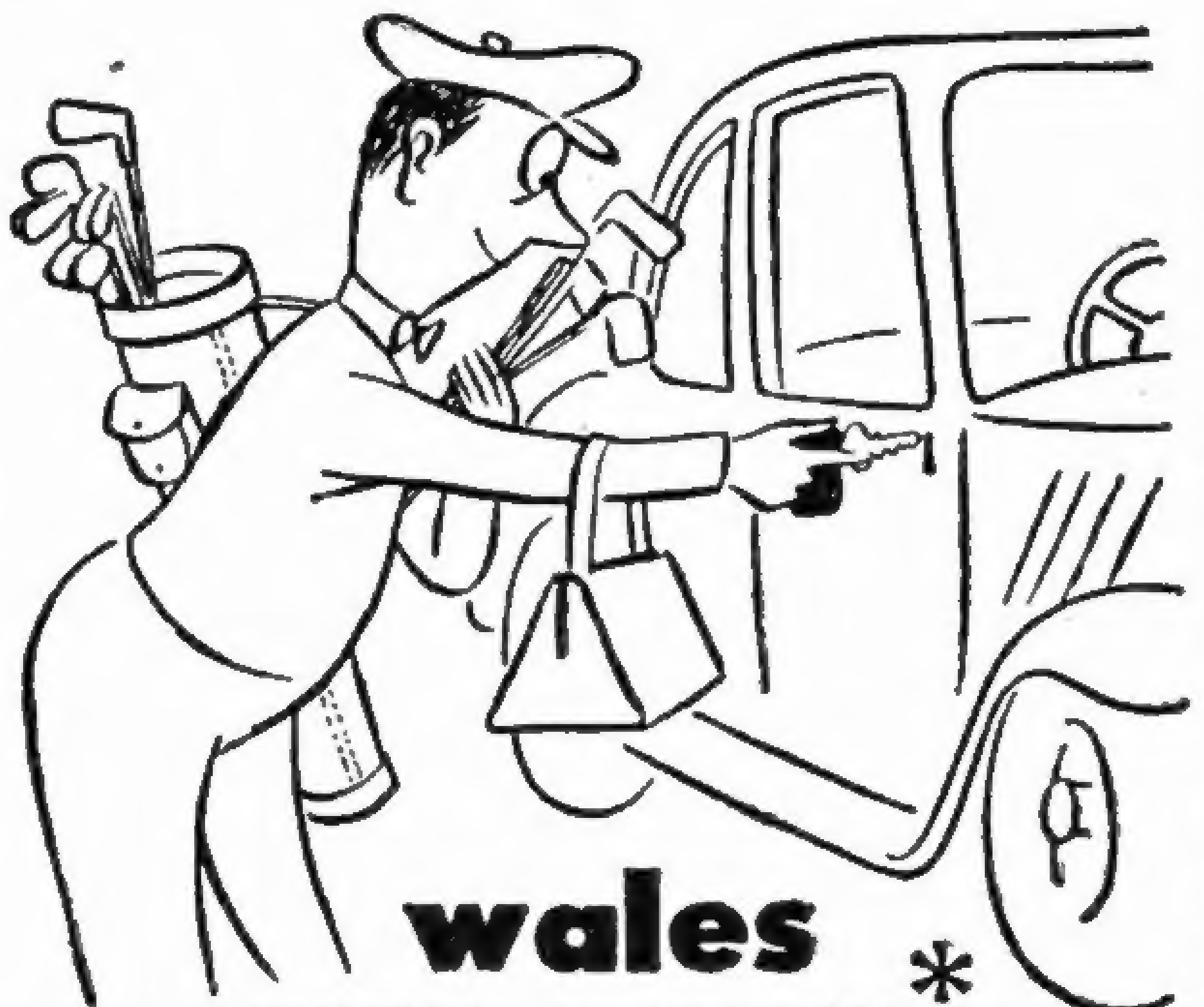

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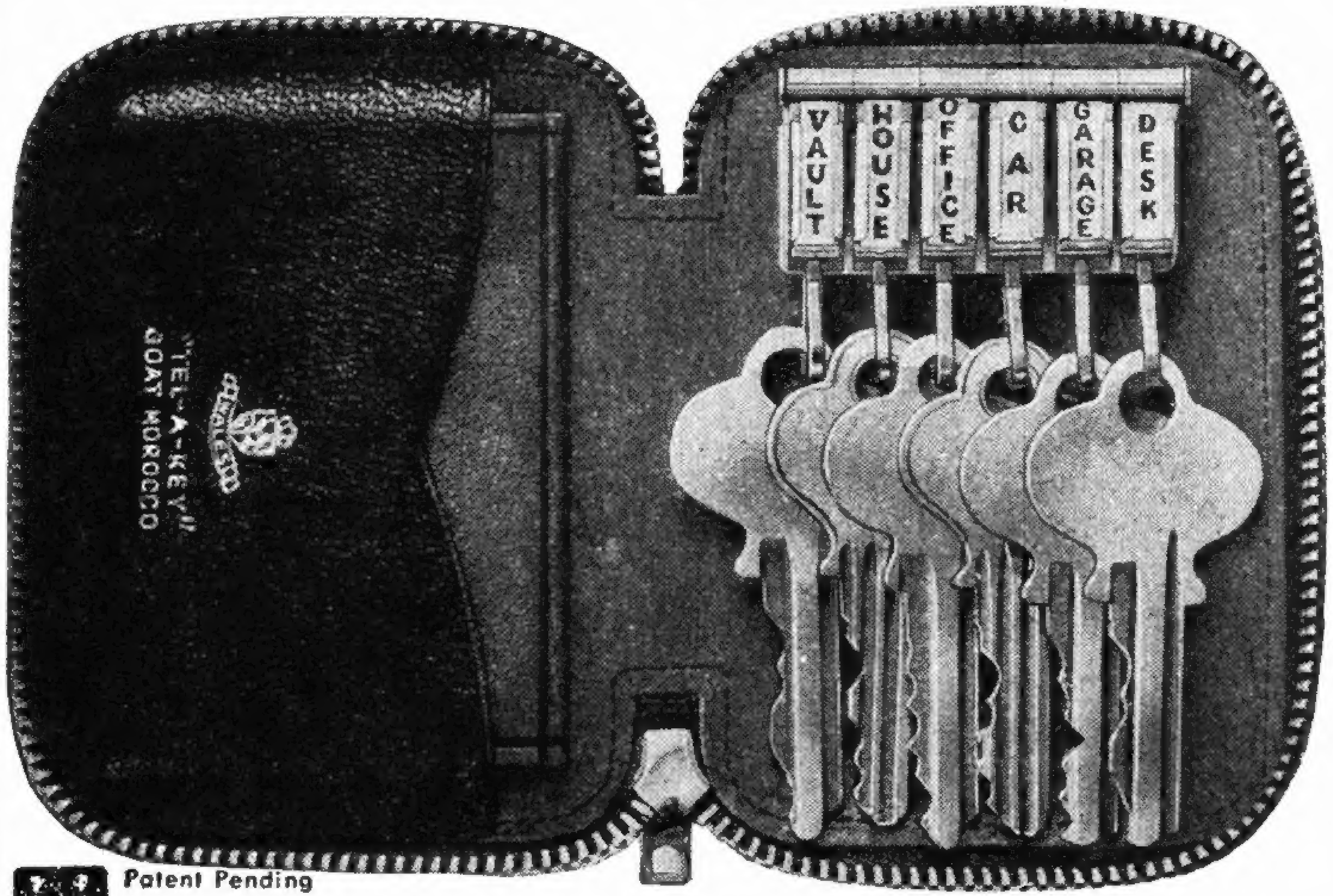

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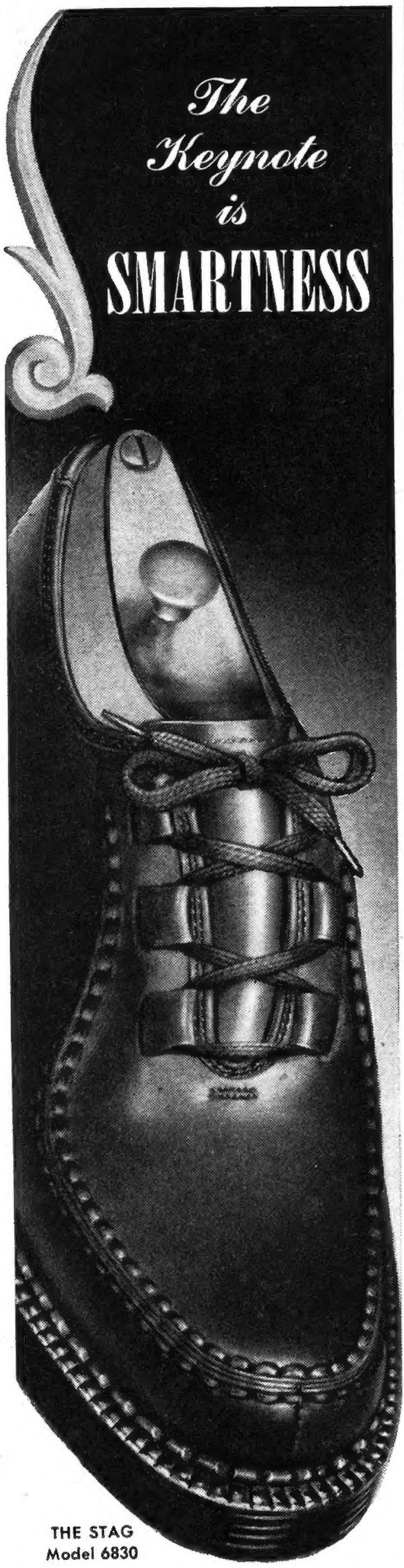

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

SEPTEMBER, 1947

- Lincoln (Ford Motor Company)..... 14
- Linguaphone Institute.............. 18
- London Shop, The.................. 16
- Lonsdale........................... 143
- Lusk, Inc., Irving.................. 177

- Majestic Radio & Television Corporation..................... 183
- Marlboro (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)......................... 114
- Meeker Company, Inc., The........ 177
- Merit Clothing Company, Inc. (Style-Mart)................... 119
- Merrimac Mills (Aristo-Tex)........ 128
- Middleton, John.................... 27
- Miller Brewing Company (High Life). 136
- Minnesota Knitting Mills (Deauville).................... 187
- Monterey (Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.)......................... 155
- Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  - Country Doctor................ 16
  - Marlboro...................... 114
- Movado Watch Agency, Inc. (Calendograph).................. 181
- Moyer Manufacturing Company (Seven Seas)................... 162

- National Brewing Co. (National Premium)...................... 28
- National Distillers Products Corporation:
  - Old Angus..................... 30
  - Old Crow...................... 138
  - PM............................ 40
- National Magic Company.......... 15
- Navarro Bros...................... 22
- Nettleton Company, A. E. (Algonquin)...............III Cover
- "Nice-Cubes"...................... 15
- North American Knitting Co. (Fashion Hill).................. 189
- Northampton (Cross Country Sportswear Corp.)............... 170
- Norwalk Pipe Co. (Jobey).......... 8
- Nusbaum Knitters, Inc............. 184

- Ogilvie Method.................... 182
- Ohio China Company (Bryce)....... 22
- O'Keefe's Inc..................... 30
- Old Crow (National Distillers Prod. Corp.)................... 138
- Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.)............... 182
- Old Smuggler (W. A. Taylor & Company)..................... 151
- Old Thompson (Glenmore Distilleries Company)..................... 20
- Oliver Mfg. Co., Geo. R............ 27
- Omega............................ 150
- Oster Mfg. Co., John:
  - Mixer......................... 189
  - Stim-U-Lax.................... 185
- Otis Underwear.................... 163

- PM (National Distillers Products Corporation)................... 40
- Pabst Brewing Company (Blue Ribbon).............IV Cover
- Pace-Setters (Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc.)......................... 158
- Pacific Mills...................... 26
- Packabout (Indestructo Trunks and Luggage Co.)............... 179
- Padi Clothes, Inc. (Berkeley Square)....................... 117
- Paris (A. Stein & Company)........ 120
- Park Sherman (Storm King)........ 16
- Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  - Booth's House of Lords........ 30
  - Reserve....................... 144
  - Vat 69........................ 124
- Pauker Bros. (Welgrume).......... 165
- Pebbleford (Schenley Distillers Corp.)......................... 134
- Penobscot Shoe Co. (Trampeze)..... 188
- Peper, Christian (London Dock)..... 28
- Perrygraf Corp..................... 24
- Peters (City Club)................. 161
- Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen)... 19
- Plymouth Shoe Company........... 7
- Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake)..... 137
- Porto-Products, Inc. (Smokerette-Radio)........................ 176
- Pre-Flex (The House of Crosby Square)....................... 111
- Pressmaster Company............. 15
- Pritzker and Sons, Inc., A.......... 184
- Private Blends.................... 21
- Puritan Knitting Mills, Inc., The.... 153

- Rabsons.......................... 27
- Rainbow Plastic Hanger Sales Co..... 18
- Rainfair, Inc.....................31, 113
- Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Company) 168
- Rand, The (Roberts, Johnson & Rand) 38
- Randolph & Beavers............... 16
- Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit).......... 130
- Red Raven Corporation, The........ 15
- Red Top Brewing Co. (Barbarossa)... 129
- Reliance Manufacturing Co.......... 171
- Republic Aviation Corporation (Seabee)....................... 3
- Rice-Stix (Horn).................. 166
- Roberts-Hart, Inc. (Sturdiline)...... 16
- (Roberts, Johnson & Rand) Rand, The 38
- Rock Flint Co..................... 24
- Rough Rider, Inc.................. 140

- Seabee (Republic Aviation Corporation).................... 3
- Seagram-Distillers Corp. (Ancient Bottle Gin)............. 37
- Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml)......... 126
- Seven Seas (Moyer Manufacturing Company)..................... 162
- Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper).. 125
- Sheaffer Pen Co., W. A.........II Cover
- Sherman Bows.................... 30
- Shirtcraft Co., The................ 154
- Simon & Co., Jules L. (Julmor)...... 8
- Skin-Pep (Fitch's)................ 184
- Slax Footwear, Inc. (Beagle Boot).... 145
- Smartair (Rainfair, Inc.)........... 31
- Smith Co., Inc., M. (Superfortress)... 22
- Smokerette-Radio (Porto-Products, Inc.)......................... 176
- Somersville Mfg. Co............... 139
- Speas Co......................... 184
- Sports Sales Co. (Langley).......... 24
- Spruce (Wrisley).................. 182
- Stag, The (Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.) 190
- Stein & Company, A. (Paris)........ 120
- Stern Apparel Corporation (Ayrstar). 157
- Stim-U-Lax (John Oster Mfg. Co.)... 185
- Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)................ 182
- Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators)... 24
- Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Company, Inc.)......................... 119
- Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica), Ltd., The.......... 33

- Taylor & Company, W. A. (Old Smuggler)................. 151
- Tel-A-Key (Columbia Walescraft Ltd.)......................... 189
- Textron, Inc...................... 141
- Tourneau Watches................. 182
- Trampeze (Penobscot Shoe Co.)..... 188
- Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom)... 28
- Travelite (Worumbo)............... 31

- Valu-paka (Herbert Manufacturing Co.)......................... 185
- Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.)... 19
- Van Merritt (Burlington Brewing Company)..................... 147
- Van Munching & Co., Inc. (Heineken's) 33
- Vaseline Hair Tonic............... 116
- Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.). 124
- Vatted Vermouth (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.)..................... 190
- Versailles........................ 33
- Vinylite (Bakelite Corporation)...... 4

- Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)..................... 112
- Walk-Over (Geo. E. Keith Company). 173
- Ward-Nimrod Company............ 21
- Weejuns (G. H. Bass & Co.)........ 185
- Weldon Pajamas.................. 110
- Welgrume (Pauker Bros.).......... 165
- Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (The Stag). 190
- Winter, Jack...................... 188
- Wood & Sons, Inc., J. R. (Art-carved). 152
- Worumbo (Travelite).............. 13
- Wrisley (Spruce).................. 182

- Zero King (B. W. Harris Manufacturing Company)..................... 121
- Zippo Mfg. Co.................... 187

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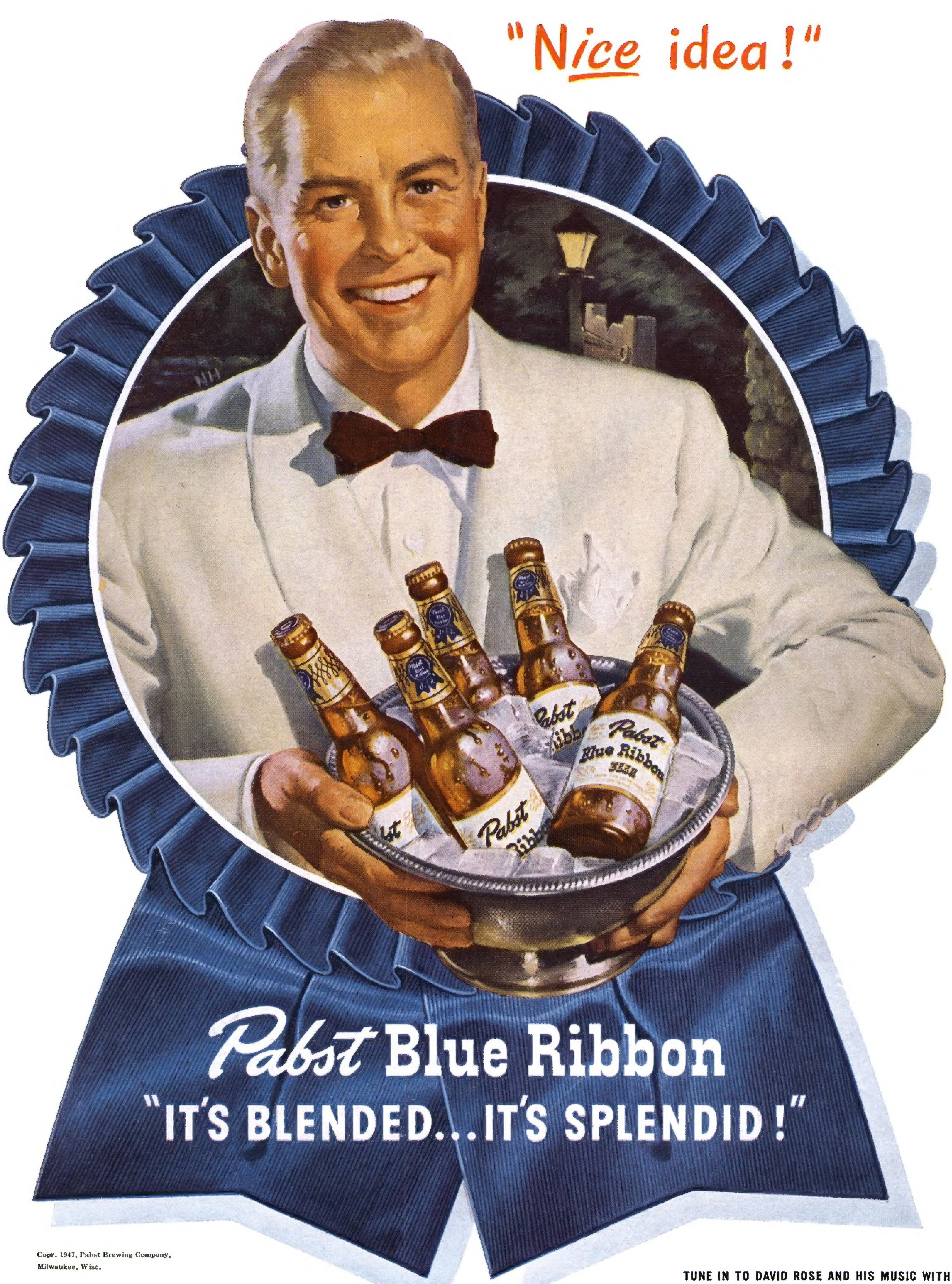
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